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№374 JULY 2014
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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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TOP 10

For what it's worth, here're some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

MARIAM BASTANI

Taking care of business.

WILL BLOMQUIST

GOOD THROB-Fuck Off!-LP
PRIMATE RESEARCH-Final-EP
RADIOACTIVITY-LP / DISTURD-Inside-EP
GAS RAG-Beats Off-12"
AHNA/CETASCEAN-split 12" / OSK-10"
CONFRONT-LP / LUBRICANTS-45
THE ELSINORES-Dreams of Youth-LP
'O' LEVEL-Pseudo Punk-LP
ZYANOSE/FRENZY/ABSOLUT/ZANNA NERA-live
HIGH FUNCTIONING FLESH/CRIMSON SCARLET-live

MITCH CAROWELL

BLACK AND WHITE-live
LIVE FAST DIE-Hit Stains-LP
RYAN DINOSAUR-Demo-EP
WATERY LOVE-Sick People/I Don't Care-45
'O' LEVEL-LP / TEENAGE FILMSTARS-LP
1-800-BAND-Diver Blue-12"
LA PESTE-Better Off Dead/Black-45
THE ONES-Short Dress/Tightrope-45
LUBRICANTS-45
THEE TSUNAMIS-Delirium and Dark Waters-EP

ROBERT COLLINS

DER-live
CADAVER EM TRANSE-live
DROPPED OUT-live
URUTU-live
MUKEKA DI RATO-live
MORTO PELA ESCOLA-live
THE LOWEST FORM-LP
COKE BUST-live / THE STOPS-live
STREET EATERS-LP + live
SHELLSHAG-live / KOHTALON KÄSINE-45

LAYLA GIBBON

GOOD THROB-Fuck Off!-LP
AUTISTIC BEHAVIOR-LP / NEOBOYS-2xLP
LOWEST FORM-LP
EX-CULT-Midnight Passenger-LP
LUMPY AND THE DUMPERS-45 / MORBO-EP
AMA DOTS-LP
REMA REMA-45 / LA PESTE-45
'O' LEVEL-Pseudo Punk-LP
POISON IDEA-2xLP / FRANTIX-LP
GAS RAG-Beats Off-12" / NO BABIES-EP

DAN GOETZ

POISON IDEA-Kings of Punk-2xLP
GAS RAG-Beats Off-12"
HIGH SPIRITS-live
NO FRAUD-Revolt! 1984 Demos-12"
NO BABIES-Yo No Soy Como Tú-EP
LUMPY AND THE DUMPERS-45
SUNSHINE WARD-live
STREET EATERS-Blood::Muscles::Bones-LP
GOOD THROB-Fuck Off!-LP
PROXY-Slow Suicide/Lawless-45

GREG HARVESTER

RADIOACTIVITY-LP
GOOD THROB-Fuck Off!-LP
LUMPY AND THE DUMPERS-45
NO BABIES-Yo No Soy Como Tú-EP
GAS RAG-Beats Off-12"
MORBO-Me Llega al Pincho 2002-2004-EP
STREET EATERS-Blood::Muscle::Bones-LP
WARTHOG-Prison-EP
THE CROISSANTS-We're in the Basement-EP
RADIOACTIVITY / SUSPICIOUS BEASTS-live

KENNY KAOS

THE GREAT DISMAL SWAMIS-Surfin' With...-EP
SONIC AVENUES-Mistakes-LP
CRAZY AND THE BRAINS-Let Me Go-LP
MODERN PETS-B.I.Y.S./Sweet Frustration-45
EX-CULT-Ties You Up/New Virtues-45
THE CROISSANTS- We're in the Basement-EP
MYSTERY DATE-You and Your Sister-EP
RADIOACTIVITY-LP
'O' LEVEL-Pseudo Punk-LP
THE DRIPS-Fountains/Destroy the Chemistry-45

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

CAROLYN KEDDY

Be back next month.

RAY LUJAN

- CHANNEL 3-History/Kicked in the Teeth-45
- CORRINA, CORRINA - American Short Stories - CD
- COZY-Kiss Me Dummy/Show and Tell-45
- THE CROISSANTS-We're in the Basement-EP
- GUIDA-Let's Do It Again-LP
- MYSTERY DATE-You And Your Sister-EP
- RADIOACTIVITY-LP + live
- RVIVR-LP / SONIC AVENUES-LP
- THIRTY SIX STRATEGIES-Strategy Two-EP
- SUICIDE NOTES-live / PERFECT PUSSY-live

LYDIA PHELPS

- GOOD THROB-Fuck Off!-LP / LOWEST FORM-LP
- RADIOACTIVITY-LP / GAS RAG-12"
- THE ELSINORES-Dreams of Youth-LP
- 'O' LEVEL-Pseudo Punk-LP
- THE ONES-CD / NO FRAUD-12"
- NO FRAUD-Revolt! 1984 Demos-12"
- DHK-Extinciön-EP / WARTHOG-Prison-EP
- AUTISTIC BEHAVIOUR-LP / SONIC AVENUES-LP
- LVXVRIA-EP / LA PESTE-45
- NO BABIES-Yo No Soy Como Tú-EP

FRED SCHRUNK

- RADIOACTIVITY-LP
- RVIVR-The Beauty Between-LP
- NO BABIES-Yo No Soy Como Tú-EP
- LUMPY AND THE DUMPERS-45
- PROXY-Slow Suicide/Lawless-45
- GOOD THROB-Fuck Off!-LP
- NEO BOYS-Sooner or Later-2xLP
- SONIC AVENUES-Mistakes-LP
- LUBRICANTS-45
- AMA DOTS-LP

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

Making punk a threat again.

RAY SUBURBIA

- RADIOACTIVITY-LP
- RADIOACTIVITY-live
- LUMPY AND THE DUMPERS-45
- NO BABIES-Yo No Soy Como Tú-EP
- VIOLENCE CREEPS-live
- FATIGUE-live
- RAT STORM-Emprty Hands-EP
- LOWEST FORM-LP
- AMA DOTS-LP
- SWEET BONES-live

DIANA VASHTI

- RVIVR-The Beauty Between-LP
- GOOD THROB-Fuck Off!-LP
- THEE TSUNAMIS-Delirium and Dark Waters-EP
- THE BUGS-The Right Time-LP
- OLD SOUL-Tidal Lock-LP
- SONIC AVENUES-Mistakes-LP
- LOCKTENDER-Rodin-LP / RADIOACTIVITY-LP
- EX-CULT-EP / EX-CULT-Midnight Passenger-LP
- STREET EATERS-Blood::Muscles::Bones-LP
- THE ELSINORES-Dreams of Youth-LP

ZINE TOP TEN

- *Trematoda: Ultra Violent Art Brigade*
- *As You Were #3*
- *Your War #9*
- *Smile Hon, You're in Blatimore #17*
- *Organ Grinder*
- *Mishap #33*
- *Hug it Out #1*
- *Homeo-Empathy*
- *Satan Was So Over It*
- *Different Times: Drag, Life, Rock'n'Roll*

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#186/November '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#188/January '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/February '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/March '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/August '99. Moral Crux, RČS, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/October '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waiflie, Flat Earth Recs.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GCS, GOre Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#234/Novomber '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235 December '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war Scene Reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in IRaq," "Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/January '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/March '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/April '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, Portland, Boston & Germany Scene Reports.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04. The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kämvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rötten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/Sept. '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjertestop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June'07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September'07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?. the Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#297/February'08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November'08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas, Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown, Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids. Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault. Fuera De Linea

#319/December'09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battleto rn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/ Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mebkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans and Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Reports. Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#330/November '10. Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report.

#333/February '11. The Welders, Touch & Go Fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Straight Arrows, Eskapo Phillippines Tour Diary, Venezuela Scene Report, Olympia Scene Report.

#334/March '11. 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, DC Scene Report.

#335/April '11. Siege, Crazy Spirit, 1981, Mauser, Devour, Icon Gallery, Sunshine SS, Timmy's Organism, Whitney House, Attention Span, Michigan Scene Report.

#336/May '11. Kriegshög, Steve Ignorant, Teargas, Tantrum, Hygeine, Shoppers, Chris Walter, Adrenalin OD, Spastic Panthers, Hungarian Scene Report.

#337/June '11. Destroy All Movies, John Morton/ Electric Eels, White Fence, Ydinperhe, Nux Vomica, Vanya Bonecrusher, Black Feet, Uzi Rash, This is LA not L.A.: '80s Hardcore Flyers in New Orleans, Buffalo NY Scene Report.

#339/August '11. Head Cleaners, Midnite Snaxxx, Cocskar, Small Bones, Xcentric Noise records, Grown Ups, Youth Avoiders, Tomek Lipinski/ Brygada Kryzys, Afternoon Gentlemen, Czech Punk History Part 2.

#340/September '11. Demokhratia, GG King, Ivan Brun, B-Lines, State POison, Jeremy Hush, Love Triangle, Deaf Club Oral History, Czech Punk History Part 3.

#341/October '11. Brian Walsby, Plates, Decraneo, Diet Cokeheads, Royal Headache, Ed Nasty & the Doped$, Black Mamba Beat Tour of South Africa, Unfit Scum, Mongrel Zine.

#342/November '11. Kyushu Noisecore Summit, Brown Sugar, Vapid, No Rest, Brain Killer, Roach Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#343/December '11. Porkeria, Descarados, Peace or Annihilation, E.A.T.E.R., Poly Styrene, Severence Package, Katorga Works, Unwanted Christmas Presents, Resist Her Transistor.

#344/January '12. OBN IIIS, Social Chaos, Neo Cons, Alice Bag, Vaginors, Blookrow Butcher, Wartorn, Shitty Limits Last Show Report, Wretched, Zero Progress Tour Diary part 1, Means to an End Fest, Slick 46, Toughskins, No Gods No Matresses Zine.

#345/February '12. 2011 Year End Top Tens, Big Eyes, Terrible Feelings, Zero Progress Tour Report Part 2, the Unruled, Rapid Loss.

#346/March '12. Bärchen und die Milchbubies, Who Killed Spikey Jacket, Krömosom Tour of Japan, Globsters, Nigh Birds, Tribal War, Give Praise records, Refuse records.

#347/April '12. Ron Paul Special Issue, Carburetor Dung, Dark Times, Neon Piss, Kruel, Lapinpolthajat, Criminal Code, Slice Harvester Zine, Iron hand, Indigesti, Damnable Excite Zombies, Hawaii Scene Report.

#349/June '12. Omegas, Zyanose, Antisect, Negative Standards, No Statik, Your Pest Band, Eutanasia, Appalachian Terror Unit, Power Age, Inly Fumes and Corpses, Skizophrenia, David Ensminger, Greek Scene Report.

#350/July '12. The Photo Issue: Justine Demetrick, Ricky Adam, Jeanne Hansen, Don Pyre, Chis Boarts Larsen, Maria de Piedade Morais.

#351/August '12. 30th Anniversary Issue: MRR's Worst & Best, the Tim Yo Covers & Greentaping, Napalm Raid, God Equals Genocide, Stressors, American Sun, Ferocious X, Stripmines, Skitsystem, Juan y Diëgo, Banran.

#352/September '12. Stagnation, Luta Armada, Vaarallinen, Frozen Teens, Brain Slug, Noisecore Roundtable #2, Kohosh, Kvoteringen, Gritos de Resistencia, Alabaster Choad, Dipers, Murder in the Front Row, Support NYC.

#353/October '12. Brain Tumors, Effluxus, Anti Cimex, the Cravats, Unlearn, Warsong, Sick/Tired, To Live A Lie records, Stories from the Peruvian Underground Part 1, Bad Daddies, Imminent Destruction records with Lastly, Desperdicio, Against the Grain, Disturd.

#354/November '12. Replica, Ancient Filth, Synthetic ID, Maximo Volumen, O Inimigo, the Splits, Ohmwar, Beatrap, Victims Tour Diary Part 2, Girth records.

#357/February '13. Forward, Hounds of Hate, Contorture, Kicker, Nothing, Lunatic Fringe, Detonate records, Beatnik Termites, Detroit scene report.

#358/March '13. 2012 Year End Top Tens, Brontez Purnell, Potty Mouth, Nitad, Schizophazia, East Anglia scene report.

#359/April '13. Sickoids, Hassler. Divorce. Cancer Spreading. la Flingue. the Line. White Murder, the Paper Bags versus the Meat Sluts. Greenville, SC scene report.

#360/May '13. Stress, Proxy, the Kids, Kalte Lust, HIRS, Autonomy, Nuclëar Frôst, Dead Air Studio, Blood Orange Infoshop, Death Traitors, Elks Lodge Massacre Revisited.

#361/June '13. Organize and Arise, Fear of Extinction, The Rats Tour Diary, Kathleen Hanna, The Shorts, Hard Feelings, No Power, Melusaaste, We Got Power Zine Part I.

#362/July '13. Jeff Paul, Trust Zine, Shaved Women, Hondartzako Hondakinak, Kurraka, Born Wrong, Homicide, United Arab Emirates & Toronto, Canada scene reports, We Got Power Zine Part II.

#363/August '13. Las Otras, Toinen Vaihtoehto zine, Sudor, Terveet Kädet, Black & White, Stillsuit, Taquila Mockingbird, Arturo Vega, Ruined Families, Baitline!!! zine, R.O.T.T.E.R., No Mistake, Siren Songs, Yorba Linda, CA scene report.

#364/September '13. Last Chaos, Snob Value, NE! Records, RAD, Asile, Whatever Brains, The New Flesh, Trashies, Forgotten Generation, Nightfall/ Population Zero, Texas Filth Scene Report.

#365/Ocotber '13. Condition Tour Diary, Zudas Krust, Doomed Society Radio, Kontrasekt, Bib Black Cloud, Hero Dishonest, Violent Party, Helvetin Viemärit, Malcolm, Clearview Records, Brno, CZ Scene Report.

#366/November '13. Chaos Destroy, Permanent Ruin, Thisclose, Halsey Swain, Rosa Apatrida, No More Fiction, Räjäyttäjät, Nudes, Tarantuja, Destruye y Huye, Vertical House Records, Punk Photo Roadtrip.

#367/December '13. The Mob, Creem, Gag, generacion Suicida, Good Throb, Force Fed Drugs, Total Trash, Life Chain, Concrete Worms, War// Plague, Julia Ostertag, Bad American.

#368/January '14. Queer Issue with Anti-Corpos, Shopping, Glory Hole, Porcelain, Strong Boys, Ejaculoid, Closet Burner, Peeple Watchin', Samuel Shanahoy, Dures et Gays, Priests, Groke, Screaming Queens tour diary, Queer Zine Fest London, International Queer Scene Report.

#369/February '14. Dezerter, Arctic Flowers, Stoic Violence, Strange Factory, Gobierno Militar, Poliskitzo, Voight-Kampff, Rat/Xerox, Nü-kle-er Blast Suntan.

#370/March '14. Year End Top Tens issue, Nervosas, Komplikations, Mallwalkers, New Orleans punk documentary Almost Ready.

#371/April '14. Bill Bondsmen, Crapoulet Records, O!Kult, Rational Animals, Stab, Woolf, Varix, New York's Alright Fest, Miami Scene Report.

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LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Dearests—
When did it become cool to talk about the weather again? With the wakening of spring, sunshine and hella animal sex going on, I reflect on the past life/world we Midwesterners just sloughed off. This winter past was incredibly miserable and trying for a lot of us. As traveling friends and traveling to see friends has commenced with the thaw, my mind has expanded like all the shitty potholes in the Rust Belt.

Pets as suicide prevention/I wouldn't trust any other motherfucker with this bitch. Thank you, *MRR*, for being a durt church for us lonely freex. Many sad baths taken as means to warm up, resulting in black smears all over my body because we're trying to read the Letters section and feel some sort of connection to the conscious all over the world. It has been so necessary. Come visit us in Detroit some day soon, we need ya.
Always,
—Wild Dog

Hey MRR!—
I put the wrong address for contact about the Limbs Bin *Total Anguish* CD-R. People can reach me at: Josh Landes
69 Murray Street, Apt. 6
New York, NY 10007
That would put some minds at ease! Thank you very much!
Best,
—Josh

Hello from England!—
Really enjoyed reading the columns in issue #372, the first three by Rall, Imogen and Victor totally made me think about things. I live in a small village (Littleport) in the middle of nowhere and am always skint.

There are some good bands here in Cambridge, UK like Beverley kills, Overload and Freedom Faction. My favourite zine over here is called *Positive Creed*, Rob who does it is a good bloke. I buy all my recorfs from wrench.org.

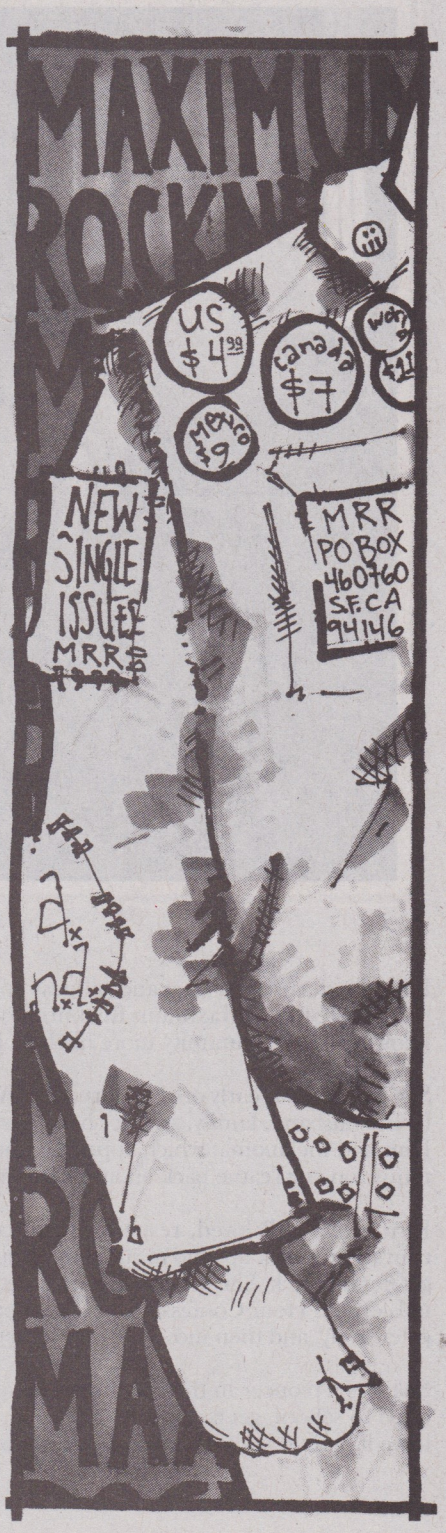
Also these last couple of years I have been reading a lot of books by Emile Zola, totally recommend his books. Only really get to go to a gig in Cambridge once a month, so it is great to be able to read about people's opinions and thoughts about punk rock. The Minutemen interview was bloody good too.
Thanks,
—Stephen Rudderham
Littleport, England

Hi folks—
Thanks for the review of *Meat Raffle* zine from Manchester, England in *MRR* #371. However, as well as poor layout, poor printing and poor interviews, can you add poor choice of name to the list?

There is, I have discovered, another zine called *Meat Raffle* from somewhere in the USA and by some quirk this zine's email address was added at the end of the review.
If folks would like a copy of the UK one, just email david@underthepavement.org with your name and address and I'll pop one in the post.
Cheers
—David

Dear Punks—
So it looks like I got so caught up in the bleak greatness of the music on the Crisis *Kollectiv* 2xLP that I didn't pay close enough attention to the details and got some facts wrong in my review of it in last month's issue. While all the studio recordings are amazingly re-mastered versions of previously released material, the live set is not the same material as the live recordings from the *Holocaust Hymns* CD—they're from a live set in Norway in 1979. The sound quality is just confusingly good.

Also, while David Pearce is a British philosopher who believes in the abolition of suffering in all sentient life, he was never in Crisis—Douglas Pearce is the guy in the band (you know, the dude who went on to form the neo-folk/sketchy-core band Death in June). My apologies to Paco at La Via Es Un Mus, and everyone else, who expects us reviewers to know what the hell we're talking about when reading an issue of *MRR*. But, the most important fact from my review still stands: that record is the only Crisis release you will ever need to own.
—Ray "Collar Pull" Suburbia



NEWS

Kim Fey / Kim Fern • 6/7/73 – 4/20/14

It is with deep, deep grief and sadness and some rage at the world that I write to tell Maximum Rocknroll of the passing of Kim Fey, known to this community more likely as Kim Fern.

She passed away early on the morning of April 20, 2014 surrounded by her husband, family, and her best friend.
Kim had melanoma, which appeared about six years ago, went in remission, and came back about six months ago.

Kim was a well loved, respected, and complicated person, with courage to speak up, and to stand up, to judgment without letting it get her off track. She published Fern zine for at least ten years, sang in Eleventh Hour Confession and other bands, traveled and toured extensively, and then moved to and settled in Portland, OR.

She was a pioneer in the small ways we all can be, one of the first to go to school, get a career as a teacher, and have the courage to leave it behind because it was unsatisfying.

She started a non-profit bike shop, North Portland Bike Works, in 2002 with friends who would become family, and was there to advise others on the weird intricacies of the business world for the punks trying to be good bosses and business owners.

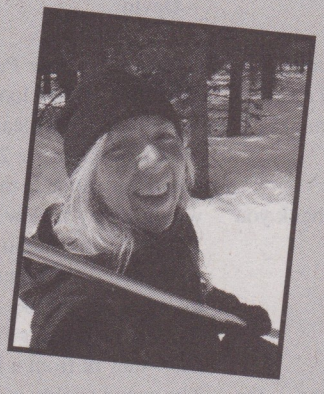
She was one of the first of our community to buy a house and learn the struggles that come with that, and the struggles that came with our changing place in Portland from community members to community leaders.

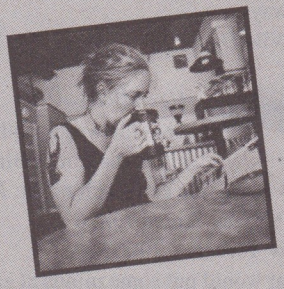
Kim went through a lot with a lot of people, and yet remained present, strong, with an open heart and an incredible amount of spirit. She took seriously the duty to live life to its fullest. She appreciated what she had seen and done, and let those experiences open more possibilities.

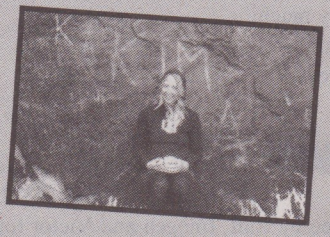
Upon getting her diagnosis, her zest for life grew stronger. Throughout the past six years she lived her life for every single moment.

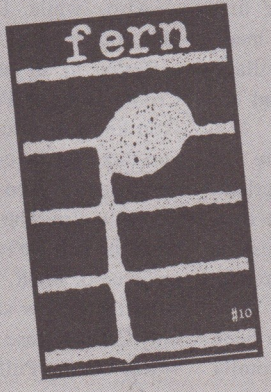
She never gave up the fight, and once again gave us an example of how to live, and how to die. She will be always remembered with love and respect, and much missed.

—Erin Yanke









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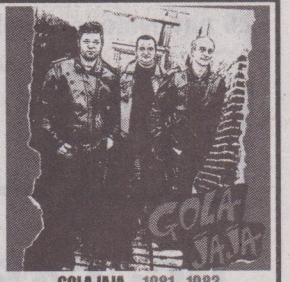

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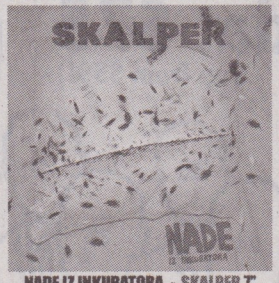

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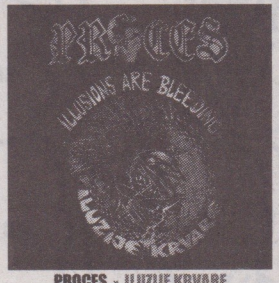

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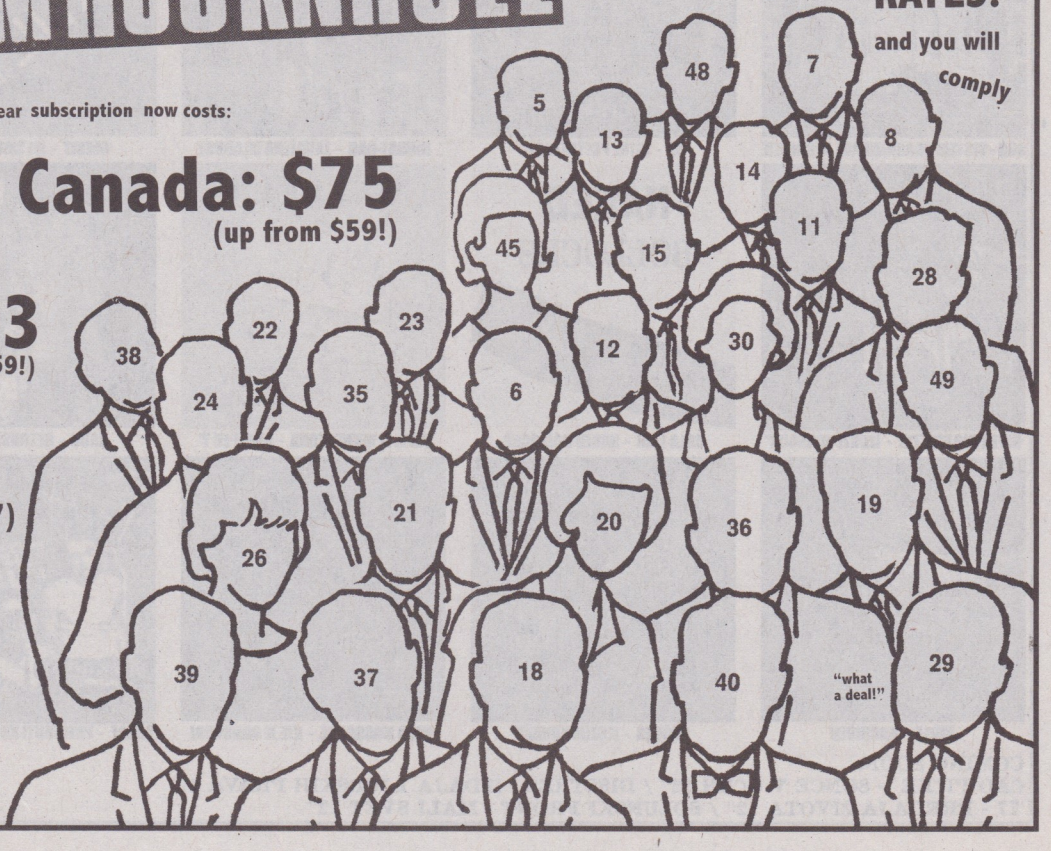

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COLUMNS

Before I get to the main story this month, here's a post script from last month's column, a small Q&A with Fabrietto, the bass player of WRETCHED and the brother of frontman Gianmario. Fabrietto is also the driving force behind the rejuvenated Chaos Produzioni label, which is responsible for the new WRETCHED EP I wrote about last month.

MRR: Hi, Fabrietto! Can you say something about the new WRETCHED record, which is called *Mai Arrendersi*?

Fabrietto: Our new 7" contains three tracks, taken from the original master tapes from 1983. We have chosen the most important and powerful tracks, which are more current than ever: "Mai arrendersi," "Finirà mai," and "Nelle loro mani." The last two are unrealised demo versions. This new transparent red vinyl EP will be distributed by Lovehate80, at the price of €5.

MRR: Great! The new EP is released by Chaos Produzioni, the record label that was run by Wretched. Are you planning to reissue any more Wretched material?

Fabrietto: We're planning to remaster our first 12", *Libero Di Vivere / Libero Di Morire* soon.

Somewhat related is yet another epic Italian hardcore reissue that came out this month, a new EU'S ARSE discography released by FOAD Records in Italy. This is not the first time the band, which you will recall were interviewed in *MRR* recently apropos their 2014 US tour, has made their back catalogue available—the 1981-1985 LP on Agipunk collected the EP and the split EP with IMPACT as well as live recordings and rehearsal material. However, this time around the sound source is direct from the original master tapes, which have been painstakingly brought back to live by "the professionals" and released along with a number of previously unreleased recordings (also sourced to original recording tapes). No doubt this promises to be the ultimate EU'S ARSE discography, so you know what to do!

Now for the main feature. Once the longest running hardcore punk band in the world, the legendary CHAOS UK is back! On Saturday, the band played a gig here in London along with fellow Bristolians LUNATIC FRINGE and some other bands I thought I had forgotten about. Now, I know what you're thinking—"So what? Every single punk band known to man have already in one way or shape reformed, for one-off gigs or world tours, and gone on to make a complete spectacle of themselves." You're right, of course, but fuck off. Of course, I share the cynicism of most people who despise reformed punk bands. I can't even be arsed to say anything about the phenomena of reformed punk bands. You know, I know, we all know how despicable this is for punk.

Weeks before Saturday's punk party—which upon seeing the 300 punx outside the venue I quickly named "Rebellion in Tottenham"—everyone was talking about the comeback of CHAOS UK. What would the line-up be? Who is singing? Is Chaos in the band? What material will they play? Why are they doing this? Will they be any good? A friend of mine who was around at the time when CHAOS UK was formed and who saw them a bunch of times told me that for him, CHAOS UK is the band that recorded the first two EPs and who began the work on the first LP, and that for someone who was around at the early days the other subsequent line-ups that kept the name going until the late 2000s is not CHAOS UK. While this is clearly a privileged attitude by someone lucky enough to have witnessed the highpoint of Western civilisation, I take it his is a minority view. The majority of fans tend to debate at great lengths the merits of the various (later) line-ups, and in particularly the merits of the various different singers. Some friends of mine said that while they would come to the gig to hangout they would not see any of the bands, not even CHAOS UK, for fear of destroying the lasting impressions of bands that they've listened to for decades.

As for me, I had never seen CHAOS UK before, so I was excited by the prospect of getting shitfaced in front of my all-time favourite punk band. As I told my wife-not-wife the night before, to see CHAOS UK is almost as fantastic as getting to see the SEX PISTOLS (original era), and to prove the point I put on "Victimized" really loud, which prompted a violent call for *"Nooo! Turn this off!!! Immediately!!!"* At any rate, to play it safe, my strategy for the gig was to get as drunk as possible and by this method improve the band a hundredfold. I hasten to add that I was not alone in employing this time-proven punk tactic.

CHAOS UK themselves must have been aware of people's talk, and perhaps they felt like they had a lot to prove by playing again in 2014. But for once, everyone's worst fears were totally unfounded as CHAOS UK totally fucking delivered! Not only did the band play a set including (perhaps predictably) all the hits from their extensive back catalogue, including the early-years material, they also played what I would argue is the just as great material from the second, third and even fourth LPs. Now, many bands can come out after years of not playing and like machines stand there and "perform" their old songs, but CHAOS UK did so with an acute sense of speed, brutality and aggression. It did not feel (nor look) like an "old" band playing "old" songs, it felt like I was witnessing the best contemporary hardcore band in the world stomping on the audience with insane hardcore punk aggression. The only thing I can compare with is perhaps one of those long running Japanese master hardcore bands, like perhaps WARHEAD or even GAUZE, who ceaselessly continue to channel supersonic high-energy aggression in total disregard of age, calendar or current trends.

It is said that respect is something that is earned, and CHAOS UK definitely earned it. I hope they converted all the old cynical cunts. I mean, obviously, who doesn't love all the old CHAOS UK records—learning CHAOS UK songs is as important to punk as the learning to draw the anarchy sign, learning to sniff glue or learning to drink cheap cider! But also let it be known that in the words of *MRR* (or at any rate the words of yet another half-arsed, hare-brained *MRR* columnist) it is indeed impossible to think of CHAOS UK now as a comeback punk band or just another reformed old band. At the London gig this past weekend, there were hundreds of dirty, crusty punx, of all shapes and colour, old and young, men and women, even dogs—I am telling you, this was the most "punk" punk show London has seen in decades—I can't but wonder if there are even that many people that even "like" such fucking raw brutal and noisy hardcore punk! Elite hardcore punk journalists

like me of course spend all our days listening to only the most sublime ear-deafening chaotic mess of noise, but what about the unrefined masses of dirty smelly louts? I thought "the public" only cared for disgusting modern sounds, like blackened motor crustcore, epic stadium crust, secretive black metal, porno/gore core or retro-USHC garbage. Is it too much for a man to hope that this monumental display of pure hardcore brutality, that CHAOS UK projected, will influence yet another generation of idiot hardcore punk forming idiotic hardcore punk bands releasing idiotic hardcore punk records? Burn Tory Britain, burn!

Hey *Maximum*. Can we talk about being Good At Music for a minute?

I've been moving across the country over and over for years now, but my girlfriend and I just moved into a house on the East Coast where we're planning to live for a long time with our weird dog and like actual horses, which we don't own, but which we do get to feed hay and carrots. It's a tiny little house and there isn't even really room to put out all our books, but whatever—it's also in the woods on a damn mountain where you can walk down the hill in the back yard to a little fucking Narnia creek in the woods. It's pretty cool and it's pretty cheap because it's kind of in the middle of nowhere.

But now I live somewhere. And I have guitars and a hole in the bottom of a cinderblocks-and-planks bookcase for my half stack, my shitty little broken bass amp on top of a milk crate on the dresser, and I'm like, "It is finally time to get my shit together and finish all these projects I've been meaning to get to for the last however many years." Like, I've got another novel I'm working on. It's about a kid in a Nirvana cover band. And me and Kelly from Doll Fight and Gorgon might be starting an all-bass sludge doom thing. But also, when I lived in the Bay the first time, I was in this band Angela Chase, which was half awesome and half the worst, and we never recorded the ten songs we made up. All I have is some shitty mp3s from some shitty shows we played at El Rio and, like, Trans March 2008. And I've been meaning to record them for the last four years! I was in the Bay for a couple months last year and it would've been cool to get into a practice space or something and record them, but I was hella focused on me and Crissy's band Tall Girl then, and barely managed to look up from that to even see Sonya and Alicia from Angela Chase at all.

But now I live in a house and have time, so I was like, OK, I will record these old songs and send electronic WAV files to the West Coast where Sonya and Alicia can record their parts. Or maybe I will just try to figure out Alicia's bass parts and play 'em myself. I dunno. The point is that it's time to record this shit. So first I winced for forty minutes straight, listening to those old recordings. I winced not only because that was the first band I've been in where I was the main songwriter, but also because it was the first band where I'd ever been the singer. And I didn't know what I was doing. In a bad way! It's funny how, when you revisit songs you haven't thought about for a couple years, the stuff that seemed kind of weak or like "I'll come up with something better later" at the time matures into a heady dose of fucking terrible with an off-putting mouth feel and an aftertaste of shame.

I spent a lot of time in that band talking shit about Alicia's bass playing but actually it turns out the worst one in that band was me. It's like the end of *The Sixth Sense*: the whole time, the terrible one was...*me*. (There was never any question that Sonya was the talented one. If you ever get a chance to be in a band with Sonya Trejo, let me recommend it, although good luck, 'cause now she's always on tour with this Creation Records band the Telescopes.) I mean, when we started that band, I was just wrapping up My First Three or Four Years of Being Out as Trans, which meant that I was just barely at a point where I could peek my head up over the top of my own anxiety and start to write about the experience, so a lot of my lyrics were trite and/or stupid.

And I didn't know how to sing! In case you didn't know this, singing is hard for a lot of trans women because hormones don't do anything to your voice really, which means it's basically not that different a project from like what if one morning Lemmy was like, "I want to sing like Gwen Stefani now," or whatever. And he would have to do a lot of work to get to a place where he realized he was going to sound more like Fiona Apple than Gwen Stefani and even then he would probably get to the same conclusion that I came to, recently, which is that probably the best singing voice for our lifestyle is a black metal shriek anyway. And watch some YouTube videos on the subject.

I guess that last paragraph is about if Lemmy was trans, which means I was using the wrong pronouns. I don't think Lemmy is trans, though. (But email me if you want to talk about it, Lemmy.) Let's not worry too much about it.

The point is, in Angela Chase I was basically inexperienced at singing and writing and from that place of inexperience I was singing these songs with a very 2007-meaning, pre-*Whipping Girl*-transfeminist analysis. And now it is 2014; I have learned more about singing and become Particularly Wise, and I'm trying to revisit these songs so I can finally have a proper (shitty, home) recording of them to listen to forever. And you wanna know the funny thing?

The main problem I'm having is that I am not that good at playing music.

I mean, don't get me wrong—I rule at playing music. I'm awesome at it. Every band I've ever been in (including Angela Chase and even including Strictly Platonic) has been awesome, even though sometimes they have been very niche versions of awesome. It's just that we've always ruled in a way that has made room for one or more of the band members to be enthusiastic amateurs, as opposed to everybody having to be the kind of musician who is willing to practice with a metronome or count to four over and over and over.

(We had this thing when Correspondences started where I was like, I'm sick of counting to four. Maybe playing in 4/4 all the time is patriarchal bullshit and we can resist patriarchy by making faces at each other when it's time to switch to the next part, instead of counting to four! That just got confusing, though, and Emily—the one who is a Legitimately Good Musician, and is generally willing to count to four over and over—pointed out eventually that we were mostly switching after four repetitions anyway).

Which is cool, right? One of the things I have to remind myself all the time—and one of the things that I find myself figuring out ways to rearticulate in ways that are legible to twelve- and fourteen-year-olds every year at Girls' Rock Camp—is that our cultural narratives of musical proficiency actually do function to keep us silent. You don't have to know what you're doing at all to be in an awesome band! I read hella guitar magazines as a kid, and the way people talked about music in those things had me convinced for years that there was no point for me to start a band. I mean, I didn't even know what a mixolydian mode was! (I sort of did, from context clues, but not enough to do anything with it.) I think I was like 24 when I finally was in my first band that played more than one show, and my main jobs in that band were to play bass and keep the two singer/guitarists from punching each other.

My point, like always, is that this shit is actually pretty easy, as long as you're not trying to be Yngwie Malmsteen or something.

Except!—What if you do want to record some music but you can't be in the same room as the other people you want to record with? Then I think you sort of have to learn to play decently, and that is the problem I'm having right now. I can sing those stupid old words and play those boring old Placebo ripoff guitar parts without my heart exploding from the shame about that semi-post-useless-hipster era of my life—but I actually kind of can't play them in time, even with a click. I mean I've never been able to play in time, it's just that you can more or less get away with it at band practice, or at a show, but you kind of can't when you are trying to record. So I'm a little bit stuck.

There's this other thing, though. Punk rock doctrine says you don't have to be good at this shit to do it. And a lot of the time that gets interpreted as, therefore, that it's not okay to be good at it. Like that technical proficiency or whatever is a thing to be avoided. Which is kind of stupid. I mean, I've been playing guitars for like 20 years. It would be

kind of a bummer if I still sucked as much at it now as I did when I was fourteen—if I still spent most of my guitar time mad 'cause I couldn't keep the stupid thing in tune or because bar chords are hard.

So I'm a little bit like, hey, Imogen, you are 35. You are old. You're not going to be cool no matter what you do, because we live in a culture where coolness is necessarily for young people. Maybe it actually is time to learn to play in time?

I just don't wanna.

And I guess this is a thing that happens, right, where you play in a shitty band for a while and you're stoked about it—I mean, most of the time I'd rather see a band of 16-year-olds who suck, in a basement, than I would a band of 22-year-olds who can play. But eventually, I think either you are a genius at sucking, which most of us are not, or else you get tired of sucking and you get better. Which doesn't have to mean selling out or playing guitar solos or something; I think it can just mean, learning to play in tune, or in time, or to sing in another register, or whatever. You learn to suck less? I dunno.

Actually I might not agree with anything I've written in this column. This whole thing might just be me complaining about the fact that I suck and trying to convince myself that it's okay to suck less. Whatever. Fuck it.

*

Anyway, in the beginning of June, which will already have passed by the time you read this, my publisher Topside Press is publishing a book called *I've Got A Time Bomb* by Sybil Lamb, formerly Amber Vile, formerly Lillian Butter, the dirtbag trans lady punker who has inspired, like, billions of dirtbag trans lady punkers over the course of the last decade or two to be dirtier and baggier and punker. She's been running the disgusting art and broken link repositories tr*nnypunk.com and sicknessandfilth.com for as long as I can remember and it's going to rule. My girlfriend has been editing it and mostly all she does is yell at the computer all day in exasperation and joy. It's at topsidepress.com/igtb. Topside's also about to publish books by Casey Plett and Ryka Aoki, both of whose books are awesome. Poke around the Topside website. You can buy my book *Nevada* there, too, or just pirate it somewhere probably.

I don't think I can be a punk writer. I can only write about punk. I had this hesitation over the idea whether one can be a punk on a lonely island without anything the person can be opposed against. Nowadays I feel like the only punk things I do are cheating taxes and making my lonely island mega mix with PUNK music. I rarely leave my flat on punk cruises and I easily get distracted by people who are hanging out. I'm allergic to dork fun.

Did I tell you that food is the new rock and roll? Everybody is talking more about nappa cabbage than early Agnostic Front. I do too. Because I like food, food is good. It's not that I've been burnt out. I'm making my denim jacket more punk, it's like my bike in my garage what I like to fix in my free time and I do wear it when I go to buy food. Circle is closed.

I'm writing a fanzine. There is one I actually spend time with writing and there are two others I write in my head. My ass is getting bigger so I might be able to sit on it more. Calvin Johson said he is too punk to sit down thus he doesn't have time for that. That might be true since he was dancing even to his a capella songs when I saw him performe.

Dave Smalley said something else. That hardcore is an American invention. Yeah right, but Europe is a cool place to get money for your nostalgia tours. Reagen Youth asks for 1,000 euros to play a gig here. When some local guy said we should chip in and book them I rushed to Youtube to check out how fukcing sad their gigs are. They are depressing even for me who is heading from a country that once produced a song that was banned because too many people killed themselves to it. For me that's a lullaby.

Punks are depressed because they face too many problems they can worry about but we are too dumb to figure out alternatives as solutions. But being a punk is not depressing. I guess. Beause even pieces of top class journalism are beautiful examples of how there is something more that can be created by reporting this confusion. Confusion is people around us. Who keep me away from doing PUNK stuffz.

Even if there is no hope there is beauty that is created in opposition to madness. Transformed chaos into bright sentences or total blasting cacophony. I'm talking about punk music right now.

Things I don't get about the scene today: People complaining about every band sounding the same. I mean, wearing white pants with Void shirts is awesome just as much as putting feedback into your songs where fast parts are bridged together with these really ignorant stomping parts. Stomping is awesome and Oi! is good.

This is called a sub-genre. If you don't like it find another one but there won't be anything that is called "being original." It's not because everybody is copying everybody else, it's because people like, think and do the same stuffs even if they have never heard about each other's works. It's either this or I lead a fucking mediocre life.

The point is, as always, to be happy. And I'm more than happy when I discover French hyper speed bands making amazing noise. Too bad amazing-core is to describe terrible bands. But Mopo Mogo and Scraps are fucking fast and at the same time something that is more than your average case of upbeat tempo. I prefer guitars above everything but the drums on these records are crazy because they sound as, and maybe that's the real case, they are not even made by humans. As their songs are being played, the resonance makes it be more than just noise; not music but life. So when I found them one after another on a pointless weekday night wandering on Youtube, I was elevated by the discoveries of hidden treasures of people. Great punk music has this ingredient in it that shows human reactions to the world. So everything that is fucked up and sounds as a mistake is the best, because real people are fucked up and they are making mistakes all the time. Thus great music sounds like these innocent failures are glued together with enthusiasm, creativity and freedom. Mopo Mogo sounds so futuristic with its vibrating, neon after-taste guitar sound, that is swinging on the hyper fast basics, that are in a way humanoidly strange. His slower songs are pre-visioning the bedroom romanticizim of huge cities that are attacked by bad weather in regular occasions. Less bleeping and whipping but enough bizarre sorrow and personal craziness.

Scraps on the other hand remind me of Rapt. But instead of Rapt's doing everything a bit too much and then a little bit more, they are more focused on not spreading their craziness but forming it more ugly and filthy. They are not lacking melodies, which is great because they turn these catchy guitar parts into full blown dissonance, thus their songs are punk and noise at the same time. From begining to end they create a contrast in which aggression and harmony are going hand in hand. It's so unreal and unusual I can not resist loving it. So strange, this is just a band I have stumbled upon on a random day and no one even mentioned them. Please keep telling me that we should only listen to the best and most original bands, because hardcore is boring and everyone sounds the same.

I watched this movies called the *Nymphomaniac* and I was thinking about the main character's need for sex. Did she simply need sex, the act of sex with as many people she could have? Was it her search for the perfect orgasm? Why do I have to listen to more and more bands? Why is it I found a sound and I wanna hear its other versions from other times, from other people and from other countries? Why do I want the whole world to make perfect punk music? Is it because I know they can, or haven't I yet found that one perfect sound that satisfies my need? I too do like what this obsession has done with me. I do feel frustrated and let down when I have my own hesitations. Even when it just connects to listening to musc.

I do hate myself since I seemingly stoppped writing about music a million sentences ago, but I did not.

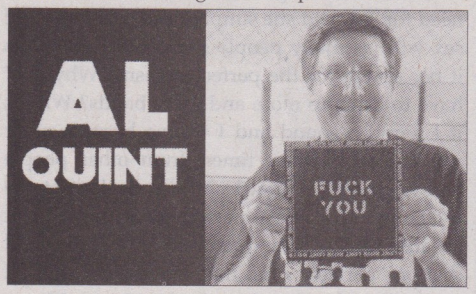
If you put together Fix, Necros and Negative Approch there are differences but not as big as

that you can't say the same things about these bands. Originality is amazing but I don't listen to Home Blitz, Total Control, Swell Maps, Johnny Moped all year. It's cool when you are able to create space in your music to fit a tasteful variety of different sounds, but trust me, this ballon could pop 'cause I was in a jam band and it was a great experience but I was eager to join a hardcore band and stomp again. In Void shirts, wearing white pants, attacking the crowd, dancing weirdly.

Few days ago I was listening to SSD's "Get it Away" on my walk in the fully sunshined city. I realized again this is a great record made by probably really dumb people. It's visceral and aggressive, has no clue what to do and it has a Buzzcocks cover as well. The whole thing is so good. But is it that American? Maybe the way they present their music is, but the fundamental idea behind the music, at least for me, doesn't really connects to the land of apple pies and freedom fighting eagles. Is it that original?

Is it better than UBR? Super fast and freakish Yugoslavian band with non-stop guitar attacks, filth, anger and noise is all around the place. Some solos that are born on a dead end path appear in the back but they died off so quick. This band sounds like falling. Not that bouncey as SSD, but besides that groove, there is not just aggression in their music, but struggle. They sound like it's their only chance to survive the Yugoslavian reality. It's no hobby for them. There is something at stake in their music. After all, it's entertaining but not as funny as SSD could be.

As final thoughts I wanna add that I have just recently seen Hytserics play and that band is amazing because they are so free. Sadly it's really rare that people are brave enough to be themselves and the way Stephanie dances on the stage screaming crazy and not giving a fuck is such a liberating experience. They do play a style that is easy to describe and they might not be the most perfect players of it, *but* they are one of the truest people who are playing it, since they do whatever they want. Interview here soon. Till then, see them live if you can and check out Vacuum, an amazing Swedish punk band.



MIGHTY JOE YOUNG (1960-2014)

Joe Young, co-founder of punk rock legends ANTiSEEN, died of a heart attack in early May. While I'd only seen them a couple of times (and the last one was more than 20 years ago), I can still envision Jeff Clayton setting fire to a washboard while Joe let out an unholy roar from the amp connected to his guitar. I've said it's akin to a hornet's nest and I'm sticking with that description.

Let me talk a bit about ANTiSEEN, because I don't think I've written about them all that much in this space. They never gave a particular fuck about what anyone thought of them. They liked to push buttons, but did so with a knowing wink. ANTiSEEN's credo can be summed up with "Fuck All Y'all"—and while I don't share quite a few of their political/social viewpoints, I do subscribe to that credo a hell of a lot more in recent years. ANTiSEEN never wanted to be cool or loved. They just wanted make bile-filled, buzzsaw punk rock, and they did that for over 30 years. No compromise, just volume and a bad attitude to match. Even after 25 years, I still start grinning ear to ear when hearing the opening chords to "Hippy Punk."

Joe's death really gives me pause, as do the recent passings of Dave Brockie from GWAR, Dave Gregg from DOA and Mike Atta from MIDDLE CLASS. These gentlemen were around the same age as me—in their 50s. Joe and Dave were the same age as I am—54. So, as the cliché goes, live each day as if it could be your last. And while I'm not a religious person—I consider myself an agnostic—I'd like to think that if there is indeed a heaven, Joe is having one hell of a great time with the late, great Bruce Roehrs, the world's biggest ANTiSEEN fan, at that giant bar in the sky. Fuck yes! RIP, Joe.

THE CURSE OF ZANDER SCHLOSS

I was recently talking with someone in my age range (yeah, old—shut the fuck up) about various punk rock topics, and Keith Morris' current band OFF! was brought up. I think OFF! is a decent-enough band, but not exactly the savior of hardcore. Not even close. OFF! essentially provides a re-entry for people who think hardcore died many years ago and that Keith is single-handedly reviving it.

Anyway, this guy—his name's Peter—told me he thought that OFF! is better than anything Keith had done either with BLACK FLAG or CIRCLE JERKS. He said they took the best of both bands, but with a wizened perspective. I was floored. I immediately thought of something another Black Flag vocalist, one Henry Rollins, said when he was Henry Garfield and singing for SOA—that little bit at the start of "Riot": *"Are you crazy, Wendel?"* Are you crazy, Peter? Better than *Nervous Breakdown*, a shot across the bow, a punk rock statement for all time? Better than *Group Sex*, one of the greatest hardcore punk albums evah, as we say in Massachusetts? Even the throwaway title track is better than anything OFF! has done to date.

Which brings us to Zander Schloss. Who is Zander Schloss, you ask? I've mentioned him a few times in the past and I imagine some of you might be familiar with the name. He's an actor—he was in *Repo Man*, playing Kevin, the guy who gets beaten up while working at the grocery store. He's written music for various soundtracks. He played in a bunch of bands over the years, including the Circle Jerks. In fact, he joined them as their bass player just in time for *Wonderful*, which wasn't all that, uh, wonderful. Their fifth album *VI* (which makes no sense) followed. The former was even released on Combat Core, a hardcore spinoff from the metal label Combat, and they were clearly aiming for a harder rocking sound. I forget whether it was for *Wonderful* or *VI* that the advertising touted their sound as "slam rock."

I can only think (right now) of one other blurb that entered a similar realm of cringe-worthy absurdity—that's when Restless Records slapped a sticker on the front of 7 SECONDS 1988 album *Ourselves* that announced they were "Rocking and Walking on the Straight Edge." Yes, it really said that. I don't recall 7 SECONDS ever referring to themselves as an edge band. *Ourselves* is an album that is best forgotten, anyway. Trust me on that one. Come to think of it, after *New Wind* (and even that album only has a few good songs), you're all set. I was curious about the sticker so I asked Kevin himself and he acknowledges said cringe-worthiness. He wrote: *"Even at my corniest, I couldn't have come up with anything that ridiculous. The first time I saw it, I just about threw up."*

But back to the JERKS... let's face it, the only three JERKS albums you need are *Group Sex*, *Wild in the Streets* and *Golden Shower of Hits*. In fact, *Wild...* isn't particularly great. There are only a handful of worthwhile tracks on it—"Stars and Stripes," "Leave Me Alone" and the title track, but after *Group Sex*, it's one of the all-time disappointing follow-ups. They did recover somewhat for *Golden Shower*—"Coup D'Etat" and "Under the Gun" are two of their more underrated tracks. And, if you've never heard their mid-'90s major label album that I won't even say the name of, be *very* grateful. It was unforgivable for them to decimate the SOFT BOYS' "I Wanna Destroy You" (one of my all-time favorite songs—you've got to hear it!), complete with godawful, shrieking background vocals from Debbie Gibson. No, I'm not making that up. I wish I was. Oh yeah, Zander played on that one, too.

Zander also worked with JOE STRUMMER on his first post-CLASH album *Earthquake Weather* and that wasn't all that great. He was also involved in one of the worst bands I've ever seen in my life, TOO FREE STOOGES, with Dick Rude of *Repo Man* fame—he played Duke, the one who blamed society for making him what he was after he got shot in the convenience store. I haven't bothered to check out his other projects, including the LOW and SWEET ORCHESTRA or MAGNIFICENT BASTARDS (with one of the guys in STONE TEMPLE PILOTS). I'd venture to guess I'm not missing much.

I should note these musings aren't meant to be an indictment of Zander's character. I'm sure he's a swell guy—in fact, an acquaintance of mine told me that he's a sweetheart. If any of Zander's friends happen to see this column and squeal on

me, please tell him it's nothing personal. Much like Agent Rogerz said to Otto while she was torturing him in *Repo Man*...

ROCKING AND TALKING...

Man in Decline Records, the label responsible for last year's fine CONCRETE CROSS album, has unleashed a passel of strong releases over the past few months. The first pair comes from the Swedish bands DISSEKERAD (a self-titled album) and DAMAGED HEAD (a one-sided, self-titled 12" EP). Both bands have veteran membership. DISSEKERAD have TOTALITÄR vocalist Poffen and Pyri from AVSKUM on drums—so you'd be correct to figure these guys know exactly what they're doing. Blistering, classic Swedish hardcore with repetitive riffing, sputtering leads and howling vocals. The playing is tight throughout, the production is sharp, and in short, they nail it.

DAMAGED HEAD sounds more old-school US hardcore-inspired, as interpreted by such Swedish bands as DS-13 or ETA. I also thought they sound a little like NITAD and, lo and behold, their vocalist Modde held the same job in that band. Others have played in INSTITUTION and HERÄTŸS, both of whom put out some raging discs in recent years. The sound is really basic and more than effectively executed.

The NUKES make a snotty, ranty punk racket on their six-song *Fascist Perverts* EP. A rough, stripped-down sound played at a mainly fast clip, although they go for more of a damaged effect on "Stuck." From Chicago, and with the same sort of scuzzy appeal as their fellow Chicagoans CÜLO.

Closer to (my) home comes the debut vinyl from OBLIVIONATION—the four song *Cult of Culture* 7". Trigger-finger rage with a good amount of agitation coming from the vocal chords of Mark Fields (ex-xPROCLAMATIONx), joined by drummer John Evicci (ex-OUT COLD), Con (MALE NURSES, BLOODKROW BUTCHER) on bass and Quinn on guitar. The songs are delivered with a bare-knuckled fusion of power and speed, except when they slow it down for the pounding "18 to 1," which deals with the prison-industrial complex. The sentiments expressed on the other songs are no less pointed, even offering a history lesson on "Poston," about an internment camp where Japanese people were relocated during WWII. (Man In Decline, manindeclinerecords.com)

More MassHoles: it takes balls the size of I-don't-know-what to start an EP with a cover version, but the 4 SIDS do just fine with their cover of ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS' "Kill." It also takes similar gumption to steal the logo of a certain well-known UK Oi! band (if you wonder who, you're not paying attention). Anyway, this is fun, rambunctious and noxious punk fucking rock, mixing up the '77 inspiration with some garagey impulses. Scurrilous songs like "Gypsy Scum" and "Dog Shit" will warm your punk rock hearts and have you cracking a big smile. (Unicorn Records, 41 Cooper St., Apt. 4R, Boston, MA 02134)

I've been craving more music by GAS RAG since hearing both of the band's 7"s (one of which was a vinyl pressing of their demo) and seeing them completely destroy when they came through here last year. Well, the wait is over and Beach Impediment has unleashed their debut 12", *Beats Off*. Full-tilt hardcore punk that will have you in fits of thrash-induced joy in no time flat. Drawing from the well of early US hardcore—POISON IDEA comes to mind and Zach's vocals sound a little like Jerry's plus some older Swedish inspiration as well. Absolutely scorching and over way too quickly, but leave 'em begging for more, right? Production is a bit fuller but still has the requisite raw edge. It's relatively early in the year but I think this will find its way into my best of 2014 list. And yes the title track really is about... well, you know. (Beach Impediment, PO Box 8335, Virginia Beach, VA 23450, beachimpedimentrecords.blogspot.com)

BRAIN F≠ are back with a new album, *Empty Set*, their first release since 2011's *Sleep Rough*. In the interim, guitarist/vocalist Nick Goode's other band JOINT D≠ have released a pair of albums, so this is long overdue. In fact, it was recorded in 2012. Another fine effort by these guys/gal from North Carolina. As I've said before, the interaction between Nick and Elise Anderson's vocals does make one think of X a bit and there's always been an early LA punk influence, but it's hardly derivative. Jarring, energetic punk that's flat-out rocking but also catchy, and the hooks come from the vocals as well as music. There are some sonic similarities with Joint D≠ but Brain F≠ has always been a little more melodic, although "Headaches + Vomit" goes for a blistering hardcore attack. Definitely one of my favorite bands in recent years. There's a headiness, a depth and density that makes them stand apart. (Sorry State, sorrystaterecords.com; Grave Mistake, PO Box 12482, Richmond, VA 232431, gravemistakerecords.com)

A few demos to wrap things up here... Sorry State sent a pair of them, *What Lies Ahead* by SKEMATA and a self-titled effort from NARCOMAN, both from North Carolina. Skemata, with former people from STRIPMINES, operate in a raw'n'angry Scandinavian vein, with formidable axe-mangling, a rampaging rhythm and helldriven howlings. Cameron Craig, the vocalist for the late, great DOUBLE NEGATIVE, proves himself to be a pretty able sticksman behind the drum kit. As for NARCOMAN, their sound is urgent and impassioned, fusing speed and burn with melodic guitar textures. Cameron plays drums in this band as well, and is joined by Dennis and Daniel from CROSS LAWS and DEVOUR (Daniel is also the head honcho for Sorry State). "Bag Man" has an interesting theme, a first-person narrative about "holding a bag in a public place" and how it immediately raises suspicion. This has certainly happened in the aftermath of the Boston Marathon bombings, where large bags and backpacks are viewed warily and seem to have been outlawed in many public places.

PISS PISS PISS is a Portland band with a hard and heavy crust attack called "Never Heard of Ambeix" (they spell it that way) that takes the piss (sorry) on "punk Gods" and "punk masters." And if you're assuming that "Pissless//No Piss" or "Hearts Full Of Piss" are meant to be expressions of punk-as-fuckness, the theme of the first track is about the demise of a clean water system and the latter is a metaphorical way (I guess) of describing living in a world of shit. I'm analyzing this way too much. A full-on musical blitz. (Sacred Plague, sacredplague.com)

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The American Century, after all, was the 20th. Things were bound to go downhill.

Like 4th-century Romans and post-World War II Europeans, Americans are beginning to realize that they are no longer citizens of an unrivaled superpower. And they're kind of freaking out about it.

Using a novel "purchasing power parity" measure, the World Bank estimates that China's economy will surpass the United States later this year. By per capita GDP—and most useful indices—the US still maintains its lead. Nevertheless, many Americans agree with the thesis of Marxist economist Thomas Piketty's book *Capital in the Twenty-first Century* that America's boom days are behind us, unlikely to be seen again. As *The Economist* summarizes Piketty: "The middle of the last century was unusual in its growth rates as well as in the distribution of income; the good times most of us see as our due as residents of rich economies were in fact a fleeting anomaly."

By historical terms, back to normal slogging is a yawner. But humans don't live in historical terms. We compare where we are now with where we were 10, 20, 30 years ago, and where our parents were. Psychologically if not fiscally, you're better off never having experienced prosperity than to have had it and lost it. Downward mobility as America's middle class has experienced it over the last 40 or 50 years—a boom-and-bust cycle featuring shorter expansions and longer, deeper recessions and depressions —is a bummer.

"We're walking small," *New York Times* columnist Frank Bruni wrote on May 3rd. "And that shift in our gait and our gumption has been palpable for many years, during an unusually sustained period of frustration that has the feel

of something more than a temporary dive: a turned corner, the downward arc of a diminished enterprise."

As Bruni points out, we have good cause for bad ennui: America's shameful global ranking on education quality #39) collapsing social mobility (it's easier to get rich in Olde Europe and Canada, and our crumbling infrastructure. China unveils its awesomely cool pressurized bullet train to the Tibetan plateau; when they're not hours late, our Amtraks derail.

Not that there aren't upsides. "Less assertiveness could mean less overreach. Less confidence could mean less hubris. And money isn't everything," Bruni allows.

Not that the US doesn't have at least as much money as it used to. Overall, the US is richer. The trouble is, all our loot has gotten aggregated into the claws of too few people. As *The Times'* Nicholas Kristof notes in a piece titled "We're Not No. 1! We're Not No. 1!": "Over all, the Unites States' economy outperformed Frances' between 1975 and 2006. But 99% of the French population actually enjoyed more gains in that period than 99% of the American population. Exclude the top 1%, and the average French citizen did better than the average American."

Of course, Americans have always worried that America was in decline.

"A kind of depression has set in," *Washington Post* columnist Richard Cohen wrote in 2011. "We've lost our mojo, our groove."

Jimmy Carter's 1979 "malaise" speech (which despite our faulty collective memory contains neither the word "malaise" nor its existential French cousin "ennui"), addressed what he called a "crisis of confidence…the growing doubt about the meaning of our own lives and in the loss of a unity of purpose for our nation." (And that was before the Iran hostage crisis.)

The Atlantic's James Fallows (age 64) addressed America's long standing we're-screwed vibe in 2010:

"Through the entirety of my conscious life, America has been on the brink of ruination, or so we have heard, from the launch of *Sputnik* through whatever is the latest indication of national falling apart or falling behind. Pick a year over the past half-century, and I will supply an indicator of what at the time seemed a major turning point for the worse. The first oil shocks and gas-station lines in peacetime history; the first presidential resignation ever; assassinations and riots; failing schools; failing industries; polarized politics; vulgarized culture; polluted air and water; divisive and inconclusive wars. It all seemed so terrible, during a period defined in retrospect as a time of unquestioned American strength. "Through the 1970s, people seemed ready to conclude that the world was coming to an end at the drop of a hat," Rick Perlstein, the author of *Nixonland*, told me. "Thomas Jefferson was probably sure the country was going to hell when John Adams supported the Alien and Sedition Acts," said Gary Hart, the former Democratic senator and presidential candidate. "And Adams was sure it was going to hell when Thomas Jefferson was elected president.

Context matters, and it's smart not to panic.

Unless…

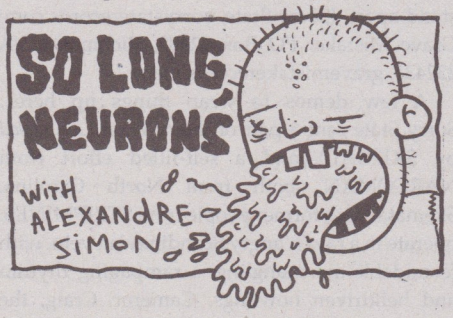
Unless we really *are* screwed now. The usually ignored takeaway from The Boy Who Cried Wolf is that there really *was* a wolf.

In other words, it is entirely possible the events Fallows and Perlstein downplayed—environmental degradation, the military disasters in Vietnam, Iraq and Afghanistan, soaring energy prices and institutionalized political corruption that has gotten so much worse that Nixon now looks like a saint—really were as bad as the worrywarts fretted because, throughout the conscious life of someone Fallows' age, the US really has been in decline.

Aside from a lot of geopolitical and ecological (metaphorical) birds coming home to roost, the simple truth is that there's only one world and the US is being forced to share its stuff. Despite a foreign policy centered around disruption and harassment of emerging major regional powers such as China, India, Brazil and Iran, Americans had better get used to a smaller share of power and wealth.

Which isn't the worst thing. It sucked at the time, but losing their colonial empires is the best thing that ever happened to Europe's once great powers, both morally and economically. The question for Americans is: What do we do about it? Do we allow our slide into Third Worldism to continue? Or do we scale back the drones and stupid wars, reject the NSA's Orwellian (and wildly expensive) security nightmare, tax the hell out of the rich, and rebuild the social safety net?

One thing's for sure: we can't vote our way out of this problem.



This month, I'd like to try and give two or three (more or less) humble suggestions to punk writers. First, if you're interviewing a band, please don't start by asking them who's in the band, or by politely inviting them to introduce themselves or, even worse, by asking the aforementioned after apologizing for starting with such a bad first question. If you know the question is shitty, why ask it? Any avid reader of generic punk mags will know what I'm talking about because they've read it two trillion times in two trillion different band interviews in two trillion different rags—"First, let me ask you the usual boring question: when did the band start, and who plays what?"

I can't stress this enough—if you're interviewing a band, that should mean you've studied them a little, and that should mean you already *know* who plays what and when the band started and what kind of shirts they wear and what label released their record and how many they pressed, so why waste the band and the reader's time by asking? If anywhere, that kind of shit should go in the *intro*, which, as the name implies, is the place where you, the writer, introduce the band. You. Not them. Then you can move straight to more important subject matters, like whether that band is made up of "posers" (in most cases the answer is yes), if they live by their shitty lyrics (of course not), if they've got any idea of what they're doing (in most cases they don't, and I'd go as far as to say some of the greatest bands ever didn't seem to have a clue what they were doing until some scribe with a closet full of books and a nose full of snot laid it all on paper for them, so in case you're spending your days writing about music and pondering the utility of it all, the answer is yes, what you do *sort of* matters, maybe not in the grand scheme of things, of course, but what does?).

Ask whether the band cares about anything at all besides themselves and their friends, if they just play music to kill time or because they're genuinely inspired, and if they're inspired, what by? Please don't ask them what *bands* they're inspired by—it's usually pretty easy to guess. No need for them to bullshit us with their impeccable tastes—what we're better off knowing is what kind of ideas and events inspired them to play and scream and destroy—what kind of dreams, what kind of nightmares, not what kind of bands, for fuck's sake. Ask 'em what they read, not who they fuck.

Also, please don't ask them where people can get their records, because if someone reads the interview and wants to find their sorry piece of wax, they will. And what happened to shit-stirring? What happened to bands being scared of being interviewed by *you*? What happened to "Hell, I just interviewed this band and I think now they want to rip out my guts and eat me alive and fucking sue me?" I remember reading some "how to interview a band"-type article from Tim Yo or some other glorious glory from the past in an old yellowed copy of *MRR* from the old yellowed '80s, which said something along the lines of, "Don't be afraid to be controversial, to dive into the ugly, to get your ass kicked, etc." (I'm paraphrasing, obviously.)

If you're scared of getting your ass kicked, chill out and get a pseudonym—create a fake email account, a fake identity, get a new name and get in the pit. You can be a girl, for the first time in your life—hell, you can be a transgendered Brazilian prostitute with a cowboy hat and see what the band thinks of it and get free kicks out of it. You can be what you

want to be, so stop being yourself all the damn time.

Also, if you're interviewing the Teenage Spits or Johnny Viagra and the Dickless Whores or that powerviolence band from Arkansas, Burrito Hate 666, please don't ask them their opinion on the civil war in Syria, or at the very least don't be disappointed or call them idiots if all they've got to say is, "War's alright as long as I can play video games with my girl." They never *pretended* to have something to say about the war in Syria, and after all, what do *you* know it? Probably as little as I do, so let's move on.

If you're writing columns or ego-driven articles or "gonzo-influenced journalism" or a personal fanzine, please don't mention your own band all the time, because namedropping yourself will make you sound like the attention-starved bitch you (probably) are. We've read that shit so many times. People write about, say, something wild that happened during a gig, and they feel obliged to mention that their own band played that night, or what "famous punk" they rubbed elbows with there—even if it's got no impact whatsoever on the story. For example, people will start an article by some dumb rant like, "Last summer I was on tour with my band, Burrito Hate 666, and we played with Tragedy and after the gig I was hanging with the Burdette brothers, who I know really well and are really cool and even one time gave me a free beer, and while we were casually talking like the good friends we are, one of them said that the first band of the night, Johnny Vagina and the Dickless Rapists, was pretty brutal, and I had to agree." instead of just saying "Last summer I saw Johnny Vagina and the Dickless Rapists live, and boy were they swell," you know?

Also, if your bandmate or brother or girlfriend or roommate or beloved little nephew does a record label or zine or plays in a band or what have you, please don't review it. Why? Because it's *forbidden!* No one will trust your opinion, even (and maybe even *more*) if you start by saying "OK, full disclosure—Johnny Vagina is my girlfriend, but honestly that record kicks ass," or "OK, first I have to let you know that Linda Viagra, who plays sax in this band, is my best friend for life—but this record is the best piece of wax I've heard since the first 7" by the Teenage Spits—my dad's band in the '80s." Because guess what—most people are biased and can't say a single "bad" thing when it comes to their friend's projects, so even if you're one of the few who dares to talk shit, no one will trust you. Also, it goes without saying that if you do a mag *and* a record label, you are not allowed to review the records you put out in the pages of your mag, even if you've given the record to someone else for the review.

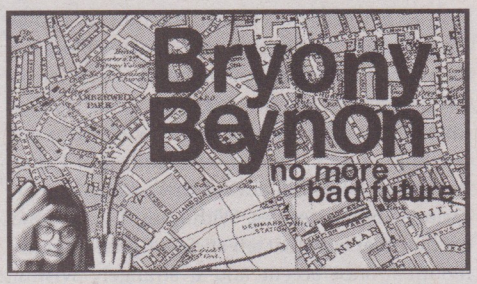
What else? Well, never write "what else," because that will make your writing look unedited, and who wants to read unedited writing except maybe some old decrepit surrealist hippie? That's probably the first difference between a terrible punk mag and an average punk mag—the first isn't edited, the second is. And what makes a great punk mag? Same as what makes a great punk band, more or less—hard work, creativity and a will to get dirty, to lose something in the process, to not give up after three issues and a half, to… Shit, what do I know? It's taken me a decade plus to stop asking bands to introduce themselves, for chrissake, so I just thought I'd share some of that crucial useless wisdom with y'all.

Good night, take it easy, be creative, wake up early (especially if you're unemployed), and if you write a punk fanzine feel free to send it my way, and if it looks like *Sniffin' Glue* mixed with *Nuts* and reads like *Forced Exposure* mixed with *Burn Collector* and talks about Life Stinks and Low Life and Die and No Trend, I'll probably mention it in this column. Cheers and happy Halloween.

***

Endnotes.

1. If I had more money I'd probably buy the Life Stinks album on S-s (or if someone wants to send me a mp3 version, that'd do the trick too—is it me or are those harder and harder to come by?) The record looks like it's called "… *And then a shovelful of dirt hit him flush in the face*" but is actually not called anything.
2. If I lived in Brisbane I'd probably but the Low Life album, *Dogging*, which from what I heard sounds like one of the best things to ever come out on Negative Guest List and one of the best albums of 2014.
3. I don't have more money and I live in Lyon, so in the past month I only bought three CDs (one by Гражданская Оборона—a.k.a Grazhdanskaya Oborona for all you non-Russian fools—and two by AC/DC—a.k.a the only rock 'n' roll band on earth for all you post-punk fools) and that reissue of *Brown Reason to Live* by the Butthole Surfers, which I didn't even buy but that my girlfriend got me because she pitied my poor ass for being so broke and useless. Well, now that I think of it the AC/DC ones were presents too. (Highway to) Hell.
4. By the time you read this I should have released a compilation of drawings and comics by Abraham Diaz (interviewed two columns ago) from Mexico City. The thing will have a two/three color screen-printed cover and feature tons of cool art, so buy one at ratcharge.bigcartel.com and help me buy food that doesn't taste or look like pasta.
5. That UK band Die sounds all right.
6. I think I heard there's a Good Throb album coming out this year.
7. Also: No Trend reissues, sooner than later it seems.
8. That sad song "Pretty Stare" by Timmy's Organism.
9. Pandemia LP.
10. Oi!.



THROBBING ORGANS ORDANE THE PROFANE or *Mangoritas across America* or *Good Throb and Priests Played Some Gigs Together* – An libretto je-ne-regretto en three parts

It started just like *Goodfellas*. In Brooklyn. An unfathomably cheap dumpling spot around the corner plus the excellent surrounds of Death By Audio cushions the strange plasticity of Williamsburg. DBA is a gig room and a back room; it doesn't need anything else. My band mates have drifted over the ocean with different flights to avoid raising the suspicions of La Migra, and I've been here a week by this point, already comfortably nestled in the bosom of Priests and what will become our ever morphing entourage of pals, drivers and co-dependents. None of us have met properly before so this is an acid test that is thankfully the right kind of Total Trip. This night is the only Priests set of tour where they're ever anything but an absolute force, as a haunted tuner refuses to play ball. Exit Order from Boston bring a snarling quasi-motorpunk vibe to proceedings, and their tape, like Bolognese, tastes even better on a crummy van stereo the next day. I crane my neck to try and catch La Misma's irrepressible pogo. We play and it seems to sounds both loud and competent, which is more of a big deal than it might seem, to roughly six times as many people as we have ever played to before. Reaction is wild, gig is packed, strange sense of ultra-bemused stokedness b/w imposter syndrome that will continue after every gig we play sets in. Ash falls asleep in a bagel shop, I flip over a mattress. It's on.

Boston looks like *Gilmore Girls* or a weird American film set version of *Ye Olde Briddish Town*. People get bubble tea and we head to punk house #1 of tour—Spaced Mountain. The punk house as show space is not a phenom we have much of in the UK and the various permutations of it remains novel throughout the trip. This one is particularly fun because the stairway doors open outwards, or inwards, or some other way that makes it especially hard to grapple with a bass amp which is taller than me. Leather Daddy absolutely smash it, their singer marauds about with this cool swinging shoulder dance and a big sarcastic grin. As we're setting up, a voice comes down the stairs. The cops are here, everybody be cool. Cue a hundred jokes about whether they found the gig by asking about it on the internet. All the bands get to play then the cops return with what seems to be an attempt to take credit for the natural end of the gig. This creates a mild

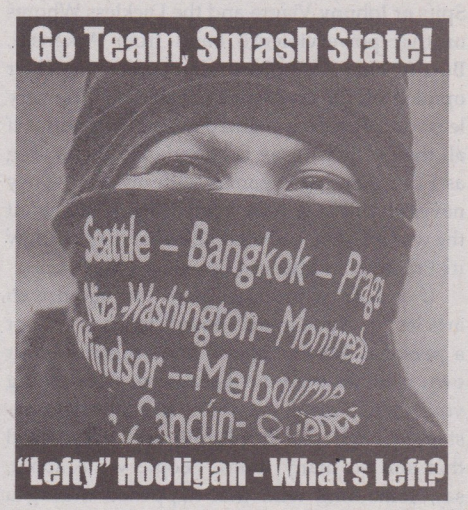
rush to get gear out, which is rendered a total farce because the cops keep accidentally blocking the weird backwards-opening door. Everyone is caught between wanting to exhibit some hostility towards the cops, as is de rigeur, whilst also not wanting to fuck anyone over, and also; Guns. American police still always strike me as human cartoons of themselves. With guns. I watch one tell the other with that ten-sticks-of-gum-in-your-mouth-at-once accent and a strangely wistful tone, as he points out a gold hoop on the floor of the basement, "Ah look, someone lost an earring. Bet there's a story behind that!"

On this, the second day of tour, our van gets towed and our car is nearly crushed by a log that falls from a truck. This is start of some logistical bad luck that seems to follow us around the tour presumably to make up for how sick all the shows are. Every time the fuck ups seem to prove inexpensive or relatively easy to fix, the van is not too expensive to retrieve and the car (belonging to our supplementary driver and all round angel of calm Amy June) gets out of that situation with only a dented rime as she fearlessly accelerates over the log and gets a manicure while the tire gets changed. Always Be Dominating. Smugtown Mushrooms is a mushroom factory and occasional gig space in Rochester, New York. They are growing of out bags everywhere. The show has been moved here at the last minute- I am very glad of this. It is lovely warm cabin like space and shelter from the unrelenting rain that seems to be emptying Lake Ontario. We play with Green Dreams who are a total force "This one's about bros and fuck you" and the Priests set begin in earnest their run of being a total revelation on this night. We walk in the wet with the delightfully named Trevor, of Green Dreams, to the petrol station for snacks. This place and its buildings feel in permanent mourning for lost industry. We just about manage to get around the strange New York state laws about official US IDs only for buying alcohol, but not before the terrible woman notes with a snarl us that only an "A-Rab corner store" would not enforce said laws. All eleven of us stay at the same house for the first time on this night and it is great. Wood panelled homes with several layers of fragrance. Catsthat act like people. People that act like cats. We visit an enormous supermarket named Wegmans and paralysed by choice and joy, I panic and buy more food than I can possibly eat, including a jar of salsa which plagues me for the rest of the trip.

We drive to Detroit, the first city on the schedule I've never been to before. Giant detached houses and miles and miles of empty and boarded up homes with period features. Sad buildings. This gig is the most similar to the European touring experience, with pre-show food at a house nearby and a whirlwind of efficient hospitality as the promoter Andrews roommate Joey lets us in to their insane palace. I twist my ankle running up some stairs in excitement. We play at a social centre called the Trumbullplex: "Detroit's sexiest anarchist collective" is located, as so many punk institutions are, down a deserted street. Public Urination play first, killer bass-less raw punk with falling-down-the-stairs drums and no-frills distorted riffs. A Cool Local Band. Later, Much Later: "I've had maybe.. three thimbles full of whiskey!" we hear the call of a rare beast, drunken Katie pirouetting over a pile of bricks. A human of such formidable not-only-grace but graciousness towards everyone and everything she encounters that it's initially hard to breathe, Katie's generous way with warmth, sharp thoughts and apparent ability to charm a snake from its skin and turn it into a totally on-trend handbag without the snake even realising… all this consistently makes me feel like I'm watching her part in a really great film. She has bought along a high-quality long blonde wig to wear on tour, armed with bronzer and lashes she is Cindy Sherman-ing the shit out of every show, making light work of fucking with crustlord number twelve and daring anyone else who might question their doubletakes to have a long hard think. She does all this and more, but without the darting eyes of some laboured tactician, everything's a performative call out, playful, inclusive always done with love. She's just fucking with you. Forever. More libations are served and dancing is done, the party splits. I stay in Detroit and will hear stories of hot tubs in the morning.

We stay up late and talk up late with Joey our host about the Cass Corridor, and the forcible rebranding of an area of Detroit now seen as up-and-coming, and the radical tactics being employed by his community (a crossover of bike people, local residents, a local soccer league he helped start) to resist this. These are complicated times. What does it mean for punks, all smiles and disposable income, to undertake cross-country economic migration, when truly there is never really 'nothing/noone' left in a place? Communism is the social relation that most often flourishes in a crisis, and this is of course attractive, but there is much less romance without a safety net. So what happens in the slow aftermath, who will water the flowers growing from the cracks? Who really benefits from cheap rents? It was so cool and interesting to meet people wise to all the necessary nuance, with sharp analysis, recognising their part to play, how to work against the unravelling of older social fabric, resisting internal and external temptations to throw a new designer blanket over everything, forget or sweep away the older threads. The anti-Braddock, if you will.

It could have been the choco tacos or strategic coffee trips, but I managed to avoid tour malaise completely this time round. The drive to Chicago was all snack stops, Inflatable Boy Clams and mind expansive discussions with Daniele, Priest's drummer, whose intellect bounces around you like a slinky spring, making impossible shapes, leaps of logic, wild bends, impressive feats of metaphor, all while packing a full backline and eleven people's luggage into a the back of a tiny van like it's a not-even vaguely challenging game of tetris. End of Part I



Observant readers will know something is up once they've checked out the staff box. I'm only on the periphery of the latest changes, and in any case I'm not at liberty to discuss them in this column. Suffice it to say that what has recently been occurring at this magazine is forcing me once again to contemplate the 16 or so years I've been working for *MRR*, out of the 32-plus years that this magazine has been publishing. Place this in context of my some 36 years of involvement in punk, initially printing my own zine and putting on shows, and my need for reflection about the over three-and-a-half decades of participation in the punk scene should come as no surprise. That's just a decade shy of the time I've spent in lefty politics, 46 years and counting. Little wonder I've been doing some hard thinking lately regarding these aspects of my life and my part in them.

In turn, my concurrent political ruminations were triggered upon seeing the disconcerting YouTube of a feminist "intervention" at the May 9-11, 2014 Portland, Oregon Law & Disorder Conference. That and the increasingly acrimonious debate between Kristian Williams and the organizers of the event Patriarchy and the Movement over the tactics of individuals and groups professing identity politics within larger leftist political circles are themselves worthy of extensive analysis and discussion. For now, I was struck by the, to my mind, discordant use of the term "The Movement" by those seen in the video and the people debating these subjects on line.

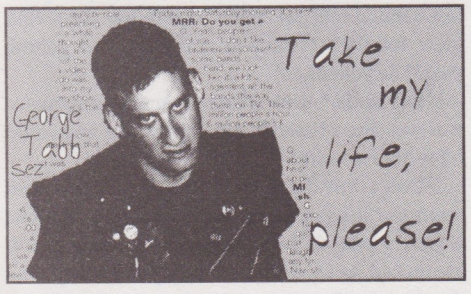
I have on my bookshelves a 9x11 752-paged tome entitled *The Movement Toward a New America* edited by Mitchell Goodman. This massive cardboard-bound volume reprints news reports, articles, essays and commentary from the underground press from 1968 to 1970, along with photos and graphics, everything from the *Berkeley Tribe* and the *Old Mole* to the early *Rolling Stone* and the long defunct *Ramparts Magazine*. This book would have remained a

quaint bit of nostalgia in my library but for the jarring employment of this term of inclusion by folks most of whom weren't even alive at the heyday of the word's currency, but who now are vociferously arguing over who or what is or isn't a part of The Movement.

My friends and I considered ourselves part of The Movement during the 1960s and '70s. We used The Movement synonymously with the terms Socialism and The Left, one of many problems with the concept and application of the phrase The Movement. I became aware of the absurdity of The Movement label as I eased away from anarchism toward ultraleftism. And having never really felt comfortable with the whole hippie thing, I got interested in punk right around the same time, from 1979 on. Now, punk is a term both vaguer and more concrete than that of The Movement. Certainly one of the highlights of punk rock in the Bay Area in the 1990s was the creation of a substantial scene infrastructure; magazines like *MRR*, record labels like Alternative Tentacles, distributors like Mordam Records, all-ages venues like 924 Gilman Street, social spaces like Epicenter Zone, etc. Now that punk rock has receded from this high water mark, I've returned to contemplating how a magazine like *MRR* might insure its capable operation and financial health for the future.

At least I'm not chasing my tail in some endless dispute over who or what is or isn't punk. That we all feel the need for self-identification and self-definition should be obvious from the commitment and loyalty, not to mention rancor and vitriol generated by these respective idioms, The Movement and punk rock. But detailing the context and what exactly is wrong with the current use and implied definition of expressions like The Movement and punk is going to take several issues to unpack. For the moment, I'm glad that the magazine I work for doesn't come with a "Trigger Warning."

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I'm archiving past columns, and publishing current ones a month delayed on my blog, www.leftyhooligan.wordpress.com. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@me.com.



"Warning!" reads the notice on Facebook. "All bands be aware that a promoter in Portland rips off touring bands."

(For the next part, I'll just make up the names of everything.)

"Joe Blow of the Punk 101 club ripped off my band, Punk 102, after we played a show for him. He is an independent of the club but books bands there. Don't use him. He didn't pay us our guarantee of $120 and didn't even help us out with gas money. Since I wrote this letter and told friends about it, I was shocked to learn many others have fallen victim to Joe Blow's con game. He tells us that we didn't draw enough people (even though we did our own separate head count) and tells us that we drank up whatever pay we were gonna get with drink tickets. (He gave us five, one for each member in the band). I didn't see a sign reading $25 dollars a drink, so I know he's a thief." Etc.

At this point, I stop reading the post on Facebook and roll my eyes. How many times have I heard a story like this in the last decade or so? Too many!

It's always some shithead kid who takes it upon himself to make a real living off the scene by taking money others have actually earned. And traveled and worked hard for. These clowns are actually real criminals.

I wonder what they look like and act like until I remember I actually encountered one of these jerkoffs years ago when Furious George was on tour with FYP. I'll never forget that little fucker.

Shane was his name.

And our money was his game.

Or so he thought.

***

"I think Rawl is gonna be sick," said Todd, lead singer of F.Y.P from the front of Aaron's car.

I looked out the rear window which was two inches from my nose. I was riding with the suitcases in the back of the Bronco, or whatever kind of car it was.

"Yup," said Todd, confirming his suspicions. He's sick all right.

He was right. As I looked out the window, I watched the F.Y.P van pull up behind us and stop. Then Rawl, our merch guy for both Furious George and F.Y.P, stuck his head out of the passenger side window and puked. Big time. It looked like he drank ten banana milkshakes. It went all over the side of the van.

"Ewww," said Natalie, my ex-girlfriend, who was riding with Aaron, my old college pal, Todd, My Future Ex-Wife, and me. "That's gross!"

"What's gross is this road we are riding on through the mountains," I said to Natalie, "I think I'm gonna puke next, what with all these fucking hills and all."

We all got out of the car and walked up to the F.Y.P van to see how everyone else was doing. While Aaron's car had air-conditioning, shock absorbers, and was sort of comfortable, the F.Y.P van was an outhouse on wheels.

"How you boys doin' in there?" asked Todd.

Michael, our drummer, who was driving the van, just stared at Todd. Stoots, bassist for F.Y.P, lit up a smoke and said nothing. Evan, our bass player, coughed up some phlegm. Sean, drummer for F.Y.P was fast asleep on the van's loft. And Rawl? He just looked at Todd, opened his mouth to say something, then puked all over the place.

We were traveling through the mountains on the Nevada/California border. A night earlier we had played Sonora after making a hellish drive there from Berkeley. When we arrived in the small mountain town, we were still covered with fish guts from the Bay Area show, and we were not in a good mood. To make things worse, we couldn't find a hotel that would let us in until about one in the afternoon. That meant sleeping in the car and van in one hundred degree plus weather, smelling like a can of sardines.

The Sonora show had gone, well, all right. We played a skate park which was actually just an old barn. The people who came to see us were very pleasant. All thirty of them. They all pulled up old couches to the front of the stage, and clapped politely after each song. We were polite back to them. I only called them pussies like ten times.

After that show, on our way back to our hotel, we stopped at a Circle K. Or 7-11. One of those mini-mart things. The woman there asked us if we were a rock band. We told her yes, a "punk" rock band. She told us her daughter was into "punk." Then she called her out from behind the counter, where she was busy reading a *Goosebumps* novel.

"Tell them what kinda punk rock you are into, Susie," said the woman to her daughter.

Susie just looked at us, terrified.

"These strange men won't hurt you—they are in a band!"

Suddenly Susie's eyes lit up. A band.

"Well," she started, "I like Spice!"

"Spice?" I said. I'd never heard of them. Probably some local hardcore-emo band with straight edge lyrics.

"Yeah," said Susie, nervously chewing on her thumbnail, "Spice. Spice Girls. I love them."

Doh.

***

So we sat outside in a small park near a pond in the mountains, waiting for Rawl to feel better. To pass the time, Todd and I got into water gun fights. He soaked me. I soaked him. He soaked me. I soaked him. He soaked me. I soaked My Future Ex-Wife, Aaron, Rawl, Sean, Stoots, Evan, Michael, and Natalie. They all soaked me. I rode through the rest of the mountains on the way to Reno with my crotch soaking wet. But at least I wasn't puking like Rawl, or going crazy driving the van, like Michael, who, even to this day bitches about that drive, the heat, the cops behind them, how F.Y.P wouldn't shut up, and why he likes to be called Larry Fishkorn or Party Boy Curtis.

Drummers.

***

As we arrived in Reno, Todd explained to us that we were to go to Becca's house, where we would have a bar-b-que. He explained that Becca was the promoter, and the bar-b-que was supposed to be our dinner. He also told us that the guys

in No Fraud, a great band from Florida we were playing with that night, had told him that the bar-b-que was bullshit. That Becca would take bands to a supermarket, tell them to get whatever they wanted to eat and put it in the basket, and then bring it to the cash register. Once there, Becca would pull the same shit every time. When the cashier would ask for money, Becca would make believe she had none, and make the bands pay for the food. Even though it was in the band's contract that she was supposed to buy it. Then she'd take the band home, and feed them, and her kids. And her sister. And herself. Not very punk rock.

We drove around Reno looking for Becca's street address. The F.Y.P van followed us. Finally, we gave up after ten minutes of not finding it, and went to the nearest store to ask directions.

As we walked into the large supermarket, a freezing blast of air-conditioning hit us, and it felt great. I walked toward the nearest cashier, along with Todd, and suddenly heard someone yell my name.

"George!" I heard the male voice yell.

I look around, saw a bunch of cash registers, cashiers, people, and about a zillion slot machines. They had them everywhere in Nevada. Slots. I wish New York had them everywhere.

"George," yelled the voice again.

Todd and I turned around, and we saw a couple of dark-haired guys and this little blonde fellow.

"Hunter!" I said to the little guy. It was Hunter, drummer for the Gotohells, from Florida.

"Hey George buddy!" said Hunter back, with his Southern accent.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" I asked the Floridian, wondering what the odds of running into a friend in a store in Reno was. Nevada had me making odds on everything.

"We're playing with you tonight," he explained, "and I believe you know the two gentlemen next to me from the Heartdrops. Local pals of yours!"

I looked at the two guys, and sure enough, it was them. The Heartdrops. The guys on Melted Records. Out here in Buttfuck, Nevada.

"I didn't know we were playing together," I said to the guys, "By the way, this is Todd from F.Y.P."

Everyone shook hands and then I asked the question.

"So, what are you guys doing here in this store?"

"We're here shopping for a bar-b-que. Becca and our drummer are at the cash register now," said one of the guys from the Heartdrops.

"Oh, no," said Todd.

But it was too late. We saw the guy in the Heartdrops was opening his wallet and taking out money. She got him. Poor guy.

"Oh, no, what?" said Hunter.

We told him we'd explain it to him later. And we did.

As we arrived at Becca's house, Todd told me he thought Becca had a "stankface." I told him he was right. She certainly did.

"She's got a stankface with 'reah, and she'd never give me a 'don," I said, trying to be all Californian and stuff.

Stoots, who overheard this, laughed.

"Keep trying, George!" he yelled, and then walked away, laughing.

***

That night we played Reno. We were supposed to play at a place called "FSU Studio," but a week earlier, some straightedge singer of some band took out a knife and stabbed three people in the audience. Because they ate meat and drank alcohol or something. We still would have gotten to play the club, but one of the people who got stabbed died. So they ruled the club a crime scene, and it was murder, she wrote.

So we played Reno. In a basement. Of some kid's house. He moved all his bicycles, slot machines, and boxes and stuff so that we, F.Y.P, No Fraud, the Heartdrops, the Gotohells, and D.B.S., could rock. To all ten people. The high points of the night included the singer of No Fraud, Dan Destructo, banging his head into a heating vent on the ceiling until he bled, then taking out a metallic vibrator, covering it with lube, and shoving it up some kid's ass while they played. Also the same kid fucked a basketball during our set. While his girlfriend with the nice boobs hopped up and down and we all got to watch her. We all being Michael, Aaron, and myself. Evan was sick and back at the hotel. Lucky pussy.

Now when I say he fucked a basketball, I mean, he fucked a basketball. During our set, he whipped out his pecker and just kept pushing it into the basketball in rhythm as we played all our songs. I kept looking at him, wondering why he was doing this, and he just kept looking at me, smiling.

After our set, which lasted two hours what with the Quiet Riot, Ratt, Mötley Crüe, BTO, Metallica, Slayer, Led Zeppelin, Black Sabbath, Run DMC, Black Flag, Flipper, Ramones, Dead Boys, F.Y.P, Twisted Sister, Dick Army, Dio, and Puff Daddy covers, the kid approached me and asked me to sign the Furious George album he just purchased. I wrote "To Michael Jordan" on it.

The next two days we had off, so we spent them in Vegas. Two days in Vegas. It could be the title of a movie. So many things happened there, it's its own story in itself. Todd almost lost our tour nest egg, Rawl tagged up The New York Casino on what appeared to be a newspaper box and almost got arrested. I started a hooker business card collection, and Evan and Sean remained in bed, sick. Aaron, my pal, became a big-time gambler. My Future Ex-Wife almost did as well. And, oh, we ate lots of New York Steaks for $3.99 apiece.

***

As we drove into Phoenix, Arizona, the city was being hit with one of its worst dust storms ever. The sky was red. The air was red. Everything around us was red. Everything we could see. Which was about everything within four feet of us. We had to travel very slowly to find our hotel, then the club. I got sand in my eyes, hair, teeth, and even my pubic area. It sucked.

"How ya doin?" asked some guy as we loaded out of the van and into the Electric Ballroom, in Tempe, Arizona.

I looked at him through the red wind. He had bleached blonde hair, was sorta big, and had a really nice smile.

"Good," I yelled back at him, as the dirt sand-blasted me clean, "I like this sandstorm shit. It cleans F.Y.P! They never take showers!"

The Smiley guy laughed. He then told me his name, which was Will, but I instantly forgot it because I'm a dope. He told me that he and this kid Shane were doing the show.

"How come we aren't playing the Nile?" I asked him.

"The Nile got shut down by the cops," explained Smiley. "Some band danced naked and it offended the kids. Actually the cops. So no more Nile."

We loaded all our shit inside and watched the first band play. Adam's Alcoholics. They said bad things about me on stage. So they sucked.

We were up next, and as we played, Rawl got thrown out for drinking a beer. Rawl was twenty. Underage. Todd begged the big-huge-steroid-driven bouncers to let him stay, but they forced Rawl out anyway. And they didn't do it nicely.

So during the F.Y.P set, Rawl stood outside the club, in the dust storm, near a large glass window near the stage, and mooned the band and the club. Natalie went out to join him. As did My Future Ex-Wife. Evan. Michael, and eventually, myself. We watched Todd and company laugh during their set.

After the show, as we loaded our stuff into the van, we asked Smiley Guy about getting paid. He told us that was Shane's department.

We asked Shane about getting paid, and he explained to us that a mic was stolen during the F.Y.P set that had a value of $400. Our guarantee. He said that he pleaded with the club owners, who were "doing him a favor" by letting him book bands at the club, to let him have some cash to pay us, but that we were responsible for the stolen mic.

Of course, I told Shane that was bullshit, and to pay us. The next thing I knew, some big-ass bald bouncer came walking outside. Michael and I approached him, and he told us to go the fuck away. Then he started to yell at Shane.

"Your fucking show sucked, and during the last band, a mic got stolen. I gotta pay the sound guys for that. Fuck you and fuck you getting paid!" he yelled.

"But dude," said Shane. Shane was scrawny, was wearing a baseball cap backwards, and could have his ass kicked in about one second.

"Don't 'but dude' me," said the big ass bald bouncer, "it's your responsibility, Shane. The mic is gone. I gave all the money to the sound guy. You are fucked, as are the lame bands you booked who drew no one!"

I looked around at all the kids leaving the show.

"We drew well," I said to the bouncer.

"I told you to stay the hell out of this, pussy," said the big bald bouncer guy. Wow. He knew my nickname.

Some more yelling occurred, basically from the bouncer to Shane. Finally, it ended, and Shane approached us.

"Dudes," he said, almost crying, "You heard what that guy said. He took all the money, dudes. I ain't got nothing to pay you except the $150 bucks in my pocket. My own money."

I looked at Todd. Then the rest of F.Y.P and my band. We had driven ten hours through the desert to get there, the guy promised us the money, and this was horseshit.

"Dude," I said, trying to be all cool, "Our guarantee was higher than that, and we need the money. Please pay us."

Shane looked like he was about to cry, told us he'd be right back, and ran into the club. I heard him scream at the bouncer, and then the bouncer throw some furniture, and screamed back at him.

While all this was happening, I looked over at Smiley Guy. He was smiling. Of course.

"What's so funny?" I asked him.

"He's bullshitting you," said Smiley Guy, "Don't worry, you'll get paid, he's just trying to rip you off. Don't back down. You'll get paid, even if I have to go borrow the money from my mom."

I told Smiley Guy I wouldn't take money from his mom, thank you very much, and what the fuck was going on.

Smiley Guy told us to just listen to Shane and the bouncer fight.

We did. They yelled at each other for a few seconds at a time. Then, I swear, I heard laughter.

Finally, Shane came out with two hundred bucks and told us it was the best he could do since F.Y.P had the mic stolen during their set. We told Shane that that was the club's responsibility, not ours. He told us that was all he could do.

"Do you like booking shows?" I asked Shane.

"Dude," he exclaimed, "I love it. I love the punk rock!"

"Then," I said to him, "you'll pay us."

"But dude," Shane said, "I told you—I have no more money."

"Then take us to a cash machine and take it out of your account."

"I have $.47 in my account," he said.

I laughed.

Just then he told me he'd be right back. He went into the club and started screaming again. We all rolled our eyes.

"I think he's bullshitting us," said Michael.

"He is," said Smiley Guy, "He's got the money."

I listened to them scream at each other, then realize what was going on. The oldest trick in the book. Good cop, bad cop. The mic was probably never stolen to begin with. The bouncers and Shane are gonna split our money.

Finally Shane came out with $220 and said that was it. He was almost crying. Or at least, appeared to be.

"Fine," I said to him, "We'll take the $220, and then I'll call My Future Ex-Wife's stepdad, who lives in this town. He's on the zoning board. He's a lawyer. I hear you guys had your liquor license pulled for ten days. Tomorrow your club will be shut down."

"But..." started Shane.

"Shut down, bro," I said. I felt like a mob guy. It felt good.

"George," whispered Todd, "can you really do that?"

"I dunno," I whispered back, "Maybe!"

I looked at Shane. He looked back at me.

"You wouldn't really have the club shut down, would you, George?" said Shane, "That'd like totally ruin our scene." That's the first time he used my name.

"Yeah," I said, "I would. And then you and your big bald-ass pals will have no one to kick around, chum!" I was getting tough.

Shane ran inside, and Smiley Guy told us we did it. That he was willing to bet that Shane would return with all the money. I wondered why he just didn't call Shane on his shit. Later he told me that he used to be friends with Shane, and didn't want to embarrass him. But that after that night, he no longer would even talk to the guy.

Shane returned with a wad of cash in his hand.

"Dudes," he said, "you'll never believe this, but I found all this cash in my back pocket. Exactly enough to pay you your guarantee!"

He was right. We didn't believe him. But we took the cash, hugged Smiley Guy (really named Will) and left.

The rest of the tour was awesome. Playing game arcades with psycho Marines and Mexican night clubs with shooting and stabbings.

It was all very amusing. But not like Shane was.

Take My Life, Please!

Endnotes:

1. georgetabb.com for free music from some of my bands.
2. Have a great summerand have FUN!

True story: I am sitting down to begin this column on one of the hottest (the hottest) day in May in the history of San Francisco. Of course, that's a whopping 90 degrees, a figure which is sure to underwhelm those who live in less temperate climes. Indeed, I grew up south of the Mason-Dixon, where 90 in the summertime was considered pleasant, if not downright balmy, but ten years in the San Francisco microclimate bubble have left me clutching my iced tea (well, cold beer) and hovering near the fainting couch under this oppressive heat. It's a real burden. Yet despite my torpid condition, when all I really want to do is watch my half-naked baby kick his fat little legs languidly against the heat, I will expose myself to a new batch of blood-boiling hardcore punk records. The things I do for you people.

One band that reliably got my blood up were the stalwart Japanese UK82 revivalists PERSEVERE, who recently split after a long and distinguished career. Fortunately it didn't take long for a post-PERSEVERE band to emerge, and now we've got ESPARANZA and their new EP, *The Beginning*. No hardcore influences to be found here at all—this is pure late '70s punk style, with a distinctly "international" feel. Perhaps it's the bits of Spanish sprinkled throughout, but I'm getting a strong LOS VIOLADORES vibe from this: rock-solid, catchy songwriting with charismatic rough vocals and hooks to spare. It ain't easy to make basic three-chord punk sound interesting in 2014, but these vets do it with ease, leaving me hoping that there are more songs from this session in the can so I don't have to make do with only these three tracks for too long. (Todo Destrudio Records, tododestrudio@gmail.com)

RAW DISTRACTIONS also look beyond Japan for influence, but they're a much more specifically Scandinavian band, with a heavy ASTA KASK/PUNK influence readily apparent in their melody-friendly approach. '77 punk is clearly the foundation, but for all the melodic leads, it's got a thick, burly core, anchored by busy drumming and an extra rhythm guitar that actually adds something valuable to the band's sound. Lacking the ability to comprehend the Japanese lyrics printed in the sleeve, I have to assume that "Jimmy Attack" is about kicking dudes in the dick, which is awesome (and not inconceivable in the country that invented *kancho*). It's worth noting as well that this is a fantastic recording—wish they'd listed the studio name so I could give it proper credit. These three songs fly by very quickly—I've probably burned a whole beer's worth of calories just getting up and down to flip this EP over and over again. (Hardcore Survives, www.hardcore-survives.com)

Actual Europeans INFERNÖH made it over to the East Coast (Boo! Though to be fair we already got our share of their devastating live attack not too long ago…) and left a blazing split with tour-mates NOMAD in their wake. After several rock-solid releases, you should know at this point what you're getting with INFERNÖH: raging d-beat/kang with a dash of crust. It's probably a useless reference, but these guys always reminded me of SISTA CIVILISATIONENS DOD, absolutely driving with tons of energy and the kind of stop-

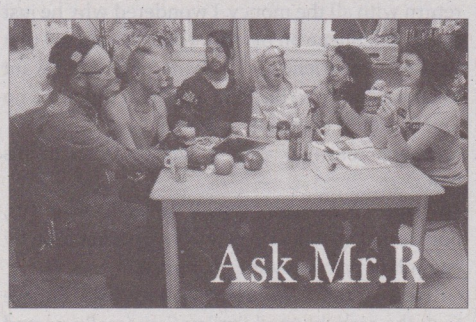
start songwriting that you can't help but spill your beer to. NOMAD have been (to me at least) very hit-or-miss throughout their career, following up an excellent debut EP with a pretty lackluster one, and following that with a much better LP. These songs fall bit on the lackluster side, mostly because there aren't a ton of memorable riffs to hang onto here. The last song is absolutely the best, with a frenetic distorted solo and a passionate vocal, but the other two aren't much to talk about. (Brain Solvent Propaganda, www.crackyourbrainup.blogspot.com)

"But where's the noize?" you may ask...and I will answer: "Have you heard this MUTANT ITCH demo?" No poseurs using ten effects pedals to try to replicate CONFUSE's guitar tone here—just a fucked-up mess of one-two hardcore with way too much reverb straight outta a garage in Fresno (by way of outer space). This is the kind of self-identified "noize core" I like to hear, way heavy on the noize and not at all concerned with aping the style of any particular band identified with the genre. If anything, these cats remind me of early Bay Area noize revivalists ROTTEN FUX: raw kids making raw punk wherever they can get away with it, for the sheer love of making noise and chaos happen. There's nothing specific on this tape that'll stick with you very long after you're done listening to it, no standout song or riff or anything, but it is still plenty compelling in its way, and if this band pumps out tapes of this quality until the end of time I'll pick up every single one. Also, I'd love to know where the fuck you buy blue and purple cheetah-print duct tape, which is what my tape came wrapped in (I barely got it to fit in my tape deck). (Mutant Itch, PO Box 16331, Fresno CA 93755)

It seems like forever since I've had the pleasure of writing about *two* good new local demos, but besides the aforementioned mutants, I also have a copy of A PRIORI's demo. Featuring the distinctive vocals of Laura, lately of MIDNITE BRAIN, A PRIORI sound very much like they could have fit in on the '90s Flat Earth Records roster alongside ONE BY ONE and HEALTH HAZARD. The raw recording is perfect for this demo, lending a ratty edge to the fairly clean guitar tones while still allowing every element to come through clearly. Tough punk that never needs to shift above mid-tempo to convey aggression. Can't wait to hear more. (A Priori, apriorioakland@gmail.com)

Finally, on the totally fucking awesome reissue front, we have the lavishly packaged remastered vinyl edition of DISASTER's *The 1990 Demo*. These whopping two demo tracks showcase the band achieving exactly what they set out to do, which was to distill the essence of what made DISCHARGE amazing and play just that (minus solos). Raw, slightly slower (compared to the LP) versions of "I.C.I." and "Crematorium" appear on the A-side, and the record is augmented on the flip by a trio of songs from a 1991 gig at Planet X in Liverpool. The live tracks sound fantastic, and are played with a fervor that matches the masters themselves. "Death Race" is kind of the black sheep of the DISASTER catalog, but it's the highlight of the live tracks here, pounding along on a speedy almost metallic d-beat and played at a martial tempo. The whole package arrives on man-killing thick vinyl and housed in a slick gatefold sleeve—needless to say, this is worth it at any price. We all owe DISASTER a debt of gratitude for dragging DISCHARGE's memory out of the *Grave New* sewer and putting them back up on the pedestal they belong on, and this demo is a critical piece of that legacy. (Tardis Records, www.facebook.com/TardisRecords)

That's it for this month. Join me next month for another demo plucked from obscurity and the best Oi! supergroup you never heard. Also, I did not cover the CONFRONT LP or DISTURD EP in my column because I had the pleasure of reviewing both for this issue, but please check both of those records out as well! Until next time, write me c/o *MRR* or at agunderwood@gmail.com.



I don't think anyone should take advice, but there are probably a lot of things for the punks to talk about, so we might as well do it here. Think of it more as an OPINION column, though.
(And if we need a tagline for that, I hope it can be something as vague as: "A column for people who wanna know the accepted spelling of the word 'mixtape.'")

Dear Mr.R—
I, like many people, desperately need therapy. My problem isn't about getting affordable (free) access to mental healthcare, seeing as how I live in the Bay Area and there are some great places around that will charge on a sliding scale (free). The problem is that I can't help but lie to my therapists. For every single person I have ever seen to help my brain issues out, I have bullshitted so hard about every aspect of my life it just seems a little pointless. I guess my question is: should I keep trying at therapy? Maybe get wasted before I go and really just let 'em have it? (I lie about how much I drink, too.) Maybe I'll just keep bugging advice columns about my problems? Thanx!

"I'm a big stupid tough guy who can handle anything."
—A large part of the population.

Even when you know that you need help digging yourself out of your own brain, it won't make it any easier to admit that you're stuck in there. Not that that's the only reason someone might lie to a therapist or to their friends or whatever. We lie for a ton of different reasons when we are actually interested in changing things about ourselves; we don't want to be thought of as a burden, or give anyone a reason to judge us, or because sometimes just talking about something difficult puts us in a position to actually have to deal with or come to terms with stuff, and who has the time? When you're already dealing with going to work/sparing change every day and wondering how to take care of rent/adverse possession laws, and deciding whether or not to support the touring band even when they're called sexist/racist, it can be hard to find the time to correct your own fucked up psyche or addiction issues. This could result in you hiding your drug use, or staying in that bad relationship, or even be the reason why you would blindly believe your mom when she says that you're cool and that the other kids are just jealous. They probably aren't jealous—you might be kind of a jerk to the other kids. If you are ready to deal with your issues, you probably should continue with therapy and maybe you'll relax and be able to speak up truthfully and have one of those miracle breakthroughs. But if you aren't ready, you'll probably just be wasting the limited resources of a program offering sliding scale services to people who actually need them.

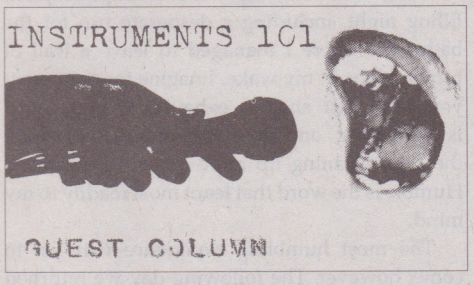
There is a difference between having a hard time communicating and going to therapy in order to trick someone into justifying your lifestyle, and you gotta decide which one you actually are. Right now, it's possible that you're changing band practice from Tuesday to Wednesday, taking a bus, filling out a medical history, small-talking a stranger for an hour, and then taking the bus home again just to be able to pretend that your life is on track when you already know that it isn't. If you've decided to be in denial, this could be the way you've chosen to go about it, but know that there are definitely far simpler ways to create the same effect. You can get one of those friends who tells you that you're right about everything regardless of circumstance, for example. Going to therapy and lying about drinking too much is a sign that you already know you're drinking too much and you're probably working way harder overall to hide that shit from yourself.

Dear Mr.R—
If you no longer believe in traditional relationships and can't put the effort into sharing your life with anyone, how can you avoid dying alone?

When I first read this question, I read it just in terms of avoiding traditional romantic relationships, and it seemed that the obvious answer would be having non-traditional relationships. Finding fulfillment through friendships and non-traditional romances and that sort of thing. But then I realized the question is actually about

not sharing your life with anyone at all, which is a different thing entirely. So if this question is just coming up for you because you normally participate in and are satisfied by traditional relationships, I wouldn't worry too much about the dying-alone stuff. Being fed up with relationships to the point that you are rethinking your belief system is a sign that you need a change and probably a fucking vacation from all the bullshit that people have been offering you lately, and when you feel better and less stressed out by it all, you'll likely be back. Use the time to figure out what will work better for you in the future, and what it is about the "traditional" relationships that has not been fitting with the way you'd like to interact with people. (Pro Tip: While you figure it out, you can go visit your local noise scene or something. Chances are you won't run into anyone you know, and will be free to do a lot of thinking.) Keep in mind that arguably the best thing about being a truly antisocial person with no need to form personal relationships is not worrying about whether or not you will die alone. You should be so lucky. And I'm pretty sure that once you're dead, it won't matter how many people you traumatized on the way out.

Father's Day is right around the corner, and I know the punk community is wondering about the perfect way to say "Fuck You, Dad" on that day. Send your questions and advice needs to askmrr@mail.com.



INSTRUMENTS 101

There are a lot of things to say about amplifiers, especially tube amps, but let's leave them aside until next month. Right now, I will cover something that you may be more familiar with: *strings*.

If you play guitar or bass, strings are the spirit of your instrument. Believe it or not, they are the most important things you should care for, regarding the quality of your sound. They are the source of the sound you are producing. These little pieces of metal are controlled by the rules of physics. What does that mean? Well, in order to achieve a pitch, you have to apply a certain amount of tension t the string. This tension happens when you install the string into the tuning key (also called tuning peg), and turn it a couple of times until you achieve the desired note.

One thing I should clarify first is how a string works. Every time you hit the string, it oscillates and produces a certain frequency. In the case of an acoustic or folk guitar, the body of the instrument amplifies the frequency. But on a solid-body guitar, you don't have any cavity at all (except, of course, for hollow-body guitars, but let's leave them aside for now), so the oscillation produced by the string is turned into a current by the magnets inside the pickup. This current goes from the pickup through the jack straight into your amplifier, which amplifies this signal and turns the current into sound by the speakers.

Now, you may or may not know that most guitars and basses are tuned to a pitch called "standard." Standard, from the fattest to the thinnest string, goes E-A-D-G-B-e (It's the exact same thing for bass, but considering it only has four strings you have to remove the last two notes, which are B and E). There are also many other options for tuning your guitar, called "alternative tunings," but we'll stick with standard for now.

If you're a beginner at guitar or bass, I strongly recommend you to use standard tuning. You should also purchase a chromatic tuner, regardless of your level, because they are more accurate than human ears anyway. You might feel at some point that tuning your instrument to standard with a tuner doesn't feel punk at all (punks hate rules, don't they?) but I promise that trying any other way, especially if you're a beginner, is like riding on a highway backward. So, if you want to get a guitar or a bass, just get a tuner with it and tune your instrument to the standard pitch. Most of the songs you listen to, or you're familiar with, are played with a guitar or bass tuned to standard.

Now that you've acquired some basic information about strings, let's talk about replacing them. As I told you before, you have to respect a certain tension on the strings to make them sound good and tune them to pitch. Size matters, as they say. The string's size is called gauge. Most of guitars tuned to standard use 10-46 gauges (46 is the gauge of the biggest string, the first E, and 10 is the thinnest, the last e). In between 46 and 10, you'll have four other strings with various gauges going from 46 to 10. You have to mount them from the biggest to the thinnest. These sizes are optimized in order to give you the best feeling and pitch on your guitar, so don't even try to mix them in some random order, or use the big E string for the small e—it doesn't work at all. Recommended string gauge for a bass is usually 45-100, but it may vary from a bass to another, so please refer to the factory specs provided by your instrument's brand or your local store.

So your guitar store is out of 10-46 strings and there's only 13-56 left: "I should buy them—the bigger the better!"

Wrong! You should not buy these strings. The reason is simple: If you buy strings with a bigger gauge, the tension will be too strong, and your guitar will become a pain to play. Also, the guitar will need a whole setup in order to achieve its regular performance. Bigger strings are usually designed for drop and alternative tunings.

"So let's go with an 8-38 gauge, then…"

Wrong again… If you put a really small gauge on your guitar, there won't be enough tension, and your strings will go out of tune every time you play them. Same thing than the bigger strings, your instrument will be good for set up.

Here is my recommendation: Most of the guitars are designed in order to achieve standard tuning with a set of 10-46, so stick with these, or any other gauge that is factory-mounted to your instrument (there are of course many exceptions; many Stratocasters are factory produced with 9-42).

I do not recommend that you experiment much, for a couple of reasons. The first is that every time you'll change the gauge of your strings, you'll have to take your instrument to a luthier (that's what we call a guitar tech) for a setup (unless you can do it yourself, and we might explain how to do that in another column), or it won't sound as good as it used to anymore. Also, remember that a bigger gauge means a bigger tension, and bending a string will become very difficult. If you go with the low-string gauge, your tuning stability will be drastically reduced and you'll have to tune your guitar far more often than with a standard gauge.

If you have no clue which string's gauge is factory-mounted on your guitar, you should ask your local guitar store, or a luthier. You also have the option to measure the strings with a caliper, which is, by far, my favorite option. Some brands also provide plenty of useful information on their websites, so you should check these first.

So, right now we have a guitar, or a bass, we have a pitch to set it up, and we have a brand new set of strings, but how do we change these strings? If you're not an expert, change them one at a time. Turn the tuning peg clock-wise in order to loosen the string, and then remove it. Put the new string on; turn it a couple of times around the machine head, and you're done. Even if you really feel like an expert, I recommend you to watch some tutorials that you may find on any video streaming website. There are legions. You'll learn a lot of tricks from them, like stretching your strings after mounting them on your instrument—this is really important.

They are numerous clichés regarding strings. Here are two of the ones I've heard the most:

"I need bigger strings to achieve a bigger sound."

Wrong. The sound will be different, but won't be any fatter, or bigger. If you want a stronger sound, just use your bass and middle pots on your amp. If that's not big enough for your taste, try some high output pick-ups or some darker-sounding amplifier and speakers.

"I change my strings every day, they wear out so quickly"—*or*— "I never change my strings, it is useless."

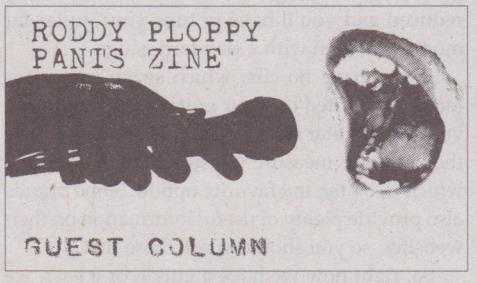
Wrong again. There is not a simple answer to this. If you're using your guitar every day for four hours and you have huge fingers, you might change your strings on a regular basis. But, if

you're a normal player, you might just change them every three to four months. The most important thing is to clean them with a dry cotton cloth before and after playing your instrument. Your fingers will sweat on the strings, and I'm pretty sure you know that water plus metal equals rust. So if you want to keep your strings longer, just keep them clean.

So, in the end, just don't be afraid. You don't really need to worry about your strings. Just keep them clean after you've played them, change them on a regular basis, and stick with the factory-mounted gauge. If you keep this in mind, your instrument will deliver its best, and you won't face any tuning problems.

Until we read again, don't be afraid, pick an instrument and start your own band. Hate mail, questions or further explanations go to: instrumentsoneohone@gmail.com

PS: By now the NAPALM A.D. record must have dropped on many turntables and distros. If you haven't heard it already, you should check it out. I'm pretty sure you'll be stocked to here this one. Ex-members from one band you used to like a lot.



PLOPPY PANTS

Greetings, punk rockers of the world. Gather round and make yourselves comfortable, for I have a tale to tell. It is a story that has been several months in the making. I'd like to say that this is because of the time I've spent mulling the topic over, perfecting the exact words I would use to successfully enunciate my sorry tale, but the truth is I've been doing the best I can to forget the entire sordid affair for as long as possible.

For nearly ten years I produced the hardcore fanzine *Ploppy Pants*. The zine itself went through various phases, from the non-existent content and light interviews of the early issues, through a period as an international hardcore journal, before taking on an almost per-zine approach in the final issues. But throughout this varied history, there remained one constant, an obsession with people shitting in their pants. Tales of others soiling their knickers first appeared as a response to interview questions, but the notion obviously struck a chord with my readership and it wasn't long until I was receiving two or three letters per issue from some poor soul who wanted to tell the world about their very own dung-hamper disaster.

The zine quickly became known for its humorous scatological content, and many punks would buy *Ploppy Pants* solely to laugh at the embarrassing recollections of underwear mishaps gathered within. It was certainly an aspect of preparing the zine which I personally enjoyed, safe in the knowledge that my own bowels have always remained in full working order no matter how far I had travelled or how many beers I had drunk. This complacency was to lead to catastrophic consequences.

It's Christmas, 2013, and I am on tour with my band xSAXONx across the Southeast Asian subcontinent—two weeks of concerts spread over Singapore, Malaysia and Indonesia, twelve gigs in total. This would be the second time I had visited this part of the world, and I was looking forward to catching up with old friends, playing with some great bands and of course sampling the delicious local cuisine. Southeast Asia is an absolute goldmine of delicious vegan food, which is freely available almost everywhere, from fancy restaurants to street hawkers, 24 hours a day. This last point was a particular boon to us, since we were performing every night, sometimes coming off stage well after midnight, so were often looking to eat in the small hours of the morning. Almost every night we would descend ravenously, en masse with all the bands who had performed plus half the audience, on some unsuspecting street vendor who would set about frying a large wok's worth of rice in earnest. This is how we ended every day in Indonesia, eating a tall plate of rice, tofu, tempeh and vegetables lathered in some kind of spicy sauce. I don't know about the rest of xSAXONx, but I certainly felt like a king.

Despite my elated mood, on our fourth night on tour, set in the humid darkness of a Yogjakarta backstreet, I was to leave any notions of regal ambition behind. Soon the only throne I would be resting on would be the chanced-upon porcelain glory of a western toilet. From this moment forward, I was to spend six weeks basing every decision I made upon its proximity to a toilet. I had contracted a nasty case of salmonella. This lovely fellow first raised its head on our flight between Indonesia and Malaysia.

"Too many chillies last night," I thought, after my third or fourth visit to the cramped AirAsia inflight *cludgie*. I had no reason to suspect anything else; it was, after all, still coming out solid. Little did I realize when I laid down my head that evening that I was about to enter a whole new world. It came first in the night, waking in a hot sweat with every muscle in the vicinity of my ass screaming, "Bombs away!" I managed to get to my feet, but that wasn't good enough. By the time I made it to the bathroom my pants were well spread with a yellow paste. I then proceeded to violently empty my bowels until I was only passing something resembling well-diluted orange juice.

So you can appreciate this situation better, I need to describe the bathroom. In most Asian homes there is no "toilet" or "shower" as you probably recognize these terms. Instead there is just a large bucket of water, a tap, sometimes a little hose, and a hole in the floor. When you need to go, you squat over the hole, and you use water from the bucket to clean yourself up. I was shaking with fever and sweating from the heat, and during this 20-minute ordeal I could barely keep myself upright. It was with great care that I narrowly avoided falling into my own excrement several times. I returned to my corner of the room where we were sleeping a spent and broken man.

When I awoke the next morning I had again left a little deposit in my grundies and decided the best plan of action was to buy some more underwear before the evening's concert. My friend and host, Matt Norr, took me to his local shopping mall, and after a few quick stops at the public toilet I was standing in a queue waiting to purchase some replacement boxers. The gods that deal with matters of a toilet-visiting nature were obviously in a particularly jovial mood that day, and as I stood boxers in hand I felt a warm stream begin to pass down the back of my legs and onto my sandaled foot. I quickly bolted to the previously visited public conveniences and found myself their prisoner for the best part of an hour as I waited for Norr, first to find me, and then to bring me replacement pants and shorts.

The rest of this first day was spent running back and forward to toilets and resting, with my only serious exertion being our performance at the Chaos in Ruma Api festival. This twenty five minutes of leaping about was enough however to ensure that I once again had a sleepless, pant-filling night, including a desperate run for the bathroom where I managed to leave a trail of brown blobs in my wake. Imagine for a moment you have just shat to exhaustion, your head is swimming, and now you must crawl along the floor cleaning up more of your own mess. Humble is the word that leapt most readily to my mind.

The most humbling experience was yet to come, however. The following day we returned to the Ruma Api venue, where xSAXONx were again to perform. We were billed to play earlier in the festival line-up on this day, and I was looking forward to getting it over and done with so I could go lie down and dream of flushing toilets and bog roll. I could feel that I was on the verge of an accident as we took to the stage, and so made the decision to stand stationary front-center; it felt like any sudden movement would cause an eruption. Of course, this being a hardcore concert meant I didn't have a chance.

The crowd, suitably warmed up by the earlier groups, were ready for some Scottish hardcore thrash and it was inevitable that one of them would eventually grab me and pull me into the dancing throng. The fight back to the stage was desperate and I was seriously panicking, but with difficulty I made it through our entire set disaster-free. Almost in unison with the final strum of the guitars, however, the charge of the brown brigade came forth in full force and I quickly found myself squatting above the venue's luxurious hole in the floor, naked and

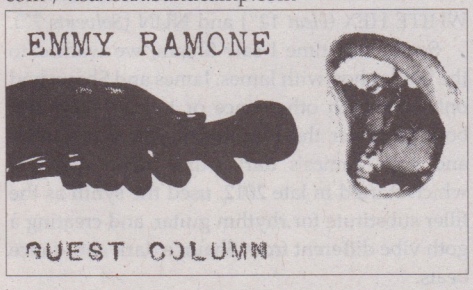
soaking with sweat from being on stage mere minutes earlier. I shat, and shat, and shat, and it was almost ten minutes before I was tidying up my bum with the little hose. It was then, just as I went to pull up my shorts (my boxers having been thrown away in frustrated disgust) that I realized that my flaccid cock and balls were also coated in shit.

This was almost too much for me to handle. I had gone from the top of the world mere days earlier, to my current predicament: no control over one of my most fundamental functions to the point where even the crown jewels were no longer sacred. This was truly one of the most humbling experiences of my life. The icing on the cake was upon returning to the backstage sofa that xSAXONx had commandeered as home for the evening. As I sat contemplating life, the universe and my arse a local girl came up and started firing into me big style. All I could think as I answered her questions was, "If only you knew!"

I suffered through the rest of our tour without re-filling my pants, but every time the turds would begin to turn solid again, I'd soon be back to throwing cups of dirty soup down the toilet. This continued upon my return to the UK, and in the end I had to take two weeks off work as I could not perform my job while needing to run to the toilet every thirty minutes. There were a couple more bedtime accidents, and by the end of January I was becoming increasingly frustrated, unsure if my bowels would ever return to normal. By early February, however, I'm happy to say that things were all back in order, with one or two solid trips per day keeping me regular. The whole business gave me a brand new insight into the stories and recollections I had printed in *Ploppy Pants*. On the one hand, I think you cannot truly appreciate the horror of an uncontrollable bowel until you have suffered one yourself, but on the other I can see why so many people wanted to look back and laugh in the pages of my zine at the out-of-character experience of their ordeal.

In conclusion, then, if you are planning to travel to Southeast Asia anytime soon, keep an eye on what you're eating—it may the last thing you want to willingly eat for a long time!

Contact: x4298x@gmail.com / x4298x.blogspot.com / xsaxonx.bandcamp.com



SAY "NO MORE" TO THE BORING AND ORDINARY!

SI rolled out of bed late today next to a bag of old cupcakes, some frozen pizza and half of a soda. My time last night proved to be the midwestern punker night out that the internet likes to forget—Profane Existence bands and a sloppy collection of Juggalo fans. There was definitely a point in the night when I asked myself why I've sat through a WARTORN set at least five times in the last three years, or wondered why I'm passing out flyers and then pulling them out of the trash over and over again. But then I see a kid with underage X's on his hands pouring beer all over his face tattoos and I remember why I'm here—for chaos and fun! I like to think at the end of the day the reason that those of us who love to punk are still going to be punking will not be because of exciting bands or big record scores, but because of the mohawk that brought his Juggalo friend to the OI POLLOI gig and taught him how to pogo.

But who gives a shit? I'm not going to spend this column trying to write the great punk manifesto, I just wanna talk about punk music that gets my hair to stand up! Because like it or not, whether you're at an URBAN WASTE show in 2023 or the New York City airport the day before New York's Alright fest, chaos will be alive! Hyped or ignored, good punk music is being let out on this sterile fucking society all over the ugly globe and I couldn't be more excited about it. I'm going to kick this off with a record that came out in 2012 that I think is worthy of being deemed necessary listening for any punk in 2014: TERCER MUNDO's self-titled EP. This record is shoved in our faces by the label Cintas Pepe, making it no surprise that this is some of the most authentic, raw and ugly punk music your grubby ears can catch on to.

TERCER MUNDO is from Monterrey, the ninth-largest city in Mexico. In 2005, the city ranked the safest in Latin America, but it has since seen large spikes in violence and crime from warring drug cartels, and while I am by no means an expert on such conflicts, nor have I ever been to Mexico, I do believe this record reflects such a spike. Regardless of what I know or don't know about this band or the drug cartels of Mexico, it is obvious this record has such an awful aesthetic for a reason. The sleeve features gruesome, horrific pictures (something I would usually frown upon) depicting victims of violence. The only English on the record reads, "Mexico 2012—60,000 human beings dead. Now go party and score some cocaine." It's rare to see reality like that thrown into a punk record these days.

Amid all the MySpace powerviolence, we tend to forget that such brutality is actually happening in places where punk bands exist and also being experienced by people making punk music. That is for me what really makes this record stand out so well. It's more than just an incredible slab of music. It actually makes an honest statement, a rare thing to happen in punk today. I hope that this isn't just a record American kids hope to mindlessly slam to while our country and culture feed the violence that TERCER MUNDO sings against so generously. Musically, it's got slamming punk drums that derail your brain and leads it down a dirty alley. The guitar has the distortion of a broken amp and the tone of a warped record. It's truly hypnotic and makes me feel like the ground below me is a waterbed or some shit. The bass holds it together just enough to not run out of control. This band is very into playing as fast as they possible can, then moving into a creepy-crawly slow part or punk drum cadence, and then back into fast, unrecognizable chaos. It's absolutely perfect. The vocals are lathered on music that is harshly executed as fast as possible in the style of bands like CRUCFIX, WRETCHED, and VOID. I really can't think of anything more I could possibly ask for from this record. (tercermundo.bandcamp.com)

Next I'd like to head up north a whole bunch for the Kodiak, Alaska, hardcore band UMBILICAL CORD. If you aren't aware, Kodiak is part of a small island cluster off the southern coast of Alaska, and is about as middle-of-fucking-nowhere as you can get in the US UMBILICAL CORD is probably the first punk band from the area, or at least they played a large part in the first wave of the town's punk scene. If that isn't a cool enough thought for our internet-deluded minds, you can factor in that this band is also definitely up there in the top ten percent of American hardcore punk bands—a riff-heavy band with BROWN SUGAR-esque guitar trickery. The vocals might not be words—it really just sounds like ecks, blughs and gags. It starts off with "Winter," a song that is bound to leave you with a "What have I done?" feeling as it gives you raw punk speed layered under total weirdness. Then it just riffs through the next songs before you even have time to blink. The last song really puts this record into the creepshow it deserves, with a very post-punk sound highlighted by tremendous tight drumming. When VIDEO DISEASE put out their 7" I was really hoping this shit would take off like a rocket. That doesn't seem to be the case, but who knows? (umbilical-cord.bandcamp.com)

Another Kodiak band that's something special is TUNDRA HOGS, with heavy hardcore that sounds like the whole record is being played through a bass amp. This definitely reflects a meat-and-potatoes approach I could imagine coming in handy in Kodiak, Alaska. The vocals are angry and the riffs are slow. You know what to do.

This past summer I had the good pleasure of seeing and hanging out with Greenville, South Carolina's TARRED AND FEATHERED. Scooping up this pixel-festooned tape and CD-R was a real treat for me in these winter months. TARRED AND FEATHERED plays music in the style of the MINUTEMEN for the most part, but that really doesn't do it justice, if you ask me. This band feels their way into the weird and unknown with seemingly no knowledge of punk music, but a good amount when it comes to playing their instruments. Really all I know about their

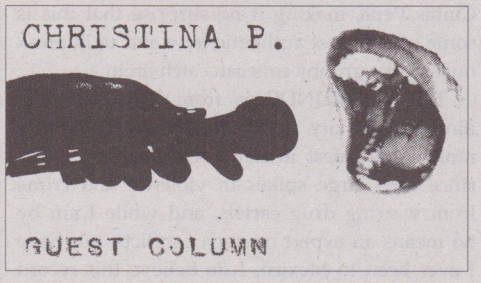
taste is that one of them loves MR. BUNGLE, and while I will refrain from joining in on *MRR*'s far-too-liberal MR. BUNGLE comparisons, I will say the fandom is noticeable. TARRED AND FEATHERED has a sickening amount of starts and stops and tempo changes. Trying to explain this band is honestly kind of a joke—I just want you to listen to them. I want all the weird idiots who read this mag and are consistently disappointed by the direction punk is heading in 2014 to listen to this band and say, "Finally." This band sounds like a baby throwing a fit over a skipping NIGHT BIRDS CD. Confusion thrown into a reverb-pumped guitar, boredom set free through angry screams, and the feeling of trying to run across a trampoline are what I get from TARRED AND FEATHERED. (teedandfeed.bandcamp.com)

Have you fucking idiots heard this ANIMAL MOTHER tape yet? I straight-up inserted the tape into my ugly skull. It's no fucking secret that Boston is pumping out some of the best punk music in the stratosphere right now and it's all blowin' my mind. But my one surprise about it all is that people aren't slamming their skulls against the ground hardest over Boston bands like ANIMAL MOTHER, EXIT ORDER and ST. RIPPER. Float your boat with what you want, but that is what I'm calling my Boston top three right now. EXIT ORDER produced an original-sounding d-beat tape that sounds like it is being played during a power surge. ST. RIPPER rehashes synth-era GAS, which I am sure no one else is fucking with. Then Boston blessed us with ANIMAL MOTHER. The drumming is too tight, the bass tone is so rough and tough, and the guitar is the punk-sounding shit that makes you sit in front of gas stations all day. Then the vocals sound like—I don't even know, like if ALICE BAG sang for VOID? Jeepers, Scoob.
(animal-mother.bandcamp.com/saintripper.bandcamp.com/
exitorder.bandcamp.com)

The tape I've been wearing out the quickest, hands down, is the COWBOYS, Indiana's own GIZMOS/DOW JONES AND THE INDUSTRIALS worshippers. This shit's insane, really. This psych-garage-rock'n'roll-whatever gem is hitting me harder than I had previously thought possible. The COWBOYS are definitely pulling a lot of pages from MARK SULTAN's magic book, but then drawing dicks and mustaches all over it. I know that saying this sounds "old" tells you virtually nothing, but it is a necessary statement for this band. It sounds like nothing 2014 knows anymore. I can only predict that this KBD-esque band saw no place for themselves in 1960s time and transported themselves to a wilder-sided future. Featuring the twisted mind behind Bloomington's CHUD, it's no surprise the fast drumming and guitar spinouts appear on every song on this tape, which is so danceable and catchy I find myself just replaying it in my brain for hours on end. But it also has a quality that is far beyond its wacky vocals and ANIMALS-esque drumming—a crisp, cool recording. It's just so interesting and weird, a true treat for record store geeks and basement-dwelling freaks. (turdworld.storenvy.com)

We were also blessed here in Columbus when my roommate Shane came out of his recording studio dungeon with a full-length album. Recording it essentially alone (with some help from VACATION and PRETTY PRETTY's Evan Wolff) this self-titled album from this project titled GOOD SHADE proved that Shane's musical talent and love for anything MARKED MEN knows no bounds. This is 12 tracks of some of the best modern power-pop tunes that doesn't have "ex-MARKED MEN" written after the band name, and I stand by that statement with more purpose than hype. Yes it's catchy, yes it's mixtape-worthy, yes it's gonna be on repeat all summer. But what is really owed to this album is the complexity and originality the songwriting takes. With no two songs sounding identical and an amount of guitar riffing to rival any Guitar Center, I declare this album a must-listen for anyone who has been sweating Dirtnap Records, or better yet RADIOACTIVITY. (goodshade.bandcamp.com)

That's what I've been listening to and have been stoked on lately. Hopefully it keeps you hating the system, or at the very least from swearing off *MRR*. If you want more, email me at emmyeatsbutts@gmail.com—or find a copy of my zine *Cretins of Distortion* in a gutter or alley somewhere. *Be a cretin, distort fun.*



Just over a year ago, a friend came around the house late one night and asked me if I wanted to join him for a ciggie. He seemed a bit troubled and looked like he had some news to drop, so I followed him out and we rolled ciggies over some light chit-chat. He lit up and paused as he looked at me.

"Did you hear about Shaun South?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" I replied, nonplussed.

"He's dead."

Time stopped. I couldn't believe it. Three days earlier, I'd seen Shaun at a show at The Gaso (a Melbourne one-stop-venue for all types of punk). A few of us decided to take a stroll to the bottle shop nearby to slam some cheap drinks during a band changeover. Shaun and I ended up walking together and having a good chat about life in general—his plans to travel to New York mid-year, ideas and hopes he had for his band CHROME DOME and his label Nihilistic Orbs. We had talked about the future.

The day after I heard this news, I called a good mutual friend and he cemented the truth. I started to gather bits and pieces of the full story around Shaun's death. Everyone said something slightly different, but it all ended the same—he was dead.

He was a friend, but I didn't know him as well as a lot of other people, so I felt like I didn't have a right to be sad or mourn his death, to post condolences on the internet or gather with his other friends at Café Romantica late at night, as Shaun used to do. Like Brendon Annesley a year before him, Shaun started something huge and left before anyone could appreciate what had inadvertently been given to them. Punk music. A seed that grew into something bigger. Their own brand of shitty life expressed through synths, noise, drums and beats. For Shaun, anyway. His life was a dark wave and it ended when things seemed to be getting better. Like Negative Guest List records, though, Nihilistic Orbs was picked up and continued by friends. For someone that was there for so many others but needed help more than any of them, I offer my condolences as we pass the one-year anniversary of losing the guy that brought synth punk back to the dirt. Many bands have been born from the sounds of CHROME DOME and were encouraged by Nihilistic Orbs.

To know more about Shaun and Nihilistic Orbs, check out one of the last interviews with Shaun in *Crawlspace Magazine* online, titled "Goth by Default." Shaun made his own music and created his own community with the bands he surrounded himself with, initially at the *Summer Winds* festival he put on, then by starting a label and through the bands that came out under the Nihilistic Orbs banner.

After Shaun moved to Melbourne, CHROME DOME formed in 2008, releasing products on a few different labels before Shaun started one himself. Encompassing sounds of depressed dance-trance, synth pop, and minimalist beats in the vein of KRAFTWERK, his first release was the JONNY TELAPHONE *Ceremony/The End* 7" in September 2011. This was followed by an ASPS *So Long* cassette, and his own CHROME DOME *Cut Ties* 7". He continued releasing synth/goth-glam/post-punk acts from around Australia, including REPAIRS (*High Rise Horison* 7"), SKY NEEDLE (*Acid Perm* cassette), FORCES (*Idolize* 7"), WHITE HEX (*Heat* 12") and NUN (*Solvents* 7").

So the last time I saw Shaun, we walked to the bottle shop with James. James and Shaun had only met each other once or twice, before but bonded under the commonality of synth punk and goth. James's dark punk band MASSES, which started in late 2012, used the synth as the filler substitute for rhythm guitar, and creating a goth vibe different from Shaun's dark anti-dance beats.

A year ago, I attempted to write an article on "G-beat"—"Goth Beat," about the recent fusion of crust and death rock after reading another article online talking about the DEATHCHARGE

2011 release *Love Was Born to an Early Death*. G-beat bands had already started before this particular DEATHCHARGE album was chosen to represent the sound—mostly US-based bands such as LOST TRIBE, MORAL HEX, ANASAZI, ARCTIC FLOWERS, the ESTRANGED, BELGRADO and SPECTRES. This sound in Australia seems to have only sprung up in the last three or four years, MASSES being one of the newer bands. They released a demo at the end of 2012 and have just released a 7" off Blow Blood Records in Australia, and Rust And Machine Records in the US. It was recorded by Phil Spector of the BIRTHDAY PARTY fame, and mastered by Mikey Young of EDDY CURRENT and TOTAL CONTROL notoriety. Three hundred were pressed and they toured off the back of its release around Australia. While all their tour shows contained respectable line ups, Brisbane's was stand-out with OCCULTS, MULTIPLE MAN and BAT NOUVEAU also on the bill, supporting the sound of MASSES with their own similar brands of synth punk.

In the '70s, death rock bands (I like to think that death rock and dark punk styles are similar and comparable, dark punk being a newer version with a bunch of other influences thrown in the mix) were few and far between, their unique brand of punk music breaking up the constant fast-paced punk aggression of other bands on the bill. Australia now has enough of these bands that they can have their own shows with one fast band thrown in the mix to break it up the slow synth sound.

This style of punk music has such a versatile (it can be argued that "palatable" or "trendy" could replace the word "versatile," but that's another article) sound that bands of this nature float in and around a number of different underground scenes in Australia. It's a crossover genre between crust, post-punk and synth beats, which brings us back to the Nihilistic Orbs' sound. With the same synth influences, but operating outside the Nihilistic Orbs banner, is MULTIPLE MAN, Sean and Chris, both playing with synths and pedals to produce blown-out vocals and distorted industrial synth-pop. Although often compared to (or criticized for) for having a similar sound to Nihilistic Orbs bands, these Brisbane brothers stand alone in their thirst to find old synth-pop, and the need to constantly develop their sounds from this.

Here is a segment of an interview with MULTIPLE MAN's Sean and Chris, reprinted from issue #6 of my fanzine, *Stitches in My Head:*

You were just saying that there was a point where the type of music you liked met with the type of music Chris liked. So when did you realize you were into the same stuff and want to start a band together?

Sean: February 2011. I remember because I was always really irked when the Nihilistic Orbs stuff started, and everyone told us we were aping Melbourne. I felt like we had been doing it for a while but no one had known, we were just too shy to ever play a show. We've always played music together since we lived at our parents.

Chris: We got well-paid jobs as soon as high school was over, so we had lots of money for music equipment. So we jammed and put anything into a distortion pedal. It was mostly terrible.

Sean: Anything you dredge up from that period is garbage. But me and Chris' jams was eventuating into something I'd love to see live. We're interested in the idea of songs. Our favourite bands are GARY NUMAN and the HUMAN LEAGUE, and they were just electronic bands that wanted to write pop songs—that's the vibe we come from.

Do people go for the different sounds you bring into the scene because they are familiar with punk bands you've done?

Sean: It's certainly why we got a lot of gigs originally, from a lot of connections I had. It's certainly why we were able to play with bands like RULE OF THIRDS, because I'd met them playing punk and stuff like that.

Chris: All our first shows were playing with punk bands.

Sean: It was easy because I had that connection, and if you listen back to the original tape, it's punk structures applied to electronic music. We really liked a band OMD (ORCHESTRAL MANEUVERS IN THE DARK) who were just applying rock 'n' roll structures to electronic music—they'd have no hook for the chorus outside of a lead line. Up until the last 7", that's what we followed music-wise, the OMD structure.

What have you changed it to now?

Sean: Now we're experimenting with writing intricate songs that have more elaborate vocals.

Chris: Cocaine-riddled '80s music.

Sean: We're heading in a more New Wave direction. GRACE JONES or DURAN DURAN. That kind of thing.

Do you that think as a band you can evolve to a certain extent, but that if you evolve a lot you might as well make a new band?

Sean: Since we're brothers—were literally family—it doesn't worry us. Whatever we do is whatever we do. It'll always be evolving. Chris said it the other day; MULTIPLE MAN is whatever we're interested in at the moment.

Chris: It's very much so... sometimes it's challenging ourselves to write a song in a different vein, completely different. Just keep doing that constantly. I don't ever want to write the same kind of songs.

The rest of the interview and article will be in the next issue. On an endnote, I just put out a new fanzine, *Stitches in My Head* #6. Check it out at stitchesinmyhead.blogspot.com, buy it at blowbloodrecords.bigcartel.com. If you're not local (living in Australia) I suggest just emailing me and we can work something out. stitchesinmyheadfanzine@gmail.com.

RUST BELT HAMMER

Greetings and salutations to all of you rabid and raucous *Maximum Rocknroll* readers out there across the world. My name is Matt and I am from a very special region of the United States known as the "Rust Belt." You may be familiar with some of our cities, along with their rich cultural and musical histories. I am talking about such cities as Buffalo, New York, Detroit, Michigan, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Akron, Chicago, Illinois, and also my hometown of Youngstown, Ohio.

The common thread of these cities is not only geographical; it's economic as well. Meaning that all of these places have experienced hard times. The cities used to be part of the "Factory Belt," but most of the industries have packed up shop, heading for Mexico or other places where cheap labor can be found. American jobs quickly starting vanishing and crime rates rose. A new generation was left hopeless.

Desperate times may call for desperate measures, but they also call for art and rebellion. Quite frankly, Northeast Ohio has character and grit. We are the underdogs. Most of the original punks grew up watching Ghoulardi host horror movies on Cleveland television channel, WJW. He definitely contributed to our long lineage of quirky weirdness. In this article, I am going to focus on the music of Ohio. Some of the bands you know, but many you won't.

ELECTRIC EELS are an amazing proto-punk band with the classic anthem, "Agitated." Every rock'n'roll fan should have that one memorized. They played around Cleveland from 1972 until 1975, with little to no fanfare, but are now legendary. PERE UBU and ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS came next. They started destroying Cleveland during the 1974-1975 period. Things really blew up for ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS when they moved to New York City and became the DEAD BOYS. Stiv Bators, a punk rock icon, got a lot of his snotty swagger from ELECTRIC EELS. DEVO started out in the early '70s, while they were residents of Akron and Kent, Ohio, but released their first album, *Q: Are We Not Men? A: We Are Devo!* in 1978. Lux Interior grew up in Stow, Ohio. He and partner/bandmate Poison Ivy, who Lux met out in California, briefly decided to move the CRAMPS to Akron, Ohio, before a transition towards New York City.

NECROS and TOXIC REASONS, from Western Ohio, definitely contributed to the burgeoning hardcore sounds of the nation. Most hardcore fans have *IQ32* in their record collection, whether an original, repress, or just

the mp3s. SACRED HATE from Youngstown are unsung heroes of the genre who still have an unreleased second album from around 1989. Someone please fucking release this! I promise that it's a masterpiece that sounds like CHRIST ON PARADE meets DIE KREUZEN, sprinkled with CHRISTIAN DEATH.

Back to Cleveland, though—as for '80s hardcore, the GUNS are as good as anyone, and recently had all of their material released on a double vinyl on Smog Veil Records. They played around Cleveland from '82 until '87. One of their drummers, Sean Saleyquit, moved to DC and joined Dischord heroes GOVERNMENT ISSUE. David Arca played in FALSE HOPE, while Scott Eakin went on to form STEPSISTER, which featured Tony Erba of FACE VALUE and 9 SHOCKS TERROR.

I will probably forget a bunch of bands from the '70s and '80s because Northeast, Ohio has such a lush history when in comes to this stuff, but it would be a sin not to mention the PAGANS' contributions. They are a hugely influential band and were active from 1977 till 1979, briefly reforming a few other times. The PAGANS are kings of self-destructive punk songs. For all the young ones reading this, check out the track called "What's This Shit Called Love."

The PAGANS are also featured on the essential 1982 compilation album *Cleveland Confidential*, but there are equally important songs on this album from bands people may not have heard of. Killed By Death alumni the DEFNICS do the song "Suicide Trip," which has the eerie ambiance of death surrounding the brooding melody. MENTHOL WARS, featuring the artist Robert Longo, plays "Even Lower Manhattan," kicking out primitive, pulsating rock 'n' roll beats. Longo would go on to do art for R.E.M., NEW ORDER, and many others.

Let's fast forward to my awakening now. I feel a certain privilege of having grown up in Northeast Ohio. Along with the agony of bleak landscapes filled with vacant dreams and scarce employment, is a diamond in the rough—the Cleveland hardcore scene. It's the material that myths are made from. People from faraway lands know of the mayhem through folklore, but have rarely seen it firsthand.

One of the first bands I got into from the area was Akron's finest, DON AUSTIN. They had a few 7"s circulating around, including one on Gloom Records, and I was lucky enough to get my hands on all of them. DON AUSTIN was fierce and fast. The vocals seemed like what you would scream at your opponent before or during a street brawl. These guys reminded me a lot of the pummeling kings of Detroit, NEGATIVE APPROACH. Lucky for me, this was just the beginning.

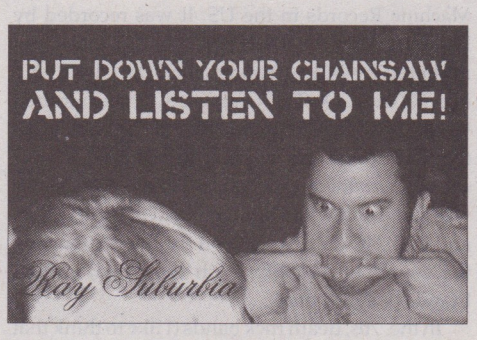
I used to order records from Havoc, and heard about a mysterious new band from Cleveland. This band was 9 SHOCKS TERROR. Pandora's Box was now open wide. *Mobile Terror Unit* arrived in my mailbox like a stick of dynamite, and nothing has been the same since. I had heard hardcore punk before, but not like this. I had heard aggressive music before—but not like this. The music was kicking the shit out of me. I needed to chug two glasses of water before even flipping sides. Mean and nasty can't even begin to describe the ugly sounds blaring out of my speakers. This was it for young me.

Mobile Terror Unit expressed how I felt as an isolated teenager in Youngstown, Ohio. The lyrics were angry, non-linear and very cryptic. Soon, I discovered that they played shows in Cleveland quite frequently. I begged my father to drive me to their gigs. Over the years, I would have piss thrown on me during their performances, and dodge firecrackers, bloody band members and bottle rockets in the pit. I would avoid forty-ounce bottles, fists and flying couches. I saw people get booted from their shows for wild behavior, and I saw people get concussions from antics gone awry. Something about the music incited violence and terror. All logical thoughts were tossed out the car window at 75 miles per hour. 9 SHOCKS TERROR went on to release a string of 7"s and two LPs. Every single record released by these lunatics is worth owning. Their love for pro wrestling was an added bonus.

It didn't take me long to figure out the connection between H100s and 9 SHOCKS TERROR. H100s sounded like a bratty mix of LIP CREAM, the GERMS, and POISON IDEA. Not bad influences, right? They were fronted by Chris Erba, a man not afraid to throw a punch, who went on to do UPSTAB and AVON LADIES. The backing band was basically the guys who formed 9 SHOCKS TERROR. I never got to see them live, but a few scattered videos can be found on YouTube. They are another band that is damn near flawless.

One Cleveland group always leads to another, so of course I found out about CIDER, the DARVOCETS, and the INMATES. I saw CIDER play in Youngstown and get into a confrontation with local knuckleheads at a hardcore fest. They played like not a single fuck was given. It was raw and organic material, the natural formation of Rust Belt punk rock. I witnessed the INMATES and DARVOCETS in a Cleveland bowling alley. I don't think the owners of this sleepy neighborhood dive had a clue about the wreckage that was about to be revealed. I have never been so scared of bowling balls in my life. They were whizzing in every direction. The place honestly looked like a war zone and ended up totally trashed. I had the time of my life. Before long, I was tracking down these bands' records. All of them are incestuous, sharing members. The DARVOCETS would not be out of place on an old *Killed By Death* compilation, with their spastic rhythms and over-the-top vocals. The INMATES and CIDER are uniquely Midwest in their approach to hardcore. Batches of these bands end up having a cohesive sound. The influences are foreign and domestic hardcore—wild, yet basic rock'n'roll, and obscure '70s punk.

There are more bands that play this mutated brand of Cleveland hardcore that I would like to touch on in the future. Until then, seek out HANGNAIL, the CRUNKY KIDS, GAG REFLEX, WOLFDOWNERS, BOMBUILDER, SCHNAUZER, FOLDED SHIRT, FLYING TRICHECOS, BAD NOIDS, PUNCTURE WOUND and more. Check out my blog on the web at www.rustbelthammer.com for more writings and bands. Email your thoughts and threats to peaksohiopeaks@hotmail.com
—Matt AKA Bruce



"Goddamnit. Goddamnit. Goddamn. I need a goddamn job."
—The Replacements

Well, by the time you read this I'll no longer be coordinating here at *MRR*. Now, now, please don't fling yourself of the nearest tall building, we will all get through this. I'm not gonna smear the gory details all over these pages (your fingers are already inky enough just by holding this thing) but let's just say that this decision wasn't mine.

I'm also not gonna get all Groucho Marxist and say that I wouldn't coordinate any zine that would have me as a coordinator (mostly because I don't want to be shouted down by post-slapstick anarchists the next time I panel at the Portland AnarchoComedy Symposium). The time I spent coordinating the zine was definitely one of the most enjoyable things I've ever done in my life. It was a lot of ceaseless work and unrelenting stress, but still, it was hella rewarding. I'm glad I got the opportunity to tackle the job, and I'm bummed that it apparently didn't work out. I thought it was, but I guess it wasn't going as well as I thought. Ascii shrug.

I'll be sticking around the Bay Area for a bit. I love it out here, and after my first non-Midwest winter I can't even imagine dealing with all that bullshit again anytime soon. Snow? Fuck that. Shoveling snow is the worst. Moving heavy cold wet is stupid and the biggest waste of time and energy ever. But let me step back in from my porch and stop yelling and shaking my fist at clouds for a second...

I've got nothing but respect and love for all the people still working on this zine and I wish the zine nothing but the best in the future. I'm pretty bummed about the whole situation (as you can imagine) and am gonna be stepping away from working at the zine for a little bit. I hope to come

back sooner than later to write more columns, review, and be a glorious people's shitworker. Now that I've been behind the curtain I can see where I can actually help the most. It's definitely not with bookkeeping and banking, that's for sure. * collar pull *

Coordinating is a pretty thankless job. You rarely get any feedback unless its about how something went wrong or is wrong. It takes a certain kind of person to be able to do it, and I do not envy the people who have coordinated in the past or will in the future, nor the amount of stress and dedication involved. My short tenure as coordinator at this rag will eventually be a little footnote in the greater scheme, but that's cool with me. Up the footnote punx. Ibidcore represent. I got to steward the good ship SS *MRR* for a few months, and thankfully for all aboard I was thrown back below deck before I ran it into an iceberg.

So I guess this is it for now. See you in the pit, at the bar, in the streets. This is Ray Suburbia reminding you to flex your head, kill your idols and do your homework in the dark. *MRR* still rules, OK?!

"My words will hurt you, my silence will kill us"*

I've been sweating this first column for a couple months. Swinging back and forth on format I wanted to take. I could do a music column, sure. I've been exposed to so many mind-splintering punk relics I'd never been exposed to, and tons of "Punks Not Dead!"-affirming new blood since I moved out West in January. I also debated a more structured social critique column. Ultimately, I am sure my monthly contributions will wander while attempting to settle.

Lucky for me, the perfect muse fell right in my lap here at the compound. A letter. A face-palm 5000, sigh so hard it knocks the wind out of the person next to you, thoroughly predictable babbling attention-seeking loser's letter.

Well, dude, I'm guessing you sought to provoke, and I'm provoked.

I'm mostly upset at the fact that I have to deal with this at a place like *Maximum Rocknroll* from humans in 2014. I am very much not surprised. Just upset. I'm upset that basic asshats like Chadwick Spann and the many legions of suburban anti-PC scum and waste-of-city-space jerks who think all punk can achieve is that, "In a punk pit, no one is placed in catagory by look, religion, skin, or make-up unless they want to be!" (sic). This is what Spann thinks. This grandiose letter, that took me several minutes to read, came to this profound declaration. Come on, dude.

If you are reading this and think that statement in even a small way describes how powerful punk can be, then you're not a fucking punk, you're an asshat, just like Spann.

Now you may be wondering about context. This letter was sent in response to *MRR* issue #368 which was the "Queer Issue." I personally am extremely proud that I work for a publication that recognizes the need to dedicate special attention to communities within punk with less of a voice in the media. If you think that this issue was new and uncharted territory for *MRR* then it's obvious you have not been paying attention. To summarize the lead-in to the disrespectfully simple revelation quoted above, the letter says: Hey idiots, I'm the grandmaster idiot, and I think that queer issue was shit. Why are the "prissy queers [...] trying pathetically too hard to be noticed?" There have been "dozens of homos" in punk and they became "legends" so why are you still complaining. Y'all are just too fancy and I can't deal, Sincerely, a man who "(came) to spit my two cents like a whore spits out dead fetuses," (sic) Chadwick.

There are many obvious issues present in this view. One, queers are *not* equal in punk. Not when bands write things like "This band kills faggots" on their guitars. Not when I hear punks in the pit say shit like "Why's that fag wearing a skirt, we should kick his ass," when the band's songs are actually about being trans or genderqueer. Two, punk is not about equality. Fuck equality. This letter mentions that queer punks "bitch" about marriage. We don't want marriage. Punk is not about pits as much as it's not about marriage. But it's easy to talk about what punk is not, so I'll talk about what punk *is*.

Punk is a refuge. It's amnesty. It is not anti-society but counter-society and that's a very important difference. It is an alternative option. A new set of goals, not a rejection of all goals. A magazine dedicated to queers is inherently punk. Finding a group of people who live against society every day, who flag leopard print and booty shorts singing about bashing gay bashers and giving them credit where credit is due is punk as fuck. Also, queers are behind most amazing things. That's just fact. We live in the shit, are molded by oppression, and are given solace in punk. Yet, we are still forced to segregate ourselves for our own safety. We play shows where we only ask queer bands to play, throw festivals for just queer bands, at venues that are predominantly queer, and the solidarity in a setting like that is magic. Still, none of us would be upset to be able to play shows with unknown bands, in new clubs, and not fear being harassed, mocked, banned, or worse by other bands, patrons, club staff, or stangers outside. But that is the reality. So shut the fuck up with this "we're all equal in the pit" bullshit. We're not equal and we don't wanna be.

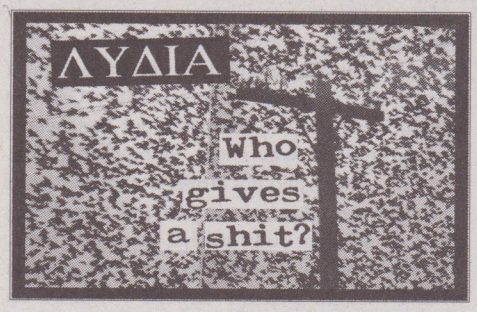
I started playing and listening to punk because I was angry. I was angry at specific things, too. Capitalism and religion mostly, because I was a lower-middle class queer at a wealthy Catholic school. I first discovered metal, but the metal I was exposed to was angry without direction. Punk was angry, and not afraid to name names. I wasn't interested in sparring anyone from being called out for their bullshit. That has not changed. When I came out, I found myself a stranger in what I thought was my city. So I focused on finding other queers instead of other punks. This led me to discover there are a lot of queers who stand in line with things I had rejected years ago. Many queers seem to think marriage is the biggest issue facing our community. I think violence and the criminalization of poverty, combined with the lack of accountability for discrimination, are much more pressing issues. So I then looked further inward to queers who are also punks. All these realizations came hand in hand with realizing my perceived community was continually shrinking. I'm not a separatist but the idea sounds evermore appealing.

Being a part of something means being supported by it. The idea of punk shared by the author of this letter is only for non-disabled, physically fit, violence-appreciating, apolitical men who appear to be straight. That is everything punk is against. Yet this attitude is still so prevalent. It's exhausting. The rampant trans misogyny, sexism, queerphobia, and internal violence is inexcusable. Queer exposure is so important because it challenges these issues that are what nearly killed punk. Many people who think punk is dead think politics ruined punk. Racism, sexism, and homophobic violence kills punk. Asshole dudes kill punk. Rapists kill punk.

If you are exiled from a punk community for being oppressive, you are exiled from punk. You can listen to whatever bands you want, always, but punk is bigger than what records you own. It's participatory, not observatory. Punk is not for bystanders or parasitic consumers.

Now there is some funniness to this letter that has been the trope for my rant here. Spann fills every inch of the lined notebook paper with complaints about queers and how they are complaining too much and should just stop being so vocal about their queerness, while Spann is so obviously desperate for attention. What do you call that again? Spann even asks if we are interested in publishing his art. I can say that the answer is a resounding "No." He even includes his Instagram and Youtube channel for us to promote while stating, "your gay & I'm straight, I'm not bitching why are you?" (sic) I think some pop singer in the '90s wrote a song about this phenomenon, but regardless, you punks oughta know better.

*(lyrics by Witch Hunt, from the song "Silence" off their *Buring Bridges to Nowhere* full-length.)



"I am *not* a chilled person"

"I don't see you on here" said the lady behind the desk.

"I should be, my reservation is right here" I reply, holding up my phone showing her the screen with my flight itinerary.

"Oh that was yesterday hon..."

My hands got shaky and for a second I went beet red. I fly almost once a year, how the hell could this happened to *me*; the most organized person this side of chaos?! Dammit!

"... OK then. One ticket on the first plane to San Francisco please."

"Sure thing. That'll be $570 for the ticket and $25 for your luggage."

"Double dammit! ... OK...here's my card."

Swipes card. "I'm afraid it's not going through..." Triple dammit!

Thanks goodness my friend Jason had offered me a ride to the airport and was there—he and his working credit card...I hugged Jason for being my savior but what I really wanted to do was punch myself in the face for being an idiot. I bought the ticket, went outside and chain-smoked three cigarettes said my goodbyes and dragged myself to my gate, flustered and swearing obscenities under my breath. I am *not* a chilled person.

But wait a minute, what the hell am I doing away from *MRR* anyway? Why am I even outside San Francisco? I never leave; I'm the coord who hasn't even crossed the Golden Gate Bridge yet (sad but true). I get separation anxiety every time I leave the compound for more than a few hours. (Man, this must be what having kids is like... Glad I'm never having any of those!) To maintain my sanity, I needed to get away for a while, recharge my batteries, then come back and get knee deep into it again. "I'm not looking for escapism, I just want to escape."

I was originally going to go on tour and help roadie, but that kinda fell through, which is fine really; I looked forward to a week of having nothing to worry about except whether or not I have enough cigarettes in my pocket. So I booked a ticket to NYC, my favourite place in the whole wide world (so far!) Thankfully I have awesome friends and Ermis and Afroula (and their gorgeous cat Eddie) let me stay with them for a few days. Yessss! This was really going to happen!

San Francisco is changing faster than you can say "gentrification," which means that all the cool things that made SF a colourful, creative, radical city are being whitewashed by yuppies, techies, trust fund students and rich families. That aside, SF is too small for me. When I lived in Athens, a city with a core population of over 3.8 million people, I felt it was too small for me. SF, which has a core population of just under one million people, its metro population just over 4.5... still too small for me. I need some place where I can go up onto a steep hill and look down and see a city that goes as far as the eye can see. I need a metropolis to fit my busting personality, my endless thirst for discovery. SF is truly beautiful, but, if I didn't have this über-demanding job at *MRR*, I think I would eventually go mad living in the Bay Area as it is right now. I am *not* a chilled person.

Friday went like most: On the floor by 10am, a full coffeepot awaiting my consumption, the inbox refreshed, the lists all updated. Then the doorbell rang; once, twice, three times. Then the phone. Then the mail arrived, then a couple shitworkers; then more punk guests to check out the compound. By 8pm I was nowhere near finishing all I had to do before safely being able to exit the building. By 11pm I had finished my emailing, by 1am I was done with editing, and by 3pm I had showered and packed my bags. By 4.30 when the shuttle bus arrived I was wide-awake, ready to finally get on that fucking flight to NYC. I am *not* a chilled person.

On Saturday Jason picked my up at JFK (he really is the best) and we headed straight for Brooklyn. As we rode over the BQE and talked about Spike Lee movies, I said I wonder where Queens Bridge is. He said he was surprised I even knew that place. I said "I get a lot of my New York references from Beastie Boys songs" and started to rap, "We're doing fine on the 1 and 9 line. On the L we're doin' swell. On the number 10 bus we fight and fuss. Because we're thorough in the boroughs and that's a must." He laughed and pointed towards Manhattan as it slowly rolled past us on the right. Man, I *have* to move here one day!

Our first stop was to get a traditional cheese slice (yum!), then check in on the felines he was cat-sitting (both adorable). Then we met up with Jason's friend, Rugrat, who took the bus (!) all the way from Columbus, Ohio (!) to come with us to the show and hang out (punks have no qualms when it comes to traveling for punk, I love it!). Despite already counting about 36 hours without sleep I was feeling surprisingly chipper—dazed and still slightly nauseous from the plane but definitely standing. We headed to the Acheron (which people mispronounce all the time, something I as a Greek find quite entertaining), chatted about the current state of NYC punk, and hung out outside, beneath the graffiti-filled buildings, smoking, laughing, yelling at each other and generally looking like a scruffy bunch of delinquents. The Black and Blue Bowl was happening right around the corner, with bands like Agnostic Front, Biohazard, Madball, 7 Seconds and apparently the next night Discharge too!

I was too out of it and engrossed in conversation to catch the first two bands (though Ajax sounded great from outside) but of course I headed in for EU's Arse, who were pretty darn incredible! The singer has a temperamento that is magnetic and engaging, as he squeals, screams and wriggles on stage. Sure, maybe the young kids have all the gimmicks and béret-props, but what EU's Arse were playing in Udine, Italy back in the '80s is still what the young kids are playing today. It's not boring or overplayed, it's classic and inspiring.

On Sunday I rolled out of bed pretty late for CET, so we just headed to our friend Leda's house, a punk we all knew from back home in Athens who moved to NYC a few years ago. We rolled cigarettes and played Cards Against Humanity outside in the sun, downing beers, then coffee. At some point I heard a strange, sweet tune wafting through the air. I had heard that tune before, I recognized it from the movies: it was an ice cream truck! (Yes, those things actually exist!) We spoke of the differences between Athens and NYC, and SF and NYC, and SF and Athens, and even though I still have not put my finger on what it is that makes this country so surreal (too many things probably), I was feeling more at ease in NYC, no doubt. Something about the smells in the air, the 24-hour diners and cheeky rats make me feel right at home. I am *not* a chilled person.

That evening I also met up with a newer writer punk friend, AC. We met by Peter Luger on Broadway, and walked to one of the Art University campuses, where we

strolled through the outdoor art exhibits and counted stray cats. The night was starry and mild. We sat under a statue with a yellow balloon tied to it and talked about the joys of writing. I tried to suck the helium from the balloon and recite Bill Hicks in a squeaky voice, but all I managed to do was inhale some random person's second-hand breath. Oh well. We continued south of Williamsburg and headed towards AC's warehouse bookstore. It was quite a way down, so I balanced on the back of his bike as we rode past the waterfront, the Manhattan city lights gleaming in the distance, the Brooklyn bridge every bit of majestic you expect it to be. The warehouse is simply huge and reminded me of the kind of place you'd hole up in in the event of a coup d'état, or if the zombie apocalypse finally came. I think the people in charge have the same idea. Rows and rows of household materials, antiques, ornaments, furniture and every other thing you could imagine: from bathtubs, marble sinks, ceiling fans and picture frames, to chandeliers, rocking chairs and coffee pots. And of course, in amongst this paradise of "one man's trash is another man's treasure" was AC's little bookstand. Four or so bookshelves and one display table; set up looking like the world tiniest bookstore, perfect with its dusty carpeting underfoot, rusty chandeliers for sale up above and the hand-written section signs pinned to the shelves. Lucky for me, I was gifted something special: *The Wit and Humor of Oscar Wilde* and a night of great conversation.

We had no supplies, so headed out in search of some coffee and beer and slowly walked back through the warm night and empty streets. Back at the warehouse we were greeted by Bagel the cat. We listened to a little transistor radio (the kind that fits in your breast pocket) and priced used books, shared stories and listed books we hadn't yet read. Around 3am we headed back north, made food and more coffee and listened to the Sun Ra special on WBGO on the little transistor radio. The sun had started to come up and was reflecting off the buildings and through the trees. I got some writing done, as did AC, a compulsory need writers have in order to move on with their often-hectic lives.

Later on we headed to the local library in search of some maps. Alas they had none so we strolled through Prospect Park. As we walked past a junior baseball league match, I heard an ice cream truck's tune somewhere in the distance yet again. It started to rain, so out the other end we went and ducked into a perfectly scruffy little diner for coffee and donuts and talked zines, punk, *MRR* and the oddball opportunities life throws you. By that time the clouds had cleared and the sun was out again; setting just as I crossed the bridge on the J train back home. Overground trains are so much cooler than underground trains.

The next day I woke up so hungry I demanded we go to a diner for brunch. When in Rome... naturally we went to Astoria. When the waiter came to refill my coffee I almost squealed with joy—the land of bottomless coffee cups! After brunch we walked into a corner store to buy cigarettes and I found out they make frappe! So, one *glyko me gala* (sweet with milk) and off we were to Hell Gate, a picturesque arch railway bridge that goes through Astoria, across the East River and into Queens the other end. It was warm and sunny, the park was full, an ice cream truck was serving cones to the kids and the Triborough Bridge loomed in the distance, suspended and impressive.

For all the hype it gets, and all the hipsters who have moved there, you'd expect Williamsburg to have more than three crappy bars. After going in circles for 30 minutes around Lorimer Street, we eventually found somewhere with a garden out back to wet our whiskers. Two drinks were not enough, so Jason and I headed into Alphabet City, found Joe Strummer's mural on Avenu A and 7th and got cocktails at Niagara. (when they're well made like those ones, I love me a cocktail, or four.) Through the window we could see Tompkins Square Park, aka (what once was) The Punkest Square in Manhattan. We sat there for a while afterwards and, even if we were the only punks there, it felt great to sit outside and soak up the night.

We had one of those deep conversations you often have when forming a new friendship. We laughed at the people and situations that made us grow, worried about the ways in which our lives would be changing over the next year (for vastly different reasons) and for a moment silence fell; the kind that two people can share and actually enjoy. A silent ice-cream truck drove by. I told him how I wanted to move to New York. He told me he'd been thinking about moving to the Bay. "I know it seems that way, but I am *not* a chilled person. I'm a West Coast person trapped in an East Coast body." As we headed our separate ways we both recognized our position in our respective presents, and realized that the future isn't as scary when you have friends to hang out in parks with.

A little earlier he had told me a saying from the '80s people had about Alphabet City. Avenue A you're Alright, Avenue B you're Brave, Avenue C you're Crazy, Avenue D you're Dead. I thought about this as I noticed the street sign above my head said Avenue C and 3rd. After leaving David the punk lawyer's pad (who owns an original Minor Threat EP, which I got to touch and smell!) I had intended to walk down to the Bowery area to catch a nightcap before catching my train, but had drifted off to the right somewhere by mistake. It was past midnight and I was still in my T-shirt. The rats crawled between the rubbish bins, the kids played basketball in the outdoor courts and the bars and shops were all still open. There were old ladies buying groceries at midnight on a Tuesday! Fantastic! I continued to roam until I stumbled upon a wine bar near my station. Unfortunately the place was almost closing for the night so I chugged my overpriced glass of rose, scribbled down some notes at the bar and bolted. As I walked towards Essex Station I saw some tourists point to a gutter and shriek in mock horror. Yeah, we are all in the gutter, but I am *not* a chilled person.

I was still on West Coast time so even though my SF-conditioned body woke up at 8am, it was already 11am in Brooklyn. Afro and I got some coffee and donuts from Dunkin' Donuts (I know, the worst, but it's actually kind of the best) and talked about New Yorkers. Have you got anxiety because you live in New York, or do you live in New York because you have anxiety? Most people would coil up at the sight of hundreds, thousands of people walking down Lexington Ave., but I relished in it. I had missed that feeling, of being able to be a nobody, an anybody (a somebody?) as I walked side by side all these complete strangers. There is a sense of destiny in the air, as if something strange and magical can occur. Like spinning tops, people are constantly trying to avoid crashing into each other, lest their precious time is wasted, their important schedule affected. Yet when two of them do collide, just by accident, because of some unlucky series of events, their courses alter, moving into a new, shared dimension that never would have existed otherwise. Social entropy.

David the punk lawyer grew up in Manhattan and spent many of his early years exploring Grand Central Station. So when we met beneath his office at 51st and Lex, it seemed like the appropriate place to get some gelato, coffee and postcards. It's a massively huge station; a little city beneath the city, with shops and restaurants, news stands and shoe cleaners (yes, those still exist apparently); the terminal area alone expanding for almost one square mile, with 44 platforms serving 67 tracks! Over 20 million people go through it on an annual basis and I was one of them.

Dinnertime was rolling around and I was to meet Ermis in Chinatown for dumplings and teriyaki chicken, which was, of course, delicious. Drinks at the Cakeshop with Stav were up next. (I walked by ABC No Rio but still haven't managed to catch a show there yet! Ugh! It's been added to my Next Time list.) I know Ermis because along with another eight or so punks we used to run a tropical wet hole/show basement, called Katarameno Syndromo, in the shittiest part of Athens. I know Stav through a different group of friends (hi Elly!), also from Athens. Ermis and Stav are both Greek artists (comics, painting, sketching, tattoos) who have lived within a few miles of each other in Brooklyn for the past four years or so—but had never met! So when I was there last December I insisted they do! And now we were all hanging out together—don't you just love how small the world can be sometimes?

Stav and Dana live in Green Point. From their sixth floor apartment I can see the Empire State building. We discuss language, politics and "political correctness." An electric storm is raging above our heads but their two luscious Persian cats, Gordon and Charlie, snoozed under the table, on the sofa, looking completely cozy and at ease. For once in a long time I could relate. I tucked my working friends into bed and settled into the snug duvets myself. The lightning illuminated the room and I counted the seconds between lightning and thunder; the furthest strike about three miles away (fifteen seconds), the closest right around the corner, a mile down the road (three seconds). I tried to sleep but I could feel my neurons fire up, visualizing them spark with every strike of lightning. I was wide awake and wandering down my own neural pathways, but unable to find Morpheus anywhere. So I smoked another cigarette on the balcony, admiring the skyline, feeling electrified. Around 3.30am I finally retired. I am *not* a chilled person.

The next day I did a spot of cat-sitting while my friends went to work. I didn't technically need to, but it was wet and dreary outside, so what better way to spend the day than with cats, drinking coffee, listening to records and writing postcards and letters? It didn't look like it was going to clear up, so I ventured out anyway, through McCarren Park to meet Santi, who does Hysteria Records (he just put out that wicked D.H.K. EP, reviewed further down in this issue). We went to the tasty vegan diner Lauren from La Misma works at (I missed their Bay Area show, I heard they killed it! Hopefully got an interview coming soon!). Then we went to 538 Johnson St., where a bunch of shows happen, most recently NY's Alright Fest, and climbed up onto its perfect punk roof, talking about new bands and records, upcoming projects and travels. It was still very cloudy, and that only dispersed the light, so everything had a sepia tone, quite cinematic. (hysteriarecords.bigcartel.com)

"Do you have ADD?" David the punk lawyer asked me as we walked towards Time Square, then back again, in search of some grub, my head darting left and right like a pigeon. Everything excited me. I felt alive in all that craziness. Maybe because I felt less crazy myself.

Stav and I hopped a train to Chambers Station for, weirdly enough, more cat-sitting. I got to see City Hall for the first time, got more stamps from a very drunk kiosk guy, and went up seven floors to an apartment overlooking City Hall Park. A tall and skinny silver skyscraper (World Trade 2.0) towered to the left, the park below, New Jersey in the distance, and looming above it all the most vicious looking cloud—sludgy green/charcoal grey with shards of blue/white lightning shooting out at a scarily close distance. *It was sick!* (yeah, that film *Twister*? Love it!) We had to bolt, but fuck if the architecture and urban landscape isn't crazy: one skyscraper reflecting of another, lights glowing, lines and angles merging, materials mixing; shape and perspective take new form, different dimensions skip out from between the buildings, space feels like its constantly altering, you're over-stimulated and the city shifts and morphs around with you, almost as if it's pulling you into its alternate reality, simultaneously pushing you to keep moving forward. I like that forging of energies, the mutability, it keeps me on my toes, it keeps me buzzed. 'Cause hey, I am *not* a chilled person.

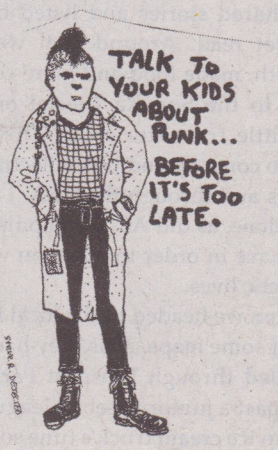
ENDNOTES:

• The Flex and Violent Opposition show in Oakland was great, lots of people went flying in the pit and their energy was quite different, a nice change of pace, and very cool people too. Also, I went to Don Pyle's photography exhibition at 1-2-3-4 Go! and of course his work is amazing, with prints from the early Canadian punk scene, plus pictures from Ramones, Blondie and Iggy shows in Canada! He's great at capturing people in their moments of bliss, ecstasy and exhilaration on stage. (Fell in love with Debbie Harry all over again.) If you haven't already, check out his interview in *MRR* #350, July 2012!

• *MRR* is doing monthly shows again! Wanna help out? Suggest a band, out-of-towners included? Get in touch at mrrshows@gmail.com. Also, send your demo tape/CD-R for review, or submit your info for the New Blood section! Do you take pictures? Monday Photoblog your best shit on our website! Are you the next Nick Blinko? Submit your art for the artpage! Do you have a record out, or do a label? Send us your vinyl for review. What gets reviewed is then kept in the vast *MRR* record collection of about 46,000 records—a punk resource and treasure! You can help preserve it by donating on our website at maximumrocknroll.com/donate.

•We are working on an Iberian punk issue! Submit interviews, scene reports, photospreads, oral histories, guest columns, resource lists; we want to know about bands, zines, labels, collectives, show spaces, and anything else you think we should know about!

•You know you're addicted to caffeine when at 00.10am you're forcing yourself to *not* finish that cup of coffee that's been sitting on your desk all day, so instead you just bury your nose in it and take a big long whiff of it. I am *not* a chilled person. lydia@maximumrocknroll.com



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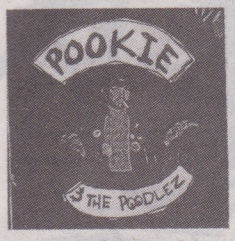

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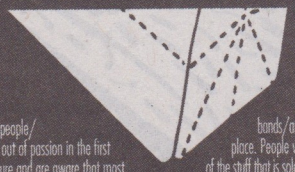

We like to meet people/ bands/art/sport/etc. that do what they do out of passion in the first place. People who believe in underground culture and are aware that most of the stuff that is sold nowadays under that flag is total crap only made to make money. And, if you feel you can write and relate, get in touch. To put it with Fugazi's words:

"NEVER MIND WHAT THEY'RE SELLING- IT'S WHAT YOU ARE BUYING"

Yes Mist

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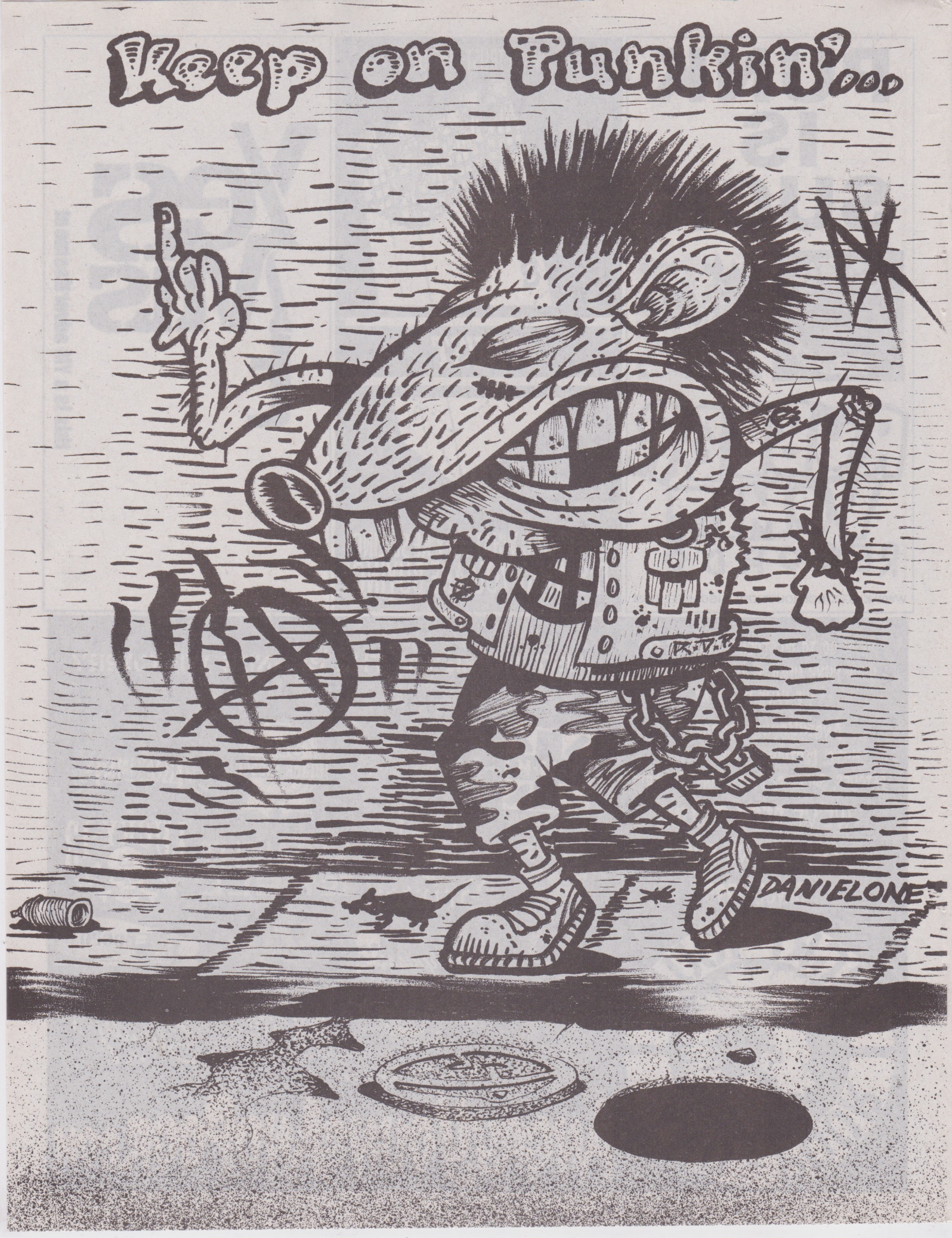
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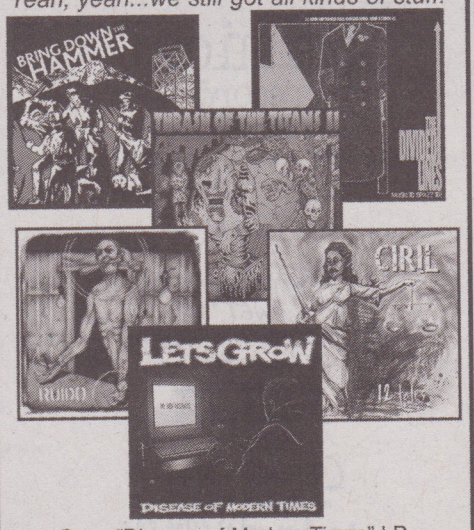

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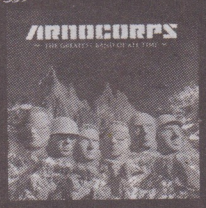

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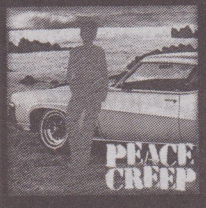

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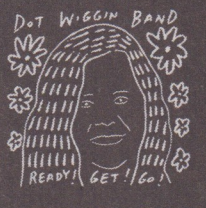

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MAXIMUM ROCK N ROLL PRESENTS

SHITWORKER OF THE MONTH

JASON RYAN

Jason first read MRR in the early '90s living in NYC and read it on the train going up Hudson River and 20 years later he's the Shitworker of the Month! Who said the American dream is dead!

He moved to San Francisco in 2010 for graphic design work. He uses those skills to help MRR with sick layouts and ad designs! He also does demo reviews and likes to grab what "looks goth, dark, and crusty!" He is also the newest addition to the main record reviewers roster! On top of all that he helped with the record reorganizing project a few months back and even made a donation! (hint hint, make a donation!) He also comes to New Issue Day and aims to eat the most pizza!

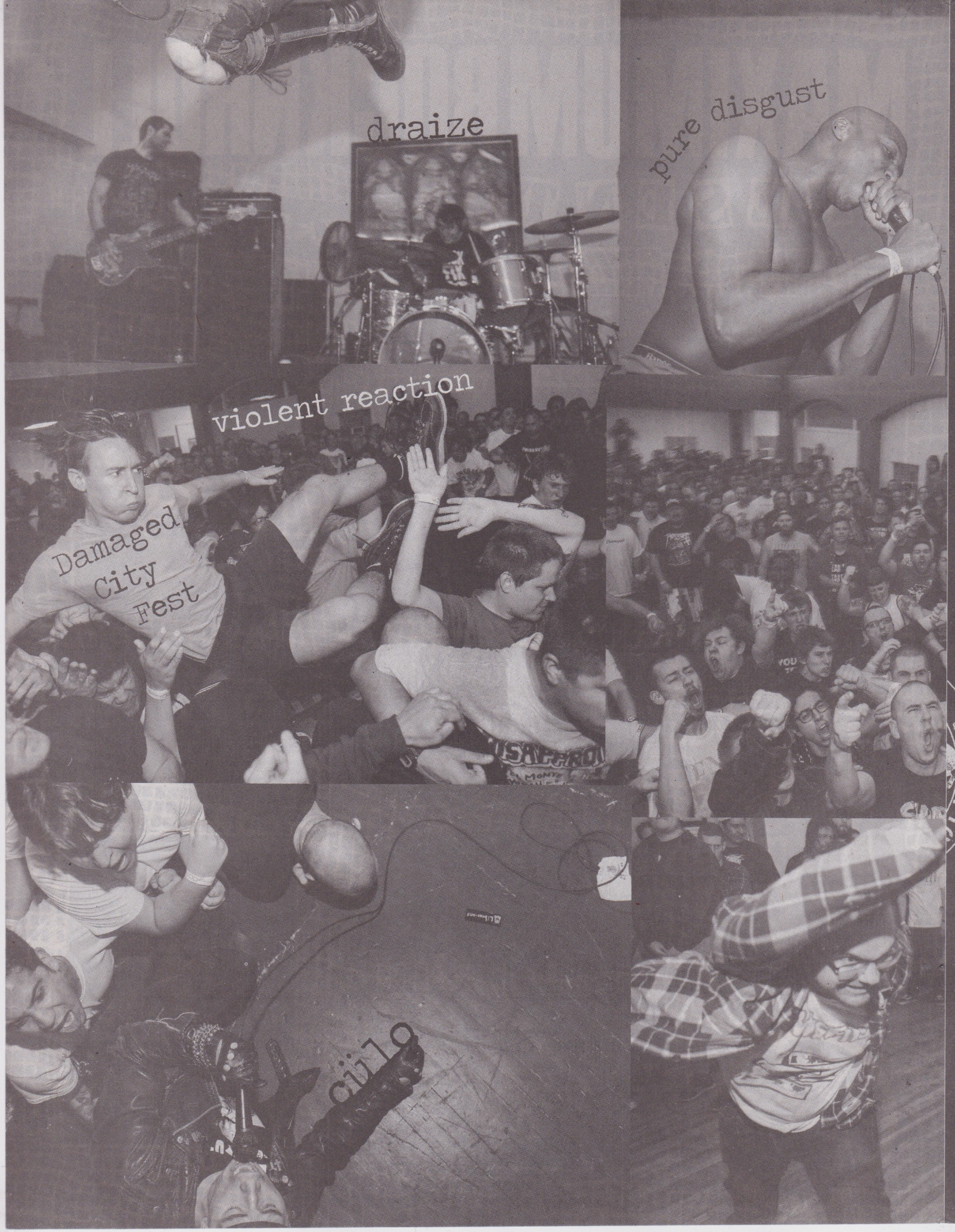
Whether it's nerding out over records, or sharing his excitement about vintage toys, Jason is a great addition to the MRR crew! He is helpful, friendly and brings the coords beer in times of distress! We want to thank Jason for being a great shitworker even on the shitty months! Keep on rocking!

When Jason is not shitworking or editing images, he likes to ride his bike to the ocean and soak up the sea breeze. He also collects old cartridge video games, vinyl, and tapes.

Jason plays in bi-coastal project ROTTER, who were interviewed in MRR #363. They are aiming to put out a tape this year, which would be their third release as a band. The other two members live in Brooklyn.

As one would expect of any shitworker, Jason likes to attend local shows. He has a Youtube channel where he uploads videos of bands whose sets kill. He tries to capture full songs and uses a stereo mic to get a solid audio recording. You can see his recordings at Youtube.com/Imsocietyjason.

MAXIMUM ROCK N ROLL CERTIFIED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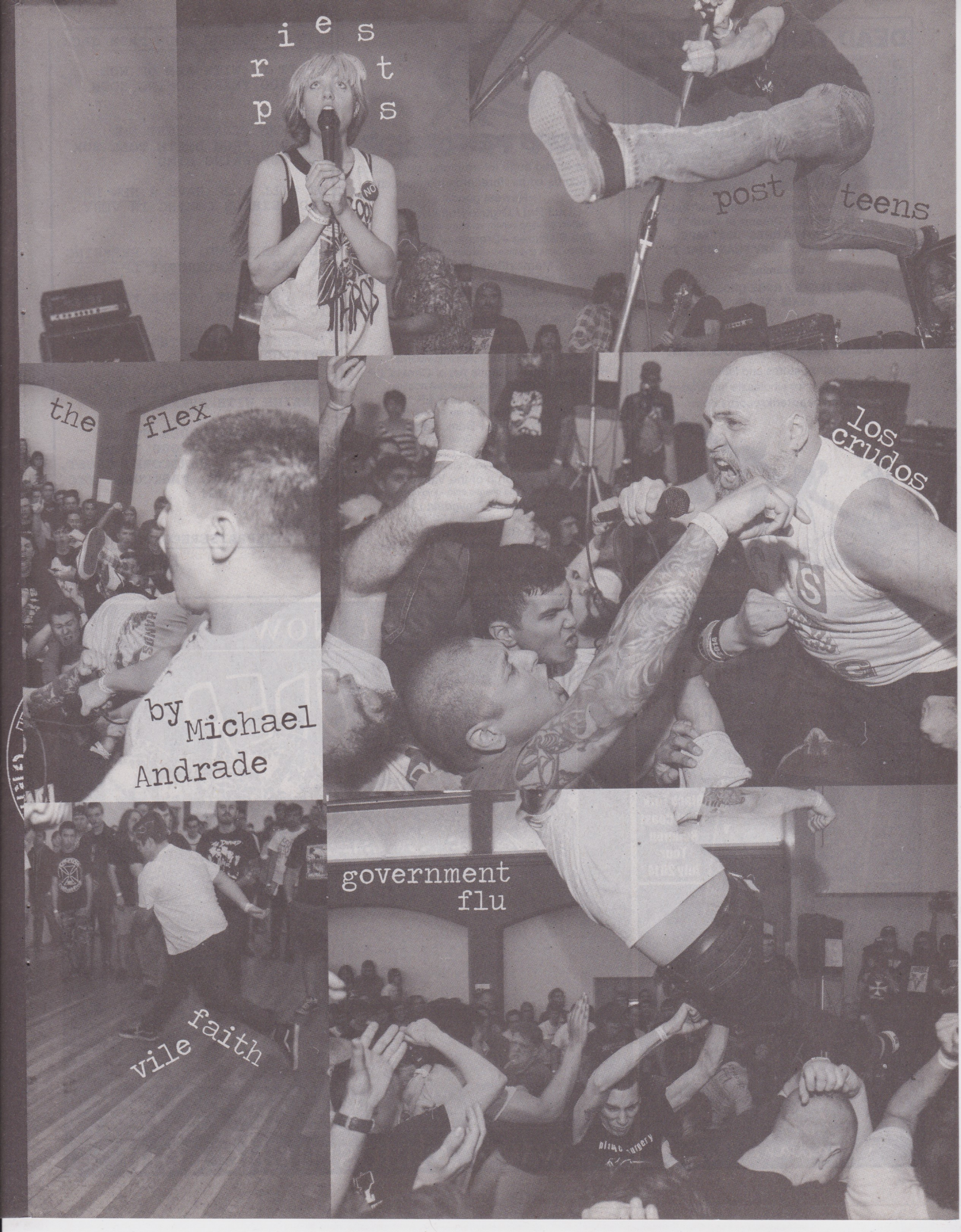
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Czech dark heavy emo crust v. Slovenian raw emo

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Cloud Rat - Moksha LP
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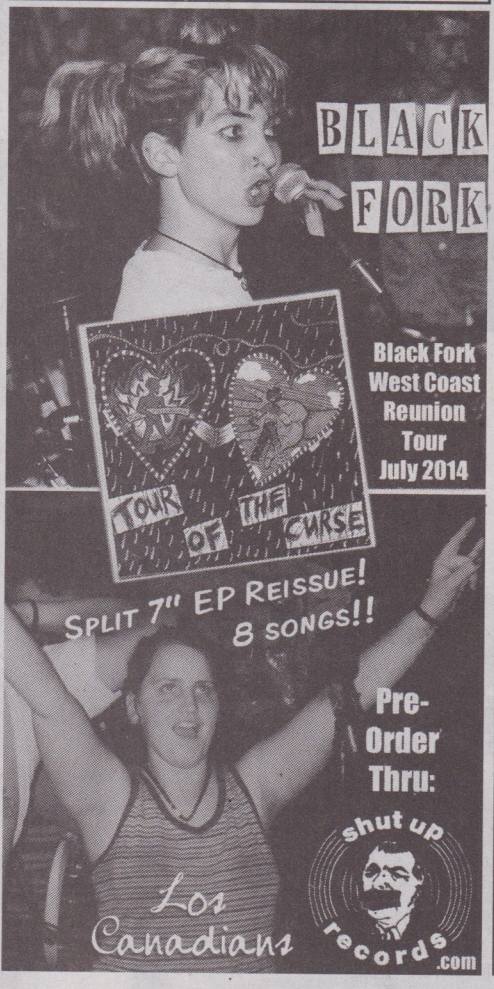

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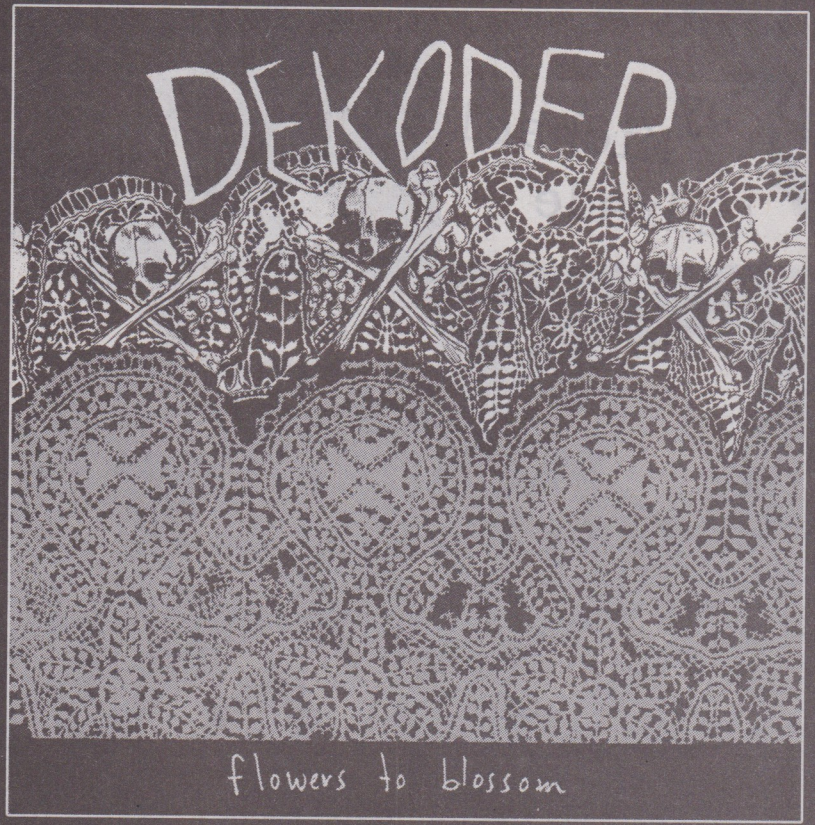

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MRR asks you!

WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

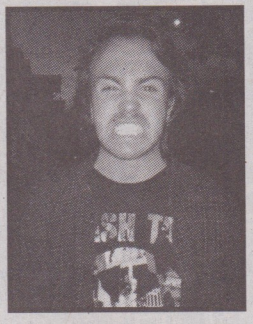
This month's question: "What are you most looking forward to this summer?" Asked at the Foster Body, Fossor House show at the World Rage Center in Oakland by Kyle Canyon.

James, 24, Hollywood
Gettin' wet and stayin' wet!

Jessa, 26, Oakland
Hangin' loose.

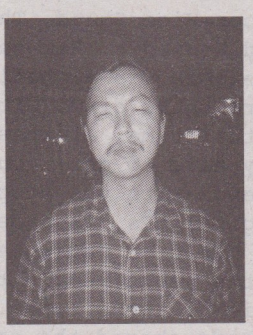
Leticia, 23, Berkeley
I'm excited to get really wet in James' pool!

Roxanne, 22, Olympia/ Berkeley
Moving back to the Bay!



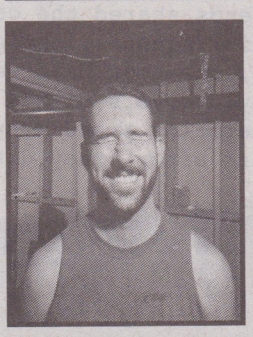
Tim, 24, Santa Monica
Not working!

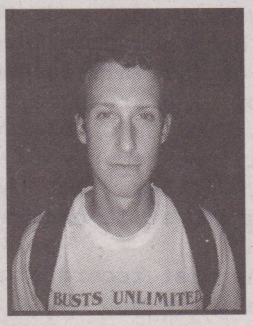
Calbert, 23, North LA
I'm excited because I'm a teacher so I get summer vacation again. And lots of swimming.



Kimia, 23, Catalina Island California
Getting baked... by the sun.

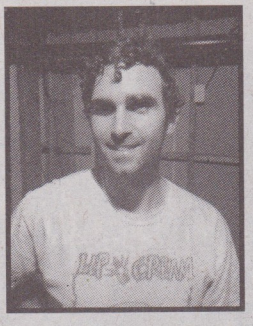
Ryan, 26, Oakland
Koward, easy, fucking no brainer...





Austin, 24, Upper Califa
Blowing myself up on the 4th of July.

Ben, 30, North Carolina
Hanging out with my cat, Birthday!



We want to know what the scoop is in your town! Send your question and answers along with ten hi-res pics to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com and let the punx know!!!

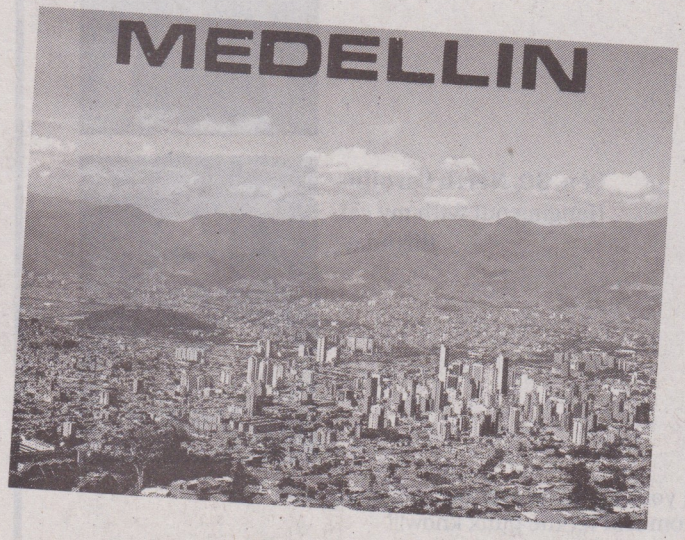
escena Colombia // COLOMBIAN SCENE
SPECIAL REPORT

by: Heliodoro Arango C.

First of all, I want to greet the worldwide scene and everyone who reads this report. Really, I don't know how well informed people are about Colombian scene. I know that overseas, people only know the negative image of Colombia—that is, the bad things that have happened here (narcotraffic; troubles with guerrillas, paramilitaries and other outlaw armed groups; kidnapping; violence against human rights; corruption; etc). I want to say this: Our country has approximately 44 million inhabitants and it has been a nation in conflict. In spite of that, it has many things to give to the world concerning to culture, music and DIY activities.

Right now, let's talk about music. In Colombia, the underground HC punk scene appeared in Medellin, and from here it spread to other cities as the years passed by. I'm talking about the years 1982-83, when the scene was just rising up.

A few young people had gotten a hold of some LPs of bands from the USA and Europe—Vice Squad, The Exploited, Dead Kennedys, Ramones, Sex Pistols—sometimes via airmail. They began to share these discs with their friends. At that time, as these records were very hard to get, you had to become friends with the people who had the original LPs, in order to record the music on cassettes. So, some of the young people recorded the music of these bands...and their friends shared the cassettes with their friends...and so on. In that age, the first band was COMPLOT. They played covers of Sex Pistols, Damned, Generation X and many others. Some years after, they disappeared.



In a few years, punk music had spread from specific districts in our city (Manrique, Castilla, El Poblado) to the young people in the rest of the city. Besides the punk movement in Medellin, which was known as "Punk Medallo," there were other bands that played metal music, influenced by bands from Europe and USA (Kreator, Venom, Slayer, etc.). This movement was known as "Metal Medallo," and arose in 1983 with bands such as: PARABELLUM, GLOSTER GLADIATTOR, MIERDA, ASTAROTH (they all are disappeared nowadays), REENCARNACION, DANGER, MASACRE (these last three bands are still playing).

In the early 1980s, there was the first record store, named Jiv. It was a unique store where you could find the LPs of the classic rock bands or the punk bands people listened to at that time.

Besides, the punk scene in Medellin was raised in critical conditions. At first, there weren't any good recording studios, adequate to make recordings for rock bands. There were only studios that belonged to the traditional record factories (Discos Fuentes, Discos Victoria and Disquera Antioquena). For punk and metal bands, these studios were very expensive. Besides, they were experienced only in recording traditional music (salsa, guasca, vallenato, etc.).

There was a studio named Raimond Records where traditional music groups recorded. As this studio was the cheapest of that time, many metal and punk bands recorded their demos, LPs, EPs and cassettes. For example, some of the Metal Medallo bands (PARABELLUM, REENCARNACION, BLASFEMIA, etc.) and some of the Punk Medallo bands (IRA, BSN, IMAGEN) recorded in that little studio.

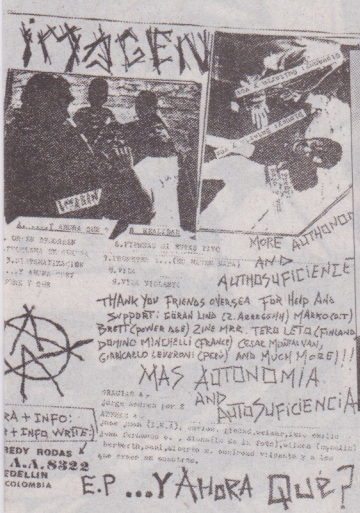
In the early '80s, there was no access to good instruments. The first bands had to make their own instruments by themselves, with materials (wood, iron, steel, guitar strings, etc.) because the original instruments (guitars, basses, drums) were very expensive and nobody had money to buy them. Many bands built their drums with trashcans and pieces of radiography.

There was a radio station named Radio Disco ZH that had a program in the early '80s that played classic rock, heavy metal and some punk bands (Dead Kennedys, GBH, The Exploited, Sex Pistols, Ramones, etc.). Besides, young people got together on the weekends, in houses, and at gatherings called *notas*, where they listened to the LPs and cassettes of the bands they could get, and where they shared their cassettes, EPs and LPs with their friends.

About concerts: Some people did shows known as *parches*, that is, they set up private shows in houses, terraces, garages. Later on, the bands organized their shows in soccer camps in some neighborhoods of the city and in some few bars as well. There was friendship between the bands, because the lack of instruments and resources united us all. Those bands that had few instruments shared them with those others that didn't have anything to play.

In the period of 1984-87, other bands appeared and they stayed playing for some years...and later, they disappeared. Of those, some few are still playing nowadays. The bands of those years were: NN, NO, ANARQUIA, LOS MUTANTES, P-NE, RASIX, DENUNCIA PÚBLICA, DESADAPTADOS, HARTOS DE TI, ANTI TODO, IRA, FERTIL MISERIA, GP, DANGER, PESTE MUTANTEX. This time was very hard to all of us and to all people in general around the country, because there were a lot of social conflicts due to narcotraffic and the illegal armed groups (FARC, ELN, paramilitary groups). So, the civil population was very affected. More or less, 3000 young people (including rockers) died in our city Medellin because of the violence of narcotraffic. That occurred during the years 1988-1991.

Among other things, as the Medellin scene began in the early '80s, there were young people who began to share music with people in the other Colombian cities (Bogota, Cali, Barranquilla, Cucuta, Pereira, Manizales) and the scene grew up and extended to the other cities. In Bogotá (the capital of Colombia) the first HC Punk bands appeared in the years 1986-1989. Those bands were: MORGUE, DEMENCIA and LA PESTILENCIA.



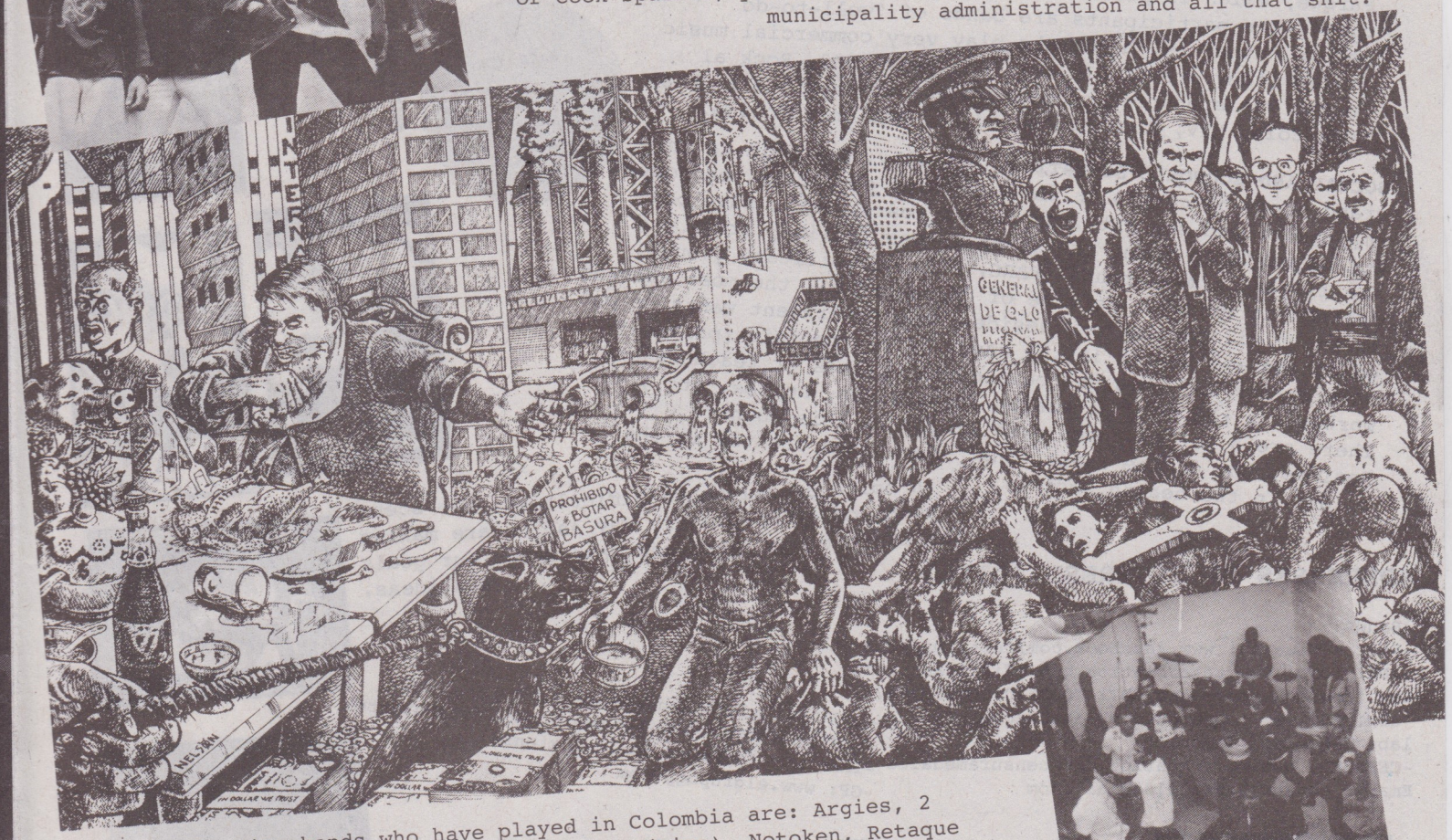
From 1988-1991, other bands appeared in Medellín. Most of them played for some years but they are disappeared nowadays. Those bands were: CRIMEN IMPUNE, DISKORDIA, ANTIOKIA PODRIDA, HUMANO X, AVERXIÓN, AGRESIÓN SOCIAL and many others...

Nowadays, things have changed a lot. Here in Medellin, there are a lot of bands playing metal, punk and many styles. There are regular concerts of punk bands, one or two shows a month. By means of technology and globalization (internet, social networks), bands have shown their music to other people in the rest of the country and overseas. Besides, bands and people can communicate more easily and get informed about music, books, movies, and what happens in the scenes in the rest of the country and overseas. Everything is made by the same bands and people (DIY). There are many rehearsals rooms, recording studios. Besides, you have the possibility to make your own recording studio at home, with the help of computers and some special software programs.

Other activities: In the Colombian scene, besides concerts, other activities have been performed, such as: marches against bullfights, forums, anarchist congresses, conversatories, free festivals. Some entities that have taken part in these activities are: Colectivo Arte y Resistencia, Rompiendo Cabuyas, Colectivo Anarquista de Solidaridad Obrera, Red Juvenil...among others.

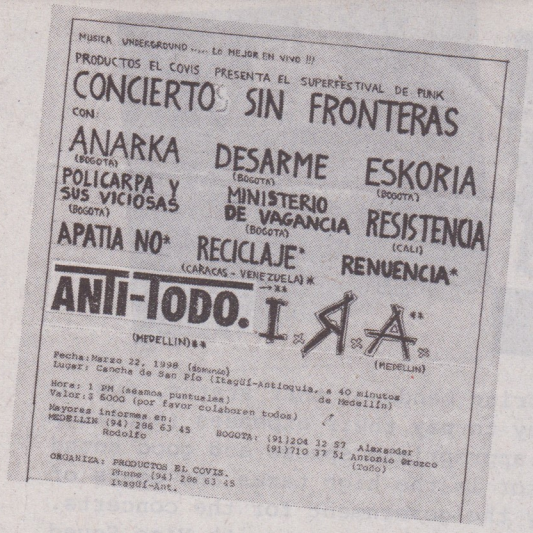
Concerts with bands from overseas: In our HC punk scene, we have hosted a number of foreign bands. Most of them have come from other South American countries, with exception of some foreign bands that have been played here in Medellin (Total Chaos, Vice Squad, Reincidentes, Misfits). Here, there is a rock festival named Altavoz, which is organized by Medellin's city administration (Alcaldia de Medellin), with the sponsorship of some private enterprises. Those bands mentioned here have played that festival.

Really, it is nearly impossible to bring bands of that status, due to various factors: the lack of money to pay their expenses (housing, meals, etc.), the lack of the appropriate spaces and good sound systems. Besides, another factor is the high taxes and costs of administration permissions asked by the government for the concerts. For example: if you are going to organize a concert with Vice Squad or Cock Sparrer, you have to look for a lot of permissions in the municipality administration and all that shit.



Some other foreign bands who have played in Colombia are: Argies, 2 Minutos (Argentina), Coprofilia, Emergencia (México), Notoken, Retaque (Ecuador), Generación Perdida (Perú), Reciclaje, Apatia No, los Dolares and Dona Maldad (from Venezuela), Ostia Puta, Envidia Kotxina, Arpaviejas (Spain), Molotov Cocktail (USA), Os Maltrapilhos (Brasil). They have come in the years 1995-2012. These bands have played in events organized by the punk scene (without support from the government or any private enterprise).

It is worthy to note that some Colombian bands have toured overseas. Those bands are: ANTI TODO and BSN (who have toured in Ecuador), KONTRA ORDEN and DESARME (who toured in Venezuela), LA PESTILENCIA (who have toured in Ecuador, Venezuela, Costa Rica, Mexico and USA), POLIKARPA Y SUS VICIOSAS (who toured in Ecuador and in Europe), DEMENCIA (who toured in Germany). Recently, the band IRA toured in USA in march 2014, and there is a band named FERTIL MISERIA, who have played in countries such as Ecuador, Costa Rica, Germany, France, Poland, Switzerland and Spain.



Most of the concerts here are performed by the same bands, in association with some guys who offer their help. We don't have the help of sponsors, bourgeoisie managers or any that shit.

Besides, one important event in Colombia is Rock al Parque, which is performed every year in Bogotá (capital city). The participants are bands of "well-to-do people," that is, bands who play very commercial music styles (they aren't DIY). In the year 2003, Rock al Parque was sponsored by bourgeoisie enterprises such as Coca-Cola, MTV, McDonald's and the National Police.

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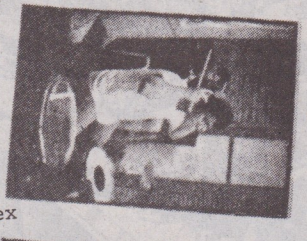
SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC SITUATION. Actually, Colombia is in a grand state of crisis in the levels of education, economy, employment and security. In recent years, there have been a lot of conflicts among the state forces (police, army) and the illegal armed groups (FARC, ELN, paramilitary groups, delinquent bands in service of narcotraffic); the most affected is the civil population. Besides, the government wants to put education and health in the hands of bourgeoisie (private) enterprises and this has caused the strikes of teachers and workers in the field of health (physicians, nurses, etc.). There are a lot of unemployed people in this country. Besides, one of the issues that affect this country is the crisis in the health sector.

In spite of all those difficulties, the scene keeps on growing every day and we are making the effort to go ahead and make known our goals and ideas.



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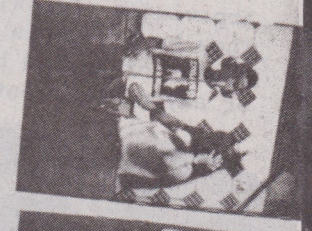
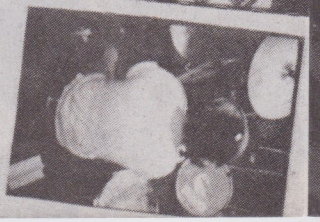
FILTHY WAR

FUCK WAR
ROTTING CHILDREN
DESTROYING MEN
CREATING CHAOS
RUNNING TO THE DEATH
TO ALL THE MANKIND
FROM YOU COMES
THE ROTTING HATE
CREATING PUTREFACTION
AND FILTHY FAMINE
OH FILTHY WAR
WHOLE DESTRUCTION
DEATH GENOCIDE
LIFE IS A CONDEMN
YOU ALWAYS ARE IN THERE
ALONG WITH THE CREATORS
JUST TO FINISH THE MANKIND
YOU ARE AN UNFINISHED RAT
WHICH ARE NOT POSSESSED
YOU WILL HAVE
YOUR FILTHY WAR





1984 is a legend of the Polish new wave / coldwave / punk rock scene. In the 1980s the band used its biting, punk-style irony to depict the totalitarian reality of the Polish People's Republic in its final years, and it was an excellent example of the strength inherent in Polish punk rock and new wave of those times. Also, if I may put a personal note here: they were one of the most important features in the soundtrack to my punk childhood. Towards the end of the 1980s they seemingly gave up their political image for a more iconoclastic or artistic vision. In a more or less active way, the band has continued for all these years. Throughout the 1980s, despite numerous recording sessions, they managed to release only one 7" and one song on a compilation. It wasn't until 25 years later that some of the band's archival sessions saw the light of day, including their demo entitled Why Not? *(1987) and their iconic album* Specjalny rodzaj kontrastu [Special Kind of Contrast] *(1988). I talked about the band's history with Piotrek "Mizerny" Liszcz, the leader of the legendary 1984.*
Interview by Bezkoc, translation by Jadzka Ryba. Photos provided by the band.

MRR: You always insist that 1984 wasn't a political band, that you never fought with the Communist system, and yet what you were doing from the start had very strong anti-regime overtones. What was your attitude towards the Communist state? How did the political system affect your band?
It totally affected life, in all of its aspects, obviously including music. Of course certain issues were at the core of some lyrics. We obviously wanted to hint at our opinions related to such matters and we wanted these opinions to be heard. But this wasn't the only thing we were interested in; we didn't want to sing only about that. Most of our lyrics could be understood on a deeper level, rather than just political.

MRR: Those lyrics perfectly showed how the atmosphere of Orwell's novel overlapped with the reality of those times. Some of the songs sound like a response to TV daily news.

The most important link to Orwell is the band's name and "Ferma Hodowlana" [Breeding Farm], the song in which I used a quotation from Orwell's *Animal Farm*. I was living in that peculiar reality, which in some transcendental way resembled the world depicted by Orwell in his best-known novels. I watched the same two TV channels, which were watched by everybody else in this country, I could see what was going on outside, drew conclusions from all that and translated them into songs. Most of the time I'd just pick at the guitar, and the lyrics would come along with the chords, that's how most of the lyrics were written. It wasn't any pre-planned process. But besides the regime, and its surface appearances, there was also my own inner world, which I wanted to talk about and to me that was as important.

MRR: Do you feel that the Communist system took something away from you? That otherwise, you would have released ten albums, etc.?

It took away lots of money from me... If you wanted to record an album, you had to perform some heavy acrobatics. You had to find a studio and a publisher. We only succeeded halfway through...

MRR: But do you regret that you had to live in those times?

Well, no. It's nobody's fault that I was cast by my genes to live here and then.

MRR: This was a good period for you, you were most prolific then and in another place you would have been able to achieve much more.

Let's not exaggerate with that prolific thing. I don't believe that what I was doing then was more original or that there was more of that, in comparison with what I've been doing since. As for the reality—it is true, it could be better... In fact, both then and now.

MRR: Did 1984 owe a lot to the Festival in Jarocin?

Sure. This was the only place where this kind of music could be performed. Mass media was controlled by completely different people and different bands. We played our first important concert in Jarocin in 1985, and it all started from there. We were seen by a few thousand people, rather than a hundred, we met some people, and our manager made quite a few contacts. This put the band right on track, and that was because we played there on the main stage.

MRR: But it wasn't a bed of roses... Even though you made some attempts, you didn't release a full-length album in the 1980s...

It was obvious we would never be able to earn any money, no matter how popular we would become. At that time it was obvious that in this country it wouldn't be possible. In fact, I don't know why I stayed here, why I didn't flee abroad like many other guys.

MRR: And how do you see 1984 against all those other bands performing in Jarocin? I mean, there was punk rock, as well as metal, and reggae, and even blues. Did you feel a connection to all that?

Of course. There was some competition, because everyone wanted to be seen at their best, but that was motivating or inspiring rather than some kind of struggle. The one thing that I always kept in mind was to dissociate from the commercial side of... basically everything. When there were twenty similar punk groups, even if they played music that wasn't commercial, the fact that they were so alike in a way turned all that into a commercial thing. I wanted 1984 to be as distinctive as possible and I tried various ways to do it. I had a go at aggressive music and at less aggressive music. It all appeared very eclectic, but I did it to find my own style. And I think I got there after a few years, I think it was on the "black album." I didn't want 1984 to sound like someone else. I didn't want 1984 to be easily labelled as coldwave, new wave or punk. I wanted our music to have a more universal meaning, but at the same time people who used to come to Jarocin were very interesting to me. This was a perfect audience for what we were playing: young, open-minded people, the cream of Polish society of those times.

MRR: The bands performing in Jarocin were all packed into one bag with a label saying "punk," because this term was most catchy, but they didn't always play punk. Did you mind that?

Well, it's obvious we weren't a punk band, even though some elements of that sound were present. But we played for punk rock audiences, and we certainly respected them, but...

MRR: Don't deny all that. Your sound was often very aggressive, and your lyrics carried a strong message...

Perhaps it's true. Something like that was automatically associated with punk. No problem. In fact I don't mind such associations. Punk is OK.

MRR: You've mentioned that commercial aspect, which at that time could be a bit weird. Even though 1984 couldn't be a real success, because in a way that wasn't allowed by the regime, the band still got a taste of it. A few songs could be heard on two radio channels, and were even included in a Radio Three "pop chart" program, which mainly played commercial music. Did you feel some reservations about that, as part of the regime, propaganda, Babylon?

No. Our message was wholesome and pure. We felt that if we managed to smuggle some ideas in, then it was all OK. Each way is good if you manage to get through to people without changing your message. I didn't feel uncomfortable about it, even more so because I wasn't paid for it, didn't have to sign anything, didn't have to do anything. It was just that: sometimes our songs could be heard on the radio.

MRR: In Rzeszow a few interesting bands emerged during 1984-89. Some people even talked about the Rzeszow Alternative Scene. How would you explain the fact that they all represented a slightly similar style: cold/new wave. Just like 1984. There were no strictly punk bands, only wave-type...

Well, what about Red Star?

MRR: They also ended up as Milion Bulgarow [One Million Bulgarians].

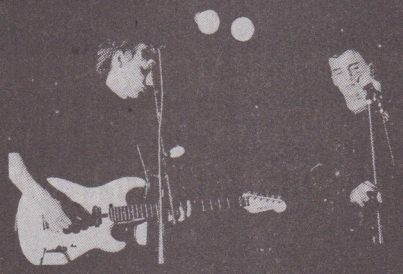
Perhaps you're right. It's hard to say, because in fact it was 1984 that started with this kind of music here. It's possible we came up with it. This music had this chilling effect, but something like that could also be heard in Breakout's music, so perhaps generally there is something like that here, in this town. Besides, everyone was trying to outdo others by using some noveltiy, everyone was trying to be first and come up with something new in their music. The term "new wave" was used for our music, because it was hard to label otherwise. Whenever we would recording anything, we tried to make sure that, in terms of production, these recordings wouldn't sound like other Polish bands, because generally they were produced very poorly.

MRR: It seems in Rzeszow at the time people didn't listen to the Clash or Discharge, but everyone was into Alien Sex Fiend...

...I know, my friends used to listen to Alien Sex Fiend. I didn't have one favourite band. I don't think I was influenced in some special way by any particular group; not until I heard Swans. Swans' concert was truly an eye opener. They showed me how little I knew about music. They showed me what form music could take, the weighty stuff it could carry. I absolutely loved it! This was like a blow straight into the soul. After that concert I wanted to do the same—strike right into the listener's soul. Mysticism appeared in my life. In my music and in life. And, I think it continues even now.

MRR: Is it OK if we look at how the style of 1984 changed? In what way did the band develop its sound? In the very beginning, in 1985, you basically played coldwave...

We were just kids, and everything around us was pretty depressing, so we put this feeling of misery into a very simple form.



We still couldn't play very well. There was a little bit of Joy Division in it; in fact we sneaked in a little quotation from "Love Will Tear Us Apart" into one of our songs. I didn't even know the band well at the time, someone played the song to me and I thought that "Komisariat" ["Militia Station"] could sound like a song about the death of that Curtis guy. That "he will say nothing more" [laughs]... The lyrics of "Komisariat" had this line: "I will say nothing, I will say nothing more." So there was sadness in what we played. But things were different in 1986. The band continued more or less along the same path, using the same means, but songs were different. Then in 1987 it all became more edgy, louder. We got rid of that old stuff, I wanted to discard what we'd done before, and strike out with something fresh and bold. Even though some people complained it wasn't the same 1984. It didn't matter—it worked fine. I approach each project, each new album as if it was a painting, I don't want to recycle the same patterns and ideas. I wanted each album to be different; I wanted to show I could do various things. One has to respect the audience.

MRR: But where did all that distortion and noise come from on your *Why not?* demo, in 1987?
In fact it simply just happened by itself. Jasiu Gajewski, our first drummer, was conscripted to serve in the army. The drummer is the heart of the band, right? So this new guy, Darek Marszalek, couldn't play drums. He played like an amateur. We jammed for about half a year, so finally he could literally beat the new songs out of the drums. Like a beast. His way of playing fit with the new concept, so in fact we built our new program around his apparent lack of skills, we used that to our advantage.

MRR: During that period you also had a recording session at a radio station, and this is where your so-called greatest hits came from, "Ferma hodowlana", etc.
This was a session on Radio Three, but it was recorded for Rozglosnia Harcerska [literally "Scouts' Radio"].

MRR: These songs became popular and people associated that sound with 1984, yet the "black album"—*Specjalny rodzaj kontrastu*—was again a surprise.
We locked the ideas for these more abrasive sounds and the band kind of split. The guys went their own way and started another project. And I was approached by Pawel Tauter... I had a complete idea and outline for *Specjalny rodzaj kontrastu*. I think that production-wise it was the first time in my life where I really knew what I was doing. Pawel was a big part of it because I was aware of his amazing vocal range and I wanted to use it as much as possible. Two weeks later we went into the studio.

MRR: These new concepts behind your music came from you fascination with Swans, is that right?
I can't deny that. During their concert I realized there's more to music than just playing. I also learned about the importance of production. This is such a "dirty" word that is often used now. I knew it in those times, as well. It is possible that this was the first recording in Poland that was, with full awareness, produced using such advanced techniques.

MRR: Before this album you didn't use keyboards, and this recording contains a lot of electronics.
Lots of that! That was when the first samplers appeared, computers and editing software such as Cubase. I was really into all that. I love technological innovations so I grabbed the opportunity to use them. It would have been dumb not to use all of these new possibilities. My way of thinking changed in many ways. I realize that this album was surprising but I already knew one mustn't repeat the same ideas.

MRR: The line-up included a guy who was in this band called Kosmetyki Mrs. Pinki [Mrs. Pinka's Cosmetics]...
Slawek Starosta—a really cool guy. I miss him even today, because he's a really talented fellow. Full of courage, he was strongly involved in the gay community, and was outspoken about it. Culturally radical. He fit in with us.

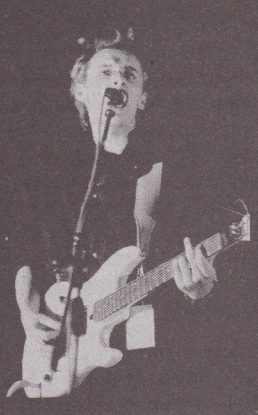
MRR: He fit with you? He didn't wear black... and when I recall Balcan Electrique (a pop band that Slawek was in later) I still feel embarrassed.
OK. But he worked fine for us. Slawek really liked what we were doing, he trusted my ideas. I have only good memories about the man.

MRR: And tell me if it is only my impression or perhaps it was your idea for the album, that the first side still contained Orwell-style songs, like the older and louder 1984, and the second side was more mystical?
It was a bit like this, we wanted to close that theme on the first side and on the second side we wanted to enter a completely new world. The year 2000 was near, there were only twelve years to go.

MRR: What about the blasphemous lyrics? "And you, pull out those nails, wash your hands and go to sleep"? Today you would be a "star" of programs on Radio Maryja (a conservative Catholic radio station) with those lyrics.
Yeah, they would have liked "Pierwszy dzien zmartwychwstania" ["The first day of Resurrection"] [laughs]. Some mystical elements appeared, because religion is another pet peeve for me. It is hideous what they did with original Christianity. This has always been a disturbing thought for me. A lot of harm was committed in the name of Christianity. So what I wrote was a little comment related to the Church and what it had done. Not only the Church, but also people who did horrible things under its banner.

MRR: Did you get any response that some people didn't like it?
I heard that some people were shocked. But generally people realize that this is only art. And in my opinion the word "blasphemous" is too strong here.

MRR: There was a band called Christian Death, which did similar things.
Oh yeah, they did it full time! It seems this was a group of heroin addicts, with sick imaginations. But they played very well. They completely believed what they preached. But I was never a 100% fan of theirs. And I didn't like their format, it was too obvious.



OUR MESSAGE WAS WHOLESOME AND PURE. WE FELT THAT IF WE MANAGED TO SMUGGLE SOME IDEAS IN, THEN IT WAS ALL OK. EACH WAY IS GOOD IF YOU MANAGE TO GET THROUGH TO PEOPLE WITHOUT CHANGING YOUR MESSAGE.

MRR: At that time you were giving up the literal stuff. Those Orwell-style issues are generally clear-cut, everything is obvious, the authorities and militia lie to us, keep us under their thumb. Your mystical lyrics are far from obvious.
And I stick to this. It is up to the listener to imagine something. And my role is to just stir their imagination.

MRR: Now just a few facts about the album. You recorded it in the winter and spring of 1988. You like to spend as much time as possible in the studio and polish things up?
Yes, I do. But it doesn't mean we spent a few solid months in the studio, because at that time I played a lot of concerts with Wanka Wstanka. So we really recorded over three one-week sessions. We made this album in three weeks. Then we put finishing touches for a few days. We could say it was one month of work, twelve-hour sessions, day after day. But I had the whole project and draft, which I had prepared and thought out earlier. So the backbone was there and we were only dressing it up. You should remember that the tapes were lost and the album came out over a decade later on CD, reconstructed from an ordinary cassette tape. Just think how well it must have been recorded if it sounds so good after it was copied from that tape. We took great effort to make sure these recordings would sound good, that they would sound mature.

MRR: The singer here is Pawel Tauter. The same guy who contributed vocals to *Why Not?*. But he sings in a completely different way, perhaps a bit theatrical, like an actor.
I was trying to convey this way to him, because this is my way of singing. It was me that suggested a certain type of rendition to Pawel. There wasn't much time to check or rehearse that, so at times perhaps his rendition is a little over the top. But when I listen to it now, all these years later, I don't think there's any mismatch, I think it sounds cool. Yeah, perhaps we were too young, perhaps at times he goes too far. But his beautiful voice makes up for that. Because he did have a beautiful voice—in fact he still does!

MRR: The album is called *Specjalny rodzaj kontrastu* but the song bearing the same title is not on it. Is there some concept behind that?
Not at all. We thought this song should open the album, we were planning to record it again because it had been known earlier, but we gave up the idea. Yet the title seemed like a perfect fit here.

MRR: Did you have a design for the cover in the 1980s? Did you have any ideas for the artwork?
Mmmm... I think we wanted only black background and a white logo. It wasn't much different from what was released on CD by Jadzia Ryba, Boofish Rec. The logo and title—minimalist, pure and simple. The cover of the vinyl was to look this way. Please notice, this record was made to be released on vinyl. There're twenty minutes on each side. Unfortunately, it's being released on vinyl only now, 25 years later. I'm really happy about it because finally it assumes the most suitable form. And I do like vinyl records.

MRR: I'm not sure if the question won't be too inquisitive, but in that mysticism, did you use any consciousness-expanding devices?
Sure, I was always into experimenting. You can probably hear it. I really liked the approach taken by Stanisław Witkiewicz. I even have some acquaintances who are physicians, and they were sitting next to me when I was writing the songs and testing.

MRR: So if you did the same thing, just like Witkacy with his paintings, what captions would you use for those songs?
I don't remember—there was so much of that and I forgot. Actually, the real trip started only after Marek Kisiel, bass guitarist, joined me and Czarny. The three of us really liked experimenting. For example *Radio Niebieskie Oczy Heleny* [*Helena's Blue Eyes Radio*] was a strictly acid album. And the insane *Aniol w tlenie* [*Angel in Oxygen*] is pure mescaline. [laughs]

MRR: The black album contains the final recordings with Paweł on vocals.
Yeah. He left for the USA.

MRR: When you played concerts, did the songs have the same form as the studio recordings?
Yes, of course. We used the same means, instruments...

MRR: How did it happen that the album wasn't released in the 1980s?
First it was to be released by Klub Plytowy Razem, but the club folded. It seems there was someone who made a better offer... Our manager was dealing with that, and during negotiations something weird happened, and the master tape vanished. It got buried somewhere in Rogot, the company which was to release it. I soon lost track of that, because I was no longer in touch with our former manager, the system changed, companies were folding, everything was changing... It was impossible to track it down... To make it more interesting, a little trivia fact for you: part of the proceeds from that record were to be donated to a foundation for blind people. The record was engulfed by the monolith of those times.

This was a really focused artistic effort, the first carefully designed project of the band. And for us it was irreparable loss that the album didn't come out when it was made. Because as a band, we had just found our style, we felt like we were in seventh heaven, and the next day it was all gone. We had to start from the beginning. Later we re-recorded those songs—it would've been a waste not to do so. New people appeared, and new forms... but it was never quite the same.

MRR: There was a talk that someone had stolen it... But why would anyone need such a tape?
I don't know. Someone may have deliberately put it away; perhaps someone didn't like us...? Well we can spin tales of a conspiracy. It just got lost, and that's it. No one ever admitted to having it. Maybe someone has it and is laughing at the whole situation?

MRR: But 1984 has continued for all these years. Though I'm not sure if it's not your solo project now.
I work with Robert and the two of us play concerts together. A new album is emerging and we could say that this is my solo project. I approached Leszek Wojtas, otherwise known as Czubek, to work on this production, but it is still called 1984. In fact the concept here resembles the black album.

MRR: Concerts, which you play now, suggest you are leaning towards a kind of performance with various media, visual displays, spoken word, and an unconventional way of acting....
Yes, this is my idea and I would like to have more of that.

MRR: It seems to me that you want to push buttons or provoke people.
Provocation is only a colour of the show. Some are irritated by what I'm doing and others love it. But the best thing that happened to me recently was when people came up to me saying that their life changed for the better thanks to my lyrics.

MRR: Recently you created a bit of scandal at Rock na Bagnie Festival.
That was on purpose. I could feel this little fiend under my skin, I didn't want to show it, but it came out anyway. I won't tell you what was so annoying for me. I don't want to sound spiteful, even though in the past I was like that, but still... A punker came out of me.

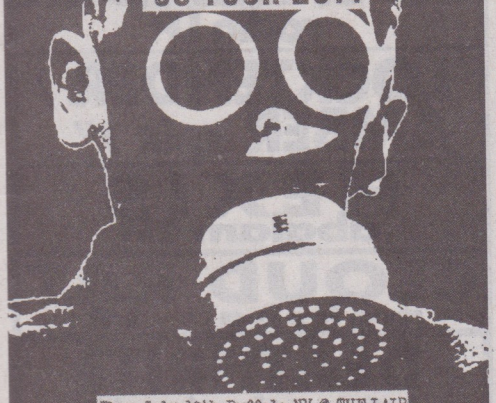
MRR: You played completely different stuff than what most people were waiting for.
That's right. As usual. I thought "this is a punk festival, and everybody is playing the same, everyone's so nice and polite, there's no punk rock spirit in it at all." A little bit of provocation wouldn't hurt them.

MRR: What future can you see for what you're doing now?
Hopefully, I'll manage to surprise myself a few more times.

OPPOSITION RISING

DISASTER STRIKES

US TOUR 2014



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Fri July 11th Detroit, MI @ TRUMBULLPLEX
Sat July 12th Chicago, IL @ COBRA LOUNGE
Sun July 13th Rockford, IL @ DISASTER HOUSE (3-7Pm)
Sun July 13th Madison, WI @ THE VAULT
Mon July 14th Minneapolis, MN @ MEMORY LANES
Tue July 15th Fargo, ND @ NEW DIRECTION
Wed July 16th Missoula, MT @ STAGE 112
Thur July 17th Seattle, WA @ HIGHLINE
Fri July 18th Portland, OR @ SLABTOWN
Sat July 19th Eugene, OR @ BLACK FOREST
Sun July 20th Eureka, CA @ INK ANNEX
Mon July 21st Reno, NV @ GROUND ZERO
Tue July 22nd Richmond, CA @ BURNT RAMEN
Wed July 23rd Sacramento, CA @ THE COLONY
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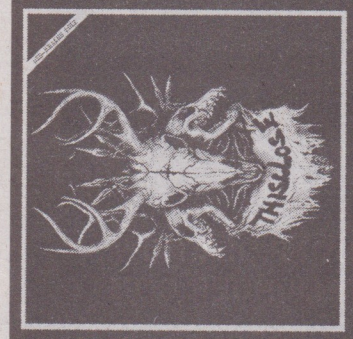

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Fear of the Future is a hopeless vomit in human destiny. Their sound reflects a society that drags and throws itself in the rottenness of routine. These bastards are getting drunk while we are all heading to total disaster. From São Paulo, the tediously chaotic garbage city, they have been quite active recording and playing lots of gigs. So far, they released a demo called Let's Get High Before It's Too Late and, more recently, a split with Disturbia Cladis. This interview was done between the end of 2013 and beginning of 2014.

Introduction and interview by Alan Miséria // Photos by Chris Justino and Pimar Ramos

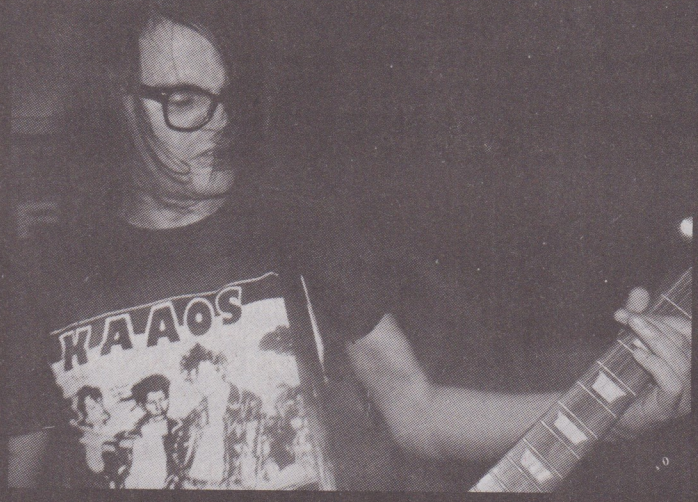
MRR: Frequently people talk about post-apocalyptic bands, with a sound like the end of the world. In your case, would it be more correct to say that your sound is "pre-apocalyptic" due the band's name?
Fred Bahia: It's not "pre-apocalyptic"; the truth is that will be cool if the world ends.
Bonga: Many people make the mistake of thinking the band is afraid of the future because of our name, but the lyrics of the song "Fear of the Future" say, "We lost all feelings / We lost our fears / The fear of the future." We await a total fucked-up future, so we live the present fast as much as possible. We are taking advantage of the last vestiges of health and mood. We don't have goals and ambitions for the future, only to exist and destroy. "In this world of shit, who cares about tomorrow? / Let's get high before it's too late."
Felipe: If I could announce the apocalypse with music, I would! Hahaha. The bands that inspire us are from the days when people experienced more closely the fear of a nuclear disaster. Today, despite the presence of weapons capable of sweeping the life off the planet and the ghost of an ecological catastrophe always hanging around us, this theme is not present in everyday life.

MRR: What gloomy future awaits us?
Felipe: Our future is the same: to cease to exist. Most of the time, we don't exist. We have a short break here and we have an obligation to ourselves to make this small lifetime be good and pleasurable somehow. The future is nothing that existed before we existed.
Bonga: Disease, pain and death.
Fred Bahia: I'll be another pretty face on TV.

MRR: You formed Fear of the Future in the end of 2012, probably with influences from those Swedish bands (Fear of War, Rescues in Future)... beyond this, the band's name is a fucking great song from Doom, are they also an inspiration?
Bonga: The name is also a tribute to the two bands you mentioned, but not only Swedish bands of the '80s (Anti-Cimex, Puke, Moderat Likvidation, Disarm, etc.) are influences for us, but also '77 punk (Sex Pistols, Generation X, the Damned), heavy metal (Judas Priest, Satan, Diamond Head), UK82 (GBH, Discharge, English Dogs), some Finnish stuff like Bastards and Kaaos, some post-punk/death-rock and many other noises. Some compilations also, like *The Vikings Are Coming*, *Sub*, *Afflicted Cries in the Darkness of War*, etc. About the Doom song, the whole band really likes Doom and their song "Fear of the Future," but they are not a direct influence for us.
Fred Bahia: Doom's "Fear of the Future" is cool, but I prefer our version.

MRR: You write lyrics based on specific subjects or they appear from nothing during the rehearsals or something like this? What are the main subjects? Seems like there's someone wanting to get high...
Bonga: Usually one of us appears with some riff; from there we build the songs and write the lyrics, which are usually written by me, but with "approval" of all. We talk about being yourself, not following any ideology or pre-established moral, about the chaos of life after the industrial revolution, about the garbage city that we live (São Paulo), decapitating Nazis, about the Latin American indigenous genocide, among other issues.

FEAR OF THE FUTURE



MRR: Chaos seems to be the philosophy or the anti-philosophy of the band. Am I right? Don't you have family? Don't you work? Where did the moral and good habits go? Didn't you learn nothing from Christianity?

Filipe: The band has no intention of having a philosophy. Maybe because of that, chaos is our philosophy. I'll quote here one phrase of the character José, from the *Zero* romance, written by Ignácio de Loyola Brandão: "Family is shit. I ran away from mine." I identify totally with that. I lost contact with all the people of my family who are not my friends. The abolition of family and work must be a flag of all revolutionary movements; if not, it's disguised conservatism. I work because I have bills to pay, because the cynical principle still stands: "Who does not work shall not eat." But I am studying ways to live without working. What I learned from Christianity was this: "Tell me with whom you walk, I'll tell you who you are." Jesus walked with Judas and Judas walked with Jesus. The bible is just shoddy literature.

Fred Bahia: Family? Christianity? I pulled away from my family because of Christianity. I could not stand that bunch of believers yelling in my house. I could not read, write or even listen to an LP. When I was a child my mother forced me to go to the church, and if I refused, I was beaten. Now you can answer me, this is God? My family still lives with lies, ignorance and exploitation. Sometimes I consider myself more anti-theist than atheist. I really don't like Christianity and this rotten fascist institution called church!

Bonga: Christianity for me is the worst thing that ever existed on Earth. The Catholic Church has killed more than the Nazis and the political and social effects are terrible until today. You can see the indigenous colonization promoted by his damned priests. "I hate God and all his sheep." Chaos can take us a little bit out of the terrible routine of everyday life. We don't have parents that pay our rent or food, so we have to work and dig deeper our grave.

MRR: The June demonstrations made a huge number of people go to the streets. What should have been a protest against the increasing of the public transport fare became, in lots of places in Brazil, among other things, the multifaceted expression of the population and their dissatisfaction regarding the government(s). Did you go to the demonstrations? What is your opinion about it? In the split you will release, there is a song called "Odeio o Brasil" ("I Hate Brazil"). Did the recent events that took place in the country, in some way, influence the creation of this "music"? Can you talk a little about the lyrics of this song?

Bahia: At the time of the demonstrations, I was repressed by the police, and also by some protesters, because I set fire to a São Paulo state flag. I confess I had thought that I was returning to be politicized again. At that moment, I tried to avoid a military nightmare, like the times of our parents. If a military dictatorship happens again, I hope not to be here anymore. The song "Odeio o Brasil" comes at a good time to show our discontent not only with the politics, but with the whole Brazilian society.

Felipe: About the June 2013 demonstrations, I have only to say that in the crowd it is always stupidity that stands out. When the voice of the streets are nationalist, with conservative / right claims, the best thing is to stay at home. The best time to throw shit in the national flag is when the streets are painted with the colors of the country and the crowds are blinded by jingoism.

Bonga: Recent demonstrations made me return to the streets to claim them after years of absence and disbelief. The first time I was brutally repressed by the military police. The second time many people that never go to demonstrations appeared, but we can see their disgusting nationalist, religious and homophobic discourses. I don't believe in deep political and social change. I don't believe that humans can organize themselves in a good way. The song "Odeio o Brasil" doesn't have a relationship with the demonstrations; it's just a candid text about how we feel living in Brazil's shit. And it can be considered a hymn against nationalism and nationalists, too.

MRR: What is your opinion about the Black Bloc? Are they just fashion or are they are really involved with the political contest and so on? Will the kids now stop wearing colorful clothes and listening Restart (a Brazilian happy rock band) to join the black dress and anarchist direct action?
Bonga: I think the fashion has been more with the people that came to the streets to claim them for the first time and with a very reactionary discourse—these were the worst. The media already stopped paying attention to the Black Bloc. Unfortunately, there aren't many young people at the Black Bloc.
Felipe: The Black Bloc demonstrations—after the media talks a lot about them, distorts everything, and the common people get tired of this subject—will return to be what it always was: a tactic adopted by a minority willing to face police forces. The children are fashion consumers, they like news. If somebody released some Black Bloc toys, or sold protest clothes at the time of the demonstrations, they would be very rich now.
Fred Bahia: I wish that Black Bloc was a trend, because it's really better than the reality of the São Paulo streets nowadays. We can see a lot of dickheads in the streets beating gays, foreigners and black people.

MRR: Stewart Home said that punk and mail art were the only types of art that could be called "movements," probably because they existed in lots of places of the world, contrary to other kinds (at that time). Mail art disappeared when the internet was popularized, but punk stays alive and goes beyond just a temporary tendency, being, lots of times, considered a "culture." Do you see punk in this way? After all these years, can we consider it a culture of resistance?
Bonga: To me, punk nowadays is a counterculture, not a movement. It has more to do with the lifestyle, DIY ethics and trying to search for a way, as much as possible, to be yourself. Yes, it is a culture of resistance, when we talk about the marginal production without the support of capitalists or the State. I do not think that punk is going to change the world or any neighborhood or street, but it can change people and make their life more independent of the big lords and the mainstream media.

MRR: How do you see the noisy scene in São Paulo nowadays?
Bonga: Many bands, not too many places to play. Few people at the underground gigs, in my point of view, because of the large supply of big shows and bands from other countries available almost every weekend here. Bands from our area that I really like are Nuclear Fröst, Social Chaos, Unfit Scum, DER, among others. Good places to play are Formigueiro (East Zone), Zapata (Center), 74 Club and Cidadão do Mundo (ABC area), CICAS (North Zone) and Casa Mafalda (West Zone). A record shop that I really like is Extreme Noise Discos, and the best and craziest place for rehearsal and recording for sure is Caffeine. The scene here is cool because of the diversity and I think it's to easier do some things here, but it has a lot of negative aspects, too.

MRR: Besides seeing mainstream icons emerge and disappear, it seems that we have been watching the death of the music industry (I pray everyday for that, haha), who does everything to keep their markup—especially trying to block free downloading on the internet. Do you think that these downloads also negatively affect independent bands? In your opinion, will the music industry go bankrupt? Or just change the internet?
Bonga: In my opinion, I don't see negative aspects when we talk about independent bands—for me, it only helps. I think the album format, unfortunately, is becoming increasingly outdated as people have unlimited access to information—many things to see, do and hear at the same time. Nowadays, few people stop and calmly hear a full album or some new local artist. But we don't care about anybody and Fear of the Future is planning a full album for the end of 2014. The music industry is suffering a lot, talking now about the pop stars; there are few rock bands nowadays that can be bigger than the rock dinosaurs of the '70s and '80s.

MRR: Is there something to fill the human void that is not a placebo?
Bonga: Humans are always looking to give a meaning to their lives: breeding, making charity, accumulating wealth, or spending their free time with self-destruction. I don't know; I'm not happy to be alive.
Felipe: If it exists or not, I don't know, but this is something desperate for me. I don't need a deep or metaphysical meaning for my existence. A lunch and a good beer is OK for me. Placebo or not, who cares?
Fred Bahia: I'm not the best person to answer that for you, but if it's placebo or not, that moment of happiness has to be enjoyed the maximum that we could. There are several ways to achieve these feelings, but only a person themself knows how reach their point. This is what I believe.

MRR: It is said that we live in post-utopian times, is this a reason to be afraid of the future?
Fred Bahia: I think that it is too late to start fearing something. Earth is a bad place to live since a long time ago and it's not necessary go to a post-utopian history period to see this. The only difference is that life will have less meaning to the people.
Felipe: The great problem of the end of utopia is to look at the future and not see a prospect of change. All organizations of the civil society are shit! The end of utopia means conformism and resignation. Accept the things like they are and do not dream of changing anything is the message. But the time will pass and new utopias probably will appear at the future.
Bonga: All systems fail, like the Varukers say. The death of God also contributes to the lack of perspectives and goals. I think religion today is more cultural than mystical. The old idea of heaven vs. hell and life after death are decreasing. The crowd as time passes by will know that living is being born, suffering and dying.

"The best time to throw shit in the national flag is when the streets are painted with the colors of the country and the crowds are blinded by jingoism."

MRR: Sweden is considered to be one of the most politically advanced countries with its social democracy. Following their political example, certainly on the elections of 2014 you guys will vote for PSDB (Party of the Brazilian Social Democracy)?
Bonga: No system works; in "perfect" Sweden, the suicide and depression rates are very high among. I do not vote because I'm never at my voting place. In fact, I don't give a fuck about that.
Fred Bahia: I don't vote. Here in Brazil, it's an obligation and for me this is inconceivable. I don't know how Sweden is, I never went there—I just like the bands.
Felipe: The name of the party doesn't mean anything. All parties look like the same. They are all professional politicians and the same faces are always in power. I don't believe in democracy. I can't change anything voting.

MRR: Isn't it a little tiring to work all week and play on gigs on weekends, have to carry equipment, sometimes to far places, with practically no financial return?
Felipe: We get tired but I don't stop to think about that. I don't want to stop playing, I just want to stop working. The bad thing is I have to go to work on Monday.
Bonga: Sometimes I ask myself about that, too. The financial return is zero or less, but playing and traveling on the weekends are our moment to escape of the routine of everyday life—to be myself, to meet nice people. For me, it is a pleasure to make noise, too.
Fred Bahia: You're right, we need more payment at the shows, haha. It's exhaustive working and playing. If we could live only for the band that would be very fine, but that is not a reason for us to stop.

MRR: I know that Bonga does (or did) the *Nuvem Negra* zine. How is your involvement with the alternative press? Beyond *Nuvem Negra* do you edit some other zine?
Bonga: I released two editions of the *Nuvem Negra* ("Black Cloud") fanzine between 2008 and 2010. The first was more than 30 A4 pages and the second was more than 50. It was a time when I had just ended journalism college (never worked in the area) and was living at my parents' house. My bands were in a slow time and I had a lot of free nights that allowed me write and made all editions. I want to edit more fanzines in the future, but at the moment I prefer making some fucking noise! Nowadays only collaborations, like the one I did for the fanzine *Nausea*, edited by Rot vocalist and Absurd Records/Extreme Noise Discos owner Marcelo.

MRR: One of the few times I saw a punk band on TV, I remember Ratos de Porão playing on the *Home of Angelica* kids show. It was probably the most educational thing that appeared on her program—though a little weird. Recently you played at a TV program called *Garage*, can you talk a little bit about it? What is the difference between giving an interview for TV and a zine?
Bonga: It was a blast. The TV show is live. We played six songs and talked about many things with 100% freedom of speech. I prefer to write than to speak. My head is confusion and I think of a thousand words before I can say something. The only difficult thing about television is shyness and finding the best way to express what you think and feel.
Fred Bahia: It's a little complicated to talk live. Sometimes we feel surprised by the questions and have anxiety, so it's hard to get calm to answer what we really want to answer. In an oral interview you don't have much time to think.

MRR: That same day, you also played a gig with other noisy bands. You guys have been quite active. I thought that Fear of the Future would be more like a project than a band that would frequently play gigs. Which bands have shared the stage with Fear of the Future? I saw that some foreign bands come to Brazil, but I didn't notice if you played with any of them. If you played with some of those bands, do you know if there's any difference between sharing the stage with foreign bands and Brazilian ones?
Bonga: We play a lot with Distürbia Cladis, the guys that we just released a split 7" with and our friends Nuclear Fröst. We play a lot with grindcore bands, too. We have played with some bands from other countries, like Agathocles from Belgium, CAD from Slovakia, Calamine from Switzerland and Alarm from France. There is not much difference playing with a local band or a foreign one, but generally the underground kids attend more of the gigs with foreign bands involved. And sure, the sharing of ideas with the foreign bands is awesome.

MRR: By the way, how did the band emerge?
Bonga: I was drinking with Bahia (guitar) and Marcelo (drummer) and we realized that we had some free nights during the week. A rotten bar in the Bixiga neighborhood had a jukebox with various good sounds like Exodus, Dead Kennedys and Motörhead. When Venom started to play, we decided to start to book a rehearsal and play some hardcore/punk '80s anthems (for us, obviously). The name of the band came the same day. We were totally stoned and drunk and decided to combine the names of the bands Fear of War and Rescues in Future, both from the *Vikings Are Coming* LP, a compilation that everybody in the band loves to death. We started to write something of our own and soon found Felipe for the bass. The chemistry was, and is, great! So we never changed the lineup.

MRR: You released the demo *Let's Get High Before It's Too Late* and now are going to release the split with Disturbia Cladis, which has a song written in Portuguese—we even already mentioned it. Is there any other label besides Terrötten involved in the release of the split? When it will be released and in what format?
Bonga: The recording sessions, the cover art, the layout of the booklet and the prints are all done by us and our friends in the old do it yourself way. The CDR is really like a common CD. Five songs in English. Listen here—fearofthefuture.bandcamp.com. The split with Distürbia Cladis are 500 copies on a 7". We just released the vinyl, if you want, send an email to me (brunocarubbi@gmail.com) or any of the labels involved (Terrötten, Insane Noise, Equivokke, Zuada Records, Purgatorius Records, Extreme Noise Records, Cipreste Negro and Crust or Die).

MRR: So, thats it! I'll leave the space here for you to say what you want... I'm really thankful for the interview!
Fred Bahia: If you have something difficult to do, the best option is always don't do it.
Bonga: Be yourself! Long live paper fanzines! Let's get high before it's too late! Destroy!

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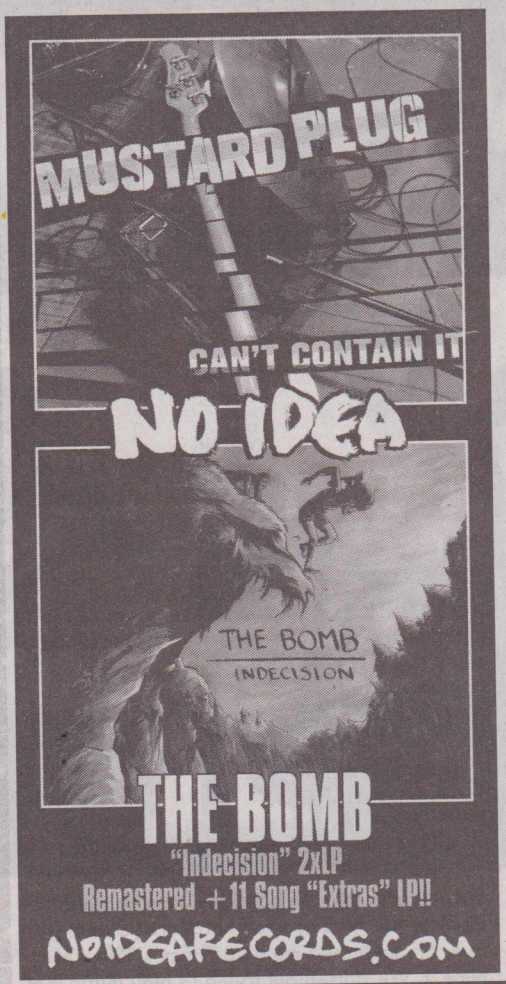

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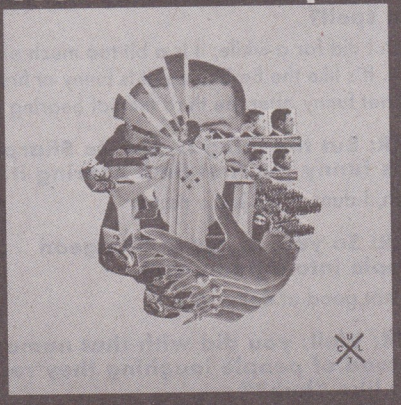

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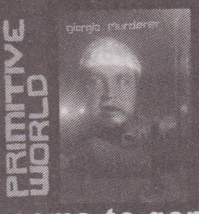

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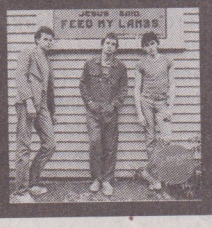

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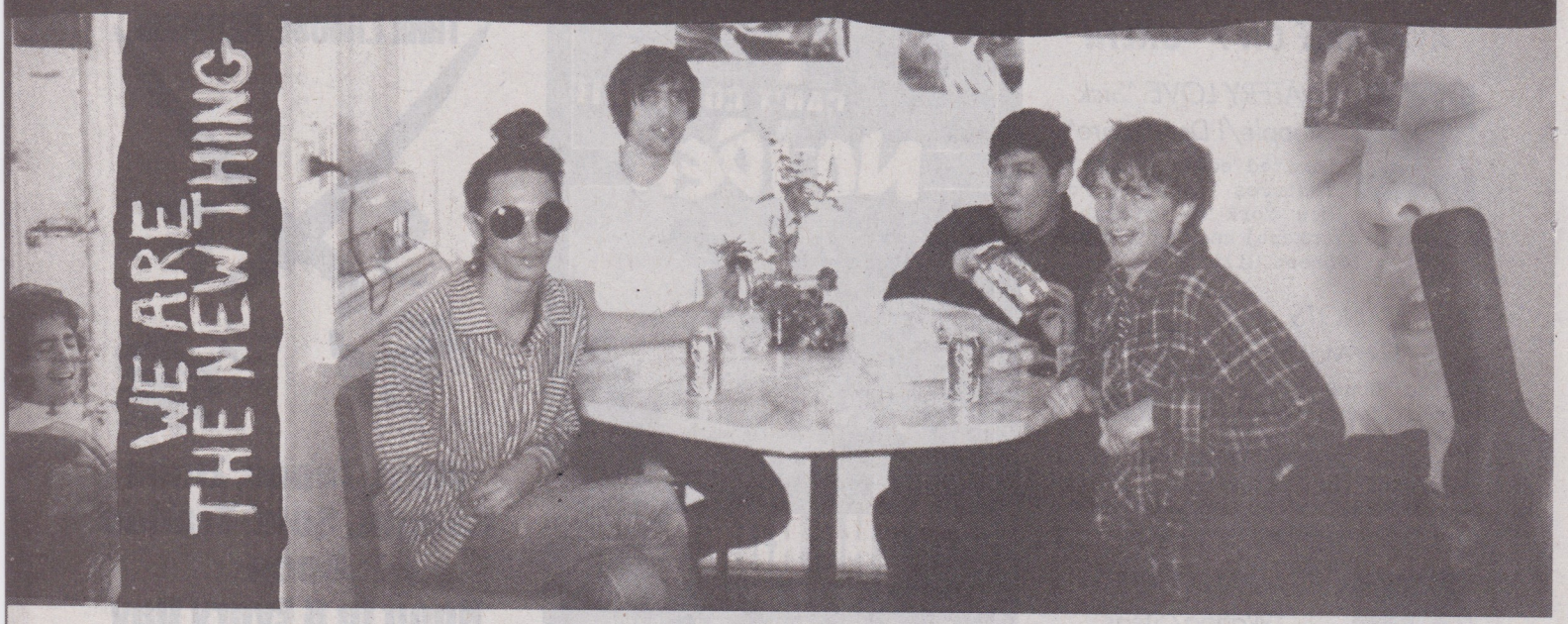
AUSMUTEANTS



Ausmuteants is one of the best bands out of the state of Victoria right now. With an endless stream of tapes and 7"s already behind them, it's only fitting that Goner Records have picked up their LP Amusements for a State-side release. I talked to Jake over the video-internet about the group, growing up on NSW's notoriously shitty Central Coast, our past, and his previous musical crimes. Interview by Owen Penglis. Photos by Carolyn Hawkins, Mitch Camp, Washington Irving, and Jake.

MRR: Jake?

Are you wearing a cheese helmet?

MRR: What about it?

Nothing. I've never used Skype before, can you see me okay?

MRR: Unfortunately.

[Jake's girlfriend breaks wind loudly, blames it on Jake.]

MRR: How do I transcribe that?

Hahaha, that was fucking hilarious.

MRR: Ausmuteants formed with you and Billy, why'd you get anybody else involved?

We wanted to start playing live and the White Stripes were already doing the two-piece thing.

MRR: Fair enough, I guess you do look related.

We knew Marc from playing in the Bonniwells, he was into the same music as us. There were lots of other bands around in our circle of friends who were doing things we all really loved, and still do love, but we were all interested in trying to make music a little left of centre. Shaun came into the band because he liked disco as much as he liked hardcore [Owen: It's true, Shaun turned me onto Fancy's "Slice Me Nice"]. We started out trying to play music that was different to everything else, but it kind of just sounds the same as everything else now.

MRR: Do you ever think about changing the name to something that you can spell?

Yeah I did for a while; it is a bit too much of a joke. It's like the Be Sharps—it is funny at first, but not funny after the third time of hearing it.

MRR: But the thing is, the Be Sharps was funny the first time hearing it.

Yeah, I dunno. It's just a name.

MRR: So you've got to bludgeon people into agreement?

I'm not good at doing that.

MRR: Well, you did with that name; instead of people laughing they're just like "huh?"

That's what I was going for.

MRR: Shrugging acceptance?

Yep!

MRR: Do you remember when we first met on Myspace?

I was refreshed on Facebook recently from you posting embarrassing quotes from 2004(?). I told Carolyn (farting girlfriend) you'd bring this shit up. I knew you would! I was living on the Central Coast of NSW, I had no friends with similar music interests as me and I found this little 21-year-old female from Sydney into the Reatards and Black Lips on Myspace and I thought I had found a haven of people into garage punk music.

MRR: But it was just me, as the 7" label I was running. It was great watching you try to hit on me. Do you remember adding me for no reason on Myspace and after chatting to me every now and then, telling me that you had listened to every record there was and there were none left to hear? Are you still that annoying?

[laughs] I don't remember, but I don't doubt it. I was an idiot kid. Chris from Multiple Man reminded me the other day that he blocked me on MSN in high school for asking him if I should take a girl I liked to a monster truck rally. He later told me, "I just remember thinking to myself, 'fuck this guy.'" I said stupid shit when I was younger, a lot of people do.

MRR: ...not just when you were younger.

Stupider shit. I don't remember any of that stuff, but I know I was a little annoying internet kid—so I don't doubt it for a second.

MRR: You moved to Geelong (from the Central Coast of NSW) because the Frowning Clouds asked you to join. Was that something that changed your life?

Yeah it did. I was planning to move to Melbourne with my girlfriend at the time, but I knew those guys and they asked me to join, so I moved to Geelong instead.

MRR: You used to be so excited when you first joined Frowning Clouds. It was really funny to watch. It was like you finally got to play in a band with people your own age and into the same music as you. How was growing up on the Central Coast?

All the people there are really cool. Got to hang out with my brother a lot. We played in a band called Snoozefests, but we weren't into the same kind of music. My brother played drums and he is into metal and my friend Josh played bass, who also played in my first band, the Solid Beam/Buttshaft. He moved to Tasmania and is really into reggae and ska.

MRR: What kind of ska?

Second wave, Sublime.

MRR: Oh, Central Coast ska. Your old band, the No Such Things (a '60s covers band Jake used to play in, with blues shredding over the top.) I understand you used to enjoy shredding the guitar.

I still love shredding.

MRR: But you've learnt something called self-control?

That's something moving to Geelong taught me...

MRR: ...when to keep it in your pants?

Yeah, it just comes with getting older. The first time everybody does something, they...

MRR: ...they blow it.

Yeah! I still like to let loose every now and then.

MRR: In the privacy or your own home or in public?

A little from column A, a little from column B. I just got an SG so now I can rock out like Angus!

MRR: Do you wear a shirt?

...naked.

MRR: I've got a confession. That time I came to see the No Such Things...

...and you said you had to go to a wedding, but I knew you just fucked off because you didn't like it?

MRR: Yeah. That's why I didn't stick around. I just didn't want to watch anymore.

It's like the other day, Frowning Clouds played a show with the Stems, whom I used to really like as a teenager. I used to think they sounded like they were from a Teenage Shutdown comp or something. I thought all of those '80s revival bands sounded legit. I don't see that anymore. I don't know what was smeared over my senses. It was cheesy garbage; with lyrics like "I'm a weed in the garden of love." Give me a break. It probably explains why I don't shred over the same four chords when I play music now.

MRR: All I see is bad haircuts and ugly guitars.

Pretty much. At least they're having fun.

MRR: Can you tell me more about how Frowning Clouds asked you to be in the band and how they turned you from a Central Coast isolated loser to a Melbourne loser who finally got a girlfriend?

Fuck, I dunno. Zak and I just used to make mix CDs for each other back in the day and write stupid things in chat rooms. I became friends with them when they started touring Sydney. Frowning Clouds were playing a show with you guys (Straight Arrows) in Bondi, and Brenton (their original bass player) didn't want to play for some reason. I knew half of the songs, so just filled in.

MRR: When you first joined you played with the enthusiasm of an ape who'd just learnt to masturbate in exchange for cigarettes.

I was pretty happy to be playing in the band. I don't really know how to answer that one.

MRR: That's okay, I just wanted to talk about the masturbating ape.

Maybe this interview should just be comprised of your questions all in a row.

MRR: ...and your girlfriend farting.

It was a corker, wasn't it?

MRR: It echoed around your room, out the computer speakers, and then around this room. With Ausmuteants, you record heaps of shit and you just seem to put everything out.

The cassette and the first 7" were just Billy and me messing around on his four-track. The Anti Fade 7", the new Easter Bilby 7" and the Amusements LP were all done in one session with Mikey (Young). We recorded 23 songs and ended up using 19 of them. The newest 7" was just me and Bill screwing around on Logic.

MRR: I recently got an eight-CD collection of His Satanic Majesty's Request by the Rolling Stones, it has a lot of harmonica songs, jamming out on backing tracks 24 times in a row, and somebody fucks up at the end every time.

They've got eight CDs worth of material and they left on Bill Wyman's snoring?

MRR: I think it's good. Do you have any quality control in your brain on how many songs you write and how a whole heap of them stink? The thing is, when you have diarrhoea, you need to understand that it is still shit.

A little bit. I don't want to release shit, but sometimes I like to let a few farts out to prepare.

MRR: You want to stay on the toilet just in case?

I want to have a whole lot of toilet paper next to me.

MRR: Is the toilet paper the 7"s you're putting out, or is the toilet paper the ears of your listeners?

I think the toilet hole is the ears of the listeners.

MRR: You recently got your record put out on Goner Records. Congratulations, artist. Why aren't you going to play Gonerfest, since they asked you?

We're still trying. We don't have much money

MRR: There're [Australian government touring] grants you can get for that.

I'm busy and lazy. Shaun's girlfriend is trying to help us out with that, but she is real busy at the moment.

MRR: When I last saw Frowning Clouds you were doing Devo moves while playing bass. What were you thinking?

I thought it would be funny because we had dug ourselves into this '60s hole. 60-year-olds pretending to be eighteen-year-olds who came to our shows wanted to hear covers of "Mustang Sally" while we wore turtlenecks. I thought devolution would help. Then I saw a video and I looked like a dolt. So I haven't done it in ages.

MRR: Yeah it made you look silly. On a similar note, you wrote, "This machine kills faggots" on your Burns guitar. Has anybody beat the shit out of you for that yet?

I wrote that one there years ago with what I thought was a whiteboard marker, because there is this guy from Geelong who tried to do the Guthrie thing and wrote "This machine kills fascists." I think his is more offensive than mine, because Guthrie wrote it in a time when it made an impact on society's perception of the world... But having a kid from Australia in 2012 write it on his guitar means nothing... That's why I changed "fascists" to "faggots"... I'm not sure if the Australian faggot translates to the American faggot... It doesn't always mean gay person here... If my mum tells me to put out the trash, I can call her a faggot... Ha ha, I dunno.

MRR: You went through a stage that I called "Offensive Jake." How is he going? You realise there is a difference between being un-PC and being a fuckwit, right?

I'm slowly learning the difference between being a wanker and being a fucking wanker when I'm playing music and in how I act when I can't hide behind an instrument. [Sighs] I was just trying to rip off the Electric Eels.

MRR: Did the Spits ever hear the Ausmuteants demos?

I sent it to Slovenly when we first did the Split Personalities tape. They replied saying, "We already have the Spits on our catalogue, we don't need another band that sounds like them." I wrote back, "They're the only good band you've got on your catalogue anyway." They didn't reply to that. I realise now that it was Offensive Jake who said that. He can go jump in a lake. Long Live Nice Jake. It's good to be a regular dude.

Ausmuteants' Amusements is out now on Aarght!/Goner Records. See them tour the States this September if they can save up in time.

WE WANT TO SCREAM THIS RABID ANGER AND CLAIM OUR NAME IN QUECHUA

WAÑUY

... DEATH ...

The band Wañuy is from the chaotic, civil war-torn capitol city of Lima, Peru. Lima is complicated in every way—socially, historically, politically and racially. These complications lend to strife that takes form in their corrupt government, contaminated water and air, and the non-stop chaos of honking horns and car alarms that punctuate reality. The taxi drivers laugh about how all Peruvians have a free ticket to heaven—because they already live in hell. Wañuy comes from this generation of violence and uncertainty, colored by the civil war. The name Wañuy comes from the Quechua language of the Andes and translates to Muerte in Spanish and Death in English. Interview translated & photos by Val.

THAT HAS ALWAYS HAD POWER

THE CONQUESTS AND GOVERNMENT THE GENOCIDE
THEY ALL SCREAM OF DEATH

MRR: Can you introduce yourselves and explain who does what in the band?
We are Wañuy. Burro is the bassist, Eduardo is the vocals, Delson plays drums, and Frank plays the guitar.

MRR: How did Wañuy start?
Over beer!! We started the band as a spontaneous project in 2013 and we decided to record a demo. We wanted to make a hardcore band but different than what you find in Peru, with a distinct effect on the vocals.

MRR: How would you define the sound of Wañuy?
Well... Fast, lo-fi and cheap, ha ha! It's difficult to define, but we think like Scandinavian punk from the '80s, with heavy delay on the vocals mixed with some old Peruvian recording styles.

MRR: What is this "old Peruvian recording style" exactly?
That means recorded with shitty equipment that makes totally fucking raw sounds that we love.

MRR: You guys play in other bands too?
Yes, Burro the bassist plays bass in Systemas De Aniquilación, vocals/guitar in DHK and drums in Rats Rabiosas. Delson the drummer plays drums in Systemas De Aniquilación. Eduardo is the vocalist and also screams for Terokal in the US in Portland, OR. Frank the guitarist also plays guitar for Systemas De Aniquilación.

MRR: Everyone in the band lives in Peru, except the vocalist Eduardo, who lives in Portland, OR. How does this affect the band?
We don't think it really affects Wañuy as we still do what we want. We don't practice a lot, and are not very picky in the songs. We are a more spontaneous band that creates rough punk music. The music is formed from frustration and flows fluidly.

MRR: Your second album is coming out. How do you create all the songs if you are in different countries? How does the recording work?
First we are friends and we really enjoy playing and spending time together. For us the music flows super easily with our dynamic. When we go to record at a studio (in Lima), the music comes out very naturally and we actually don't think a lot and we just record. This is the spirit of punk to us. We don't manipulate the music much or obsess over it, this is the style of the band and we will continue like this.

We connect the instruments and just do it. We created an album after two practices. The time constraints are crazy because the vocalist lives so far away—fuck you Eduardo! Ha ha ha! We don't play many shows in the country, but when we do play it's fuckin' insane. Everyone has other bands that they practice with more often and play more, but when we play with Wañuy it feels different.

MRR: I've heard that in Peru many punks do not own their own equipment. Can you tell more about this?
It has changed a bit in the last few years, but yes, many punks still don't have their own equipment. Historically no one had equipment. Now people have some of their own guitars and basses, but not amplifiers.

The equipment is rented every time you want to practice, record or play a show. The practice studio and recording spaces are not punk very often either, and are more metal or regular musicians. But there are independent groups of punks now that are starting spaces for the scene, but this is still quite small.

MRR: Tell me about the scene in Peru.
There are a lot of collectives that make punk anarchist activities, like discussions at shows, expositions, we just did a Mayday protest etc. Others make fanzines, are distributors of tapes and other stuff. Some of the bands that are active off the top of our heads: Ratas Rabiosas, Conflicto, DHK, Churreta, Desastre Social, and Systemas De Aniquilación among others.

MRR: Eduardo, you live in Portland, OR. How can you compare the punk scenes between there and Lima?
It is hard to compare directly, but it is really the same size scene. It is much easier to make punk in Portland for a lot of reasons. There are places for shows, equipment is easier to get and good bands tour all the time.

Peru doesn't have punk bands touring from other countries and it is important for the scene to be inspired by different music. It sucks in Lima that they can't pay the flights for the bands to come on tour, which makes is more difficult. If you would like to tour in Peru, it is very DIY. The beer in Peru sucks compared to beer in Portland ha ha ha, but we have amazing Pisco damn it! Lima (or anywhere in the country) doesn't have liberated spaces like some places in Portland, or record stores that are punk run. But Peru does have the punk attitude dealing with struggle, and the counter culture spirit is very prevalent, which makes the scene there very unique. In Peru, to be anarchist and punk go together very well.

MRR: What records are on your turntables right now?
Komplott from Itaty, Acción Protesta from Argentina, Dios Hastio from Peru, Olhlo Seco from Brazil and Desarme from Peru, and of course Discharge.

MRR: What do you think the future of punk in is Peru?
It will be fucking great. Kids here are more into it all the time and the scene is growing more real and honest. It is changing all the time like everywhere; but for the better. The punk in Peru has its own style and it looks like it will keep getting better.

WAÑUY

It is not fashionable to be a punk-it makes every part of your life more difficult... if you are walking down the street in a non tourist area, people will insult you and throw garbage at you.

MRR: How has the civil war that lasted many years in the '80s and '90s affected your music? Do your lyrics reference this time period?
It was definitely a big shock and people in the underground scene were affected. People still did shows but it was difficult to find places to record and arrange shows. The repression, paranoia and violence were daily. The electricity was blown out every day from bombs. Bombs every fucking day! Every day the military would take people. They would enter the shows. The government hated anarchists and would persecute. The term "No Nacido" refers to people who disappeared. These people would "politically disappear" and the term directly translates to "Never Born". It had a huge impact on the scene and created a motion of hate. It forms our music still, and yes our lyrics. We are marked still today.

MRR: Why the name Wañuy in Quechua?
This symbolizes the diversity of Peru and shares awareness about a very marginalized language. It questions the stereotype about the obligation that was placed to speak Spanish and addresses the strong taboo that exists right now in the country (and very strongly in the capitol of Lima) about speaking Quechua.

We don't speak Quechua but, since the Spanish conquest, there has been an oppression of the Incan culture; assassinating people and trying to destroy an entire culture... even today the oppression continues. They have brainwashed us to not accept anything that is indigenous from the Andes or Amazon, so as to defend the coast (where Lima is) from the era of European conquest. Peru is a country principally Andean, but we speak the language that was forced onto the people; in schools the first language is Spanish, and in some schools they teach even English and so on, but in Lima they do not teach Quechua. Probably in some schools in the mountains they do, but not in Lima. In Lima there is an aversion to our own selves really. We adore the white god that they brought on their boats, the nauseating cross that for us just represents the genocide of the past.

We want to scream this rabid anger and claim our name in Quechua; Wañuy... death... that has always had power. The conquests, government, the genocide... they all scream of death.

MRR: With Peru being a conservative country with more then 70% of the population Catholic. How does this affect you guys in terms of being punks, politically and socially?
It is fucking fucked up! You have to fight with your family, your school and everyone. It is not an easy situation. Every social aspect is dysfunctional if you look like, listen to or think like punk outside of the punk scene. It is not fashionable to be a punk, as it makes every part of your life more difficult. Some examples: if you are walking down the street in a non-tourist area, people will insult you and throw garbage at you. One of or members was riding a bicycle and was run over just because he is a punk. The society at large basically does not accept anyone who is different. It is a very close-minded culture. But, at the same time this also makes the people in the punk community even closer and united and stronger. The bands are very honest with each other and are growing a scene that is working together. There are lots of DIY labels, zines etc. One example of what happens in the scene is that before many shows we have discussions about the punk culture and the social impacts of what we are all doing.

MRR: Tell me about your demo cassette and EP?
We recorded a demo tape that went well, that was released by Riposte K7. And quickly it was reedited into a vinyl EP, *Muerte*, by three Latino labels in North America: Odio Los Discos, Huayno Amargo and Cabeza de Vaca. They created them with three different colors of covers and we are happy with how they turned out.

MRR: Are you guys working on anything new?
Yes we are working on a LP split with DHK that Odio Los Discos is releasing soon. We are fucking stoked.

MRR: Will Wañuy tour the U$A?
We like the idea, but Peruvian punks do not get fucking visas easily or other opportunities to travel there. Right now we cannot cross the border to the first world. It is totally fucked up that there are such limitations still. It is very difficult for most people from Peru to get visas at all. It is difficult not only for Peruvians, but also Ecuadorians and Bolivians as well.

MRR: So I guess this is why so few Peruvian punk bands tour in the U$A. Do you have any other tours planed?
Yes! We are fucking stoked to tour Mexico in August 2014 to make our damn noise and meet the very good bands there. We'll be touring with DHK.
The dates are;
Friday 8/15 in Toluca,
Saturday 8/16 in Guadalajara,
Sunday 8/17 in Colima,
Wednesday 8/20 in Saltillo,
Thursday 8/21 in Monterrey,
Friday 8/22 in San Luis Potosi,
Saturday 8/23 in Mexico City.

It's pretty cool that it's the first time that Peruvian punk bands will be touring together in Mexico. Fuck yeah!

wanuy.bandcamp.com

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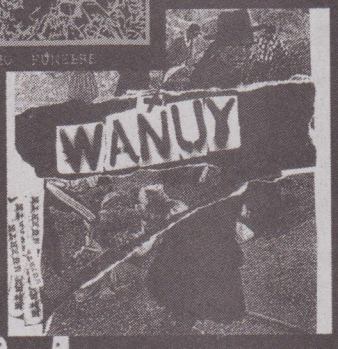

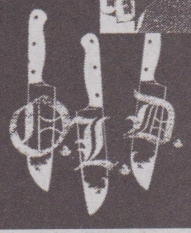

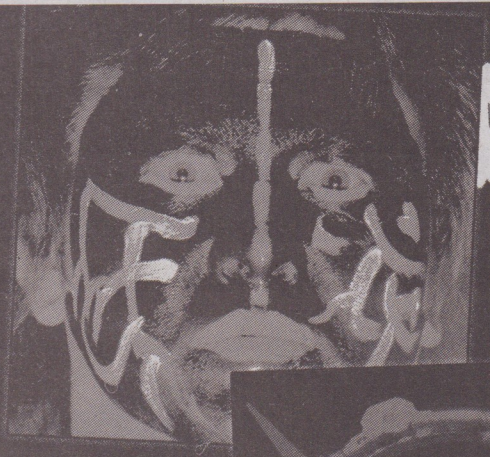

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Talk About Hardcore LP

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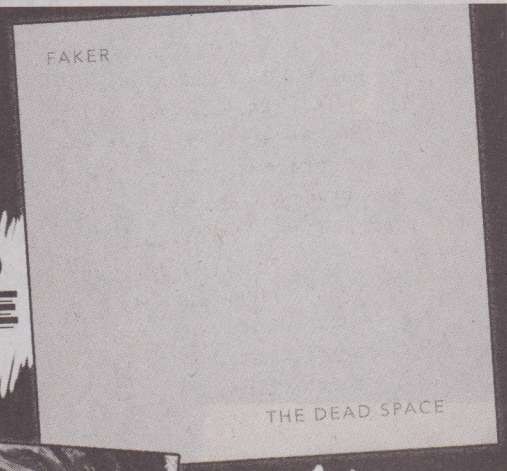

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1: Sonic Youth ('85) 2: Poison 13 ('84)
3: The Ramones ('89) 4: Butthole Surfers ('87)
5: Offenders ('84) 6: The Dicks ('84)
7: Lydia & Rene ('84) 8: Scratch Acid ('86)
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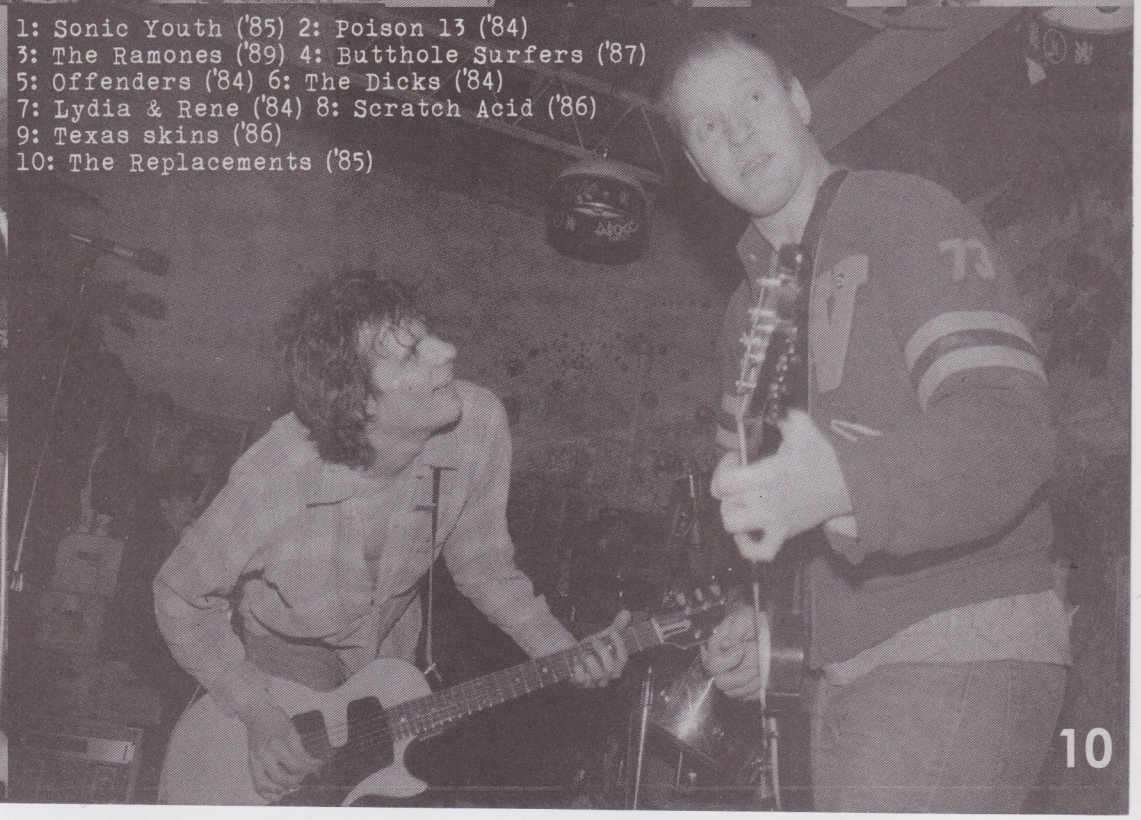


BISHOPS GREEN

Oi! and streetpunk can often get a bad reputation for being meatheaded. However, these Canadian blokes are doing it right. With lyrics that reference the personal as much as the political, and melodies that drive their message home in the most effective way, Bishops Green have found a balance between anger and expression. We asked them all about it. Interview by Mariam Bastani, intro by Lydia (A). Photos by Graeme Poole and KirbyCam.

MRR: Names and what you do in the band.
Orville: Orville Lancaster. I'm the drummer.
Sean: Sean Spear. I play guitar.
Gregory: My name's Gregory and I sing.
Scott: I'm Scott Farquharson and I play guitar and sing. And Adam's missing…he plays bass.

MRR: You guys are from Vancouver, B.C., Canada?
Orville: It's on the west coast, but we're not all originally from there. I'm from Nova Scotia, Greg's from Edmonton, Scott's from Sudbury, which is northern Ontario, and Sean's for the most part from Vancouver, but originally from Montreal.

MRR: You guys have always been active in the punk scene in Canada, so you've been around a while?
Sean: Yes. Veterans. Scott was in Nam.
Orville: Nam really brought the anger out in him.
Sean: He was in Normandy.

MRR: So you've seen the scene change and morph over the years.
Sean: Many times. We've never stopped because it's who we are. I don't think any of us would change.
Gregory: There're things that you want to do and things that you have to do. This is probably something that we all have to do. Thank god there's something out there that will take us…
Sean: …something that will allow us to be us.
Gregory: We try to have as much fun as possible.

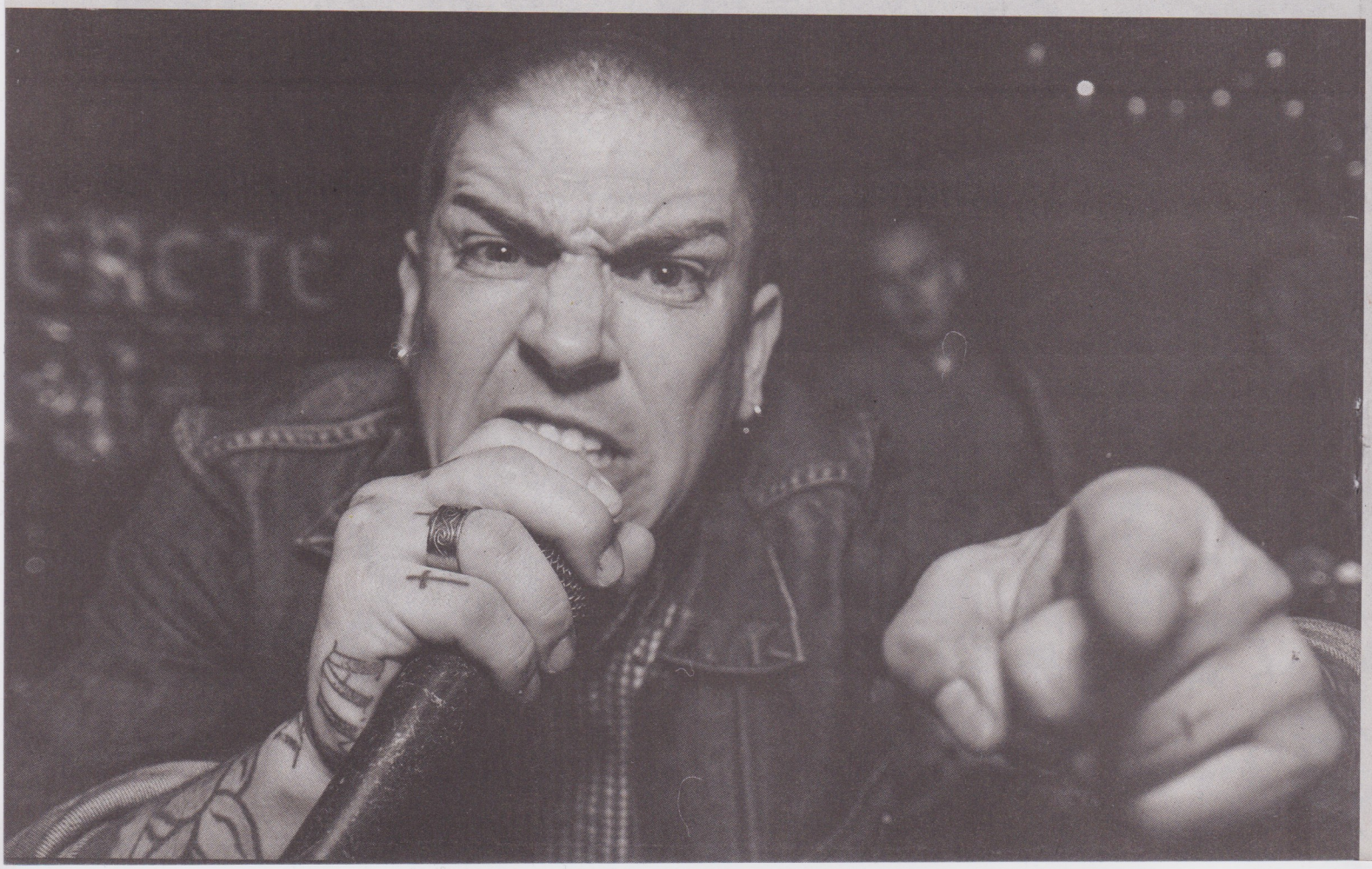
MRR: When you entered into the punk scene, was it a refuge? What attracted you to it?
Orville: I was talking to a guy named Todd Radict from Skeletone Records the other day about this, he said it was where all the freaks could go hang out and feel safe—be part of something. You didn't have to become something else to be a part of it; you could just be yourself.

MRR: You think it's still the same, specifically to where you are in Vancouver?
Sean: A lot of the attitude is the same, but what's changed a lot is that now there are different generations coming into it and they're bringing what they grew up with. What we grew up with is totally different, so that's what I see changing. They're growing up on a different level.
Gregory: Generational differences, perhaps.
Scott: I was definitely a first-waver. When I grew up, you participated and it could have been a really good band, but it was more about participating. That's what you'd do. Everybody did. Some people ended up being really talented and some people weren't, but that was what you did and it was really fun.

MRR: Do you like the current scene?
Scott: Yeah, people are more receptive and there's a lot of inspiration. Yeah. The kids who are coming up rage pretty well. They don't accept certain attitudes.

MRR: Do you think that's specific to Canada?
Scott: I don't know. Coming down here, everyone's been really nice and receptive. It's been blowing my mind. It's really great.

MRR: Would you agree that your band is generally labeled as "streetpunk and Oi!?"



Gregory: Maybe we just play punk rock.
Scott: Yeah, I'm from a punk rock world.
Sean: It's all just good music.
Orville: Ya, maybe a little. There are always people out there who want to put you into a box, a category—we don't pay much attention to that sort of stuff, we do our own thing.

MRR: How do people react to you back home, in Vancouver? Are you part of the larger scene?
Gregory: Ya, we are part of a larger scene. We play with all sorts of different bands. We'll play with Discharge-style bands to ska bands. Everything.
Orville: I think maybe the way I remember the scene in the past is that it wasn't as clique-y. It makes for interesting shows for people as well. I guess it's like listening to music at home—it's nice to listen to a variety of things.

MRR: How long have you been playing?
Orville: This band, Bishop's Green, got together under that name in, I believe, 2011. There have been some other people involved, but their family situations changed and they moved. The current lineup has been doing a ton of stuff since July 2013. Before the release of our record last March, we were playing more locally and refining what we're trying to do. Since that EP came out, we've been completely overwhelmed. It's been cool. People have been calling us up and saying, "Would you like to play in Philadelphia?" We're like, "Yes, sure." That's been wonderful.
Sean: The local response has been amazing, but also it's really cool to go away to other places, and people all really love the music—they're singing along and dancing. I think there's a good range too, because we have the roots. We're all angry about stuff, but there's also a lot of range of emotion. This person told me that when they hear one of our songs live, "Senseless Crime," they well up with emotion.

MRR: Have you noticed the resurgence of street punk? Not that it's ever really been gone...
Orville: It didn't really go away, but there's a great crop of new bands, some really, really great bands out there.

MRR: I think what's distinctive about you guys is that the music has a melodic, but noticeably melancholy edge. It's still tough, but you're not a fist-pumping party band. You guys have a darker sound. Is that intentional?
Sean: That's the chemistry.
Orville: Greg said it a while ago; we sing about things that we observe around us daily. There are a lot of crazy things going on out there. "Senseless Crime" was a true situation about a really senseless killing that happened in the Vancouver region. "Tumbling Down" is about the global economic collapse. There's a lot of crazy stuff going on in Europe in terms of austerity measures and how the wealthy are transferring their debt, driving people into poverty. You can see it now. Some of the foundations of what we grew up with are eroding and you can see that happening. It's a great time for punk rock.

MRR: I was admittedly surprised at the depth of the political content, ideological statements about beliefs and thought processes in your lyrics. Is that consistent within the band? Do they trust you to write the lyrics?
Orville: Yes and yes.
Gregory: Orville and I collaborate really well.
Orville: I'd say it's definitely collaborative. I guess the way to describe how we do it is that Greg has this nasty commute to work and he hums into his phone. He'll say something about what he's thinking and then he sends it to me—this is the beauty of technology now. We then kick things back and forth. There's a melody that's attached around the vocals, then that goes to rhythm, we add guitars and things around it. Sometimes there's a series of words that might not work, so we work on the content, but the same message is there. It's a real group process. Everyone can get a sense of the song and what it's about. At this point in our lives, we've checked our egos a long time ago, so if I play a stinky drum beat or Scott blows off a bad note we can go, "I don't know if that works." We don't argue about it, because we recognize that without working together we don't really have anything.
Scott: And I understand what Greg's doing, so it's kind of easy.
Orville: We can see the next move before it happens.
Scott: We can connect what kind of words go with what kind of chords, and it's quite easy. And to refine a song doesn't take very long after that. We're very lucky to have that.
Sean: And we can hang out outside the band, too. We have that.
Orville: Yeah, we do. As you get older, it's harder to find people to hang around with who will actually tolerate you. Maybe that's the foundation of it too, why it works, because we're all friends. I guess as you get older and as you develop friends over the years, sometimes your values change and we can still sit on the sofa and listen to records and laugh. And we all do.

MRR: So you obviously trust each other...
Orville: Yeah, that's where it all starts. How can you do anything if you don't trust the people who you're in the band with?
Sean: We support each other.
Orville: We write music collaboratively, we write about things that we see and observe. We're conscientious people, we read, we follow the media on the regional, national and international levels. We know there's a world out there that we'd love to live in, but it's not quite there yet, so we comment on stuff. We have fun doing it and we trust each other.

SOME OF THE FOUNDATIONS OF WHAT WE GREW UP WITH ARE ERODING AND YOU CAN SEE THAT HAPPENING. IT'S A GREAT TIME FOR PUNK ROCK.

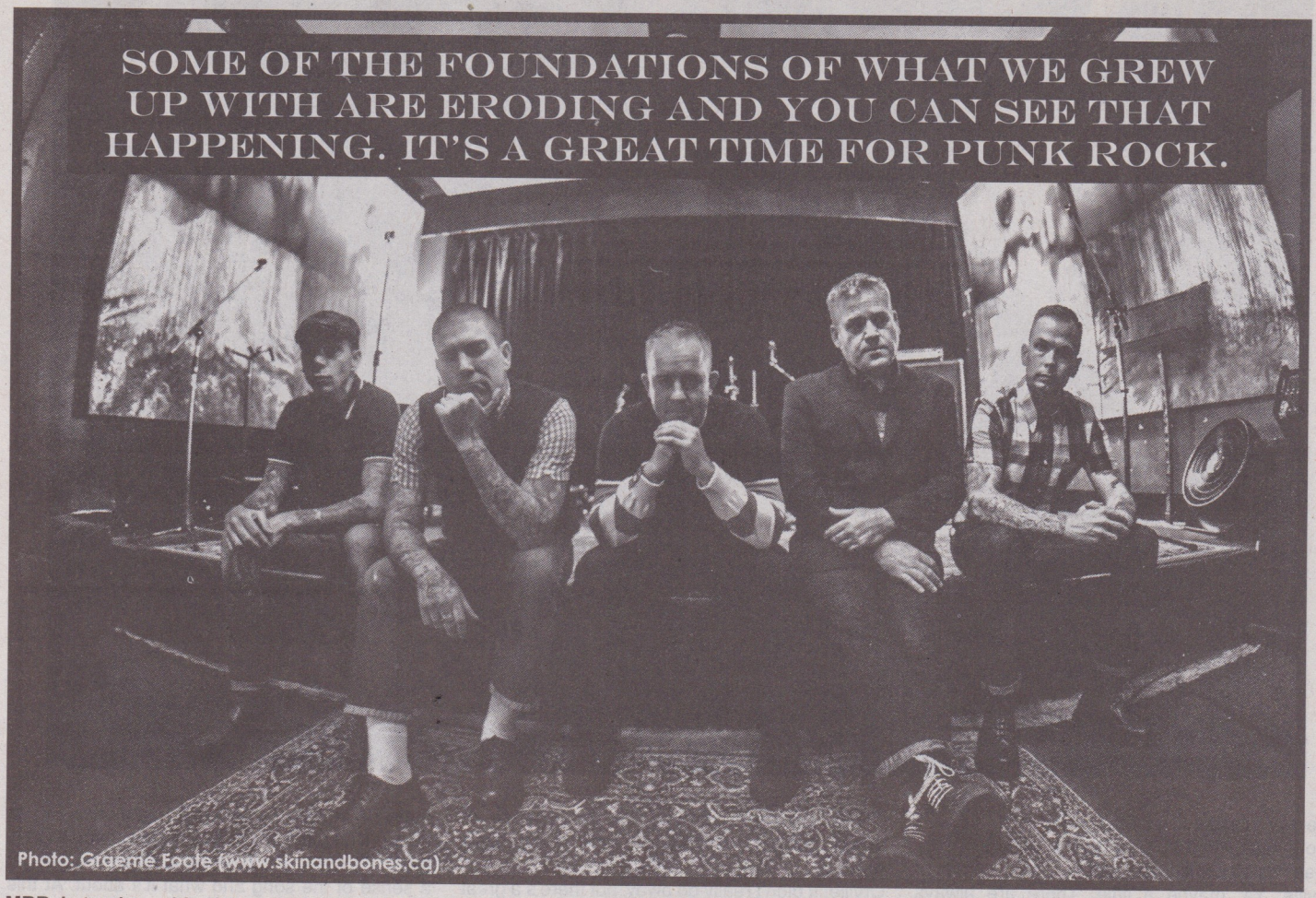


Photo: Graeme Foote (www.skinandbones.ca)

MRR: In tandem with what you just said, about the kind of people you are and trusting each other, what do you think about punks who have a misconception about what "skinhead music" is or what "streetpunk" is? There has been kind of a dumbing down of that scene. Punks think that they have to be a particular way, that there are genre rules. Do you find that it's mainly people who are outside or inside of this scene that reinforce this?

Gregory: It's both, for sure. I don't want to go into it, but you can only imagine the comments…

Orville: Maybe what Greg's referencing is that, as more people have gained interest in what we're doing, we're getting a lot more people minding our actions. So maybe it's a result of exposure? I don't know that people are giving us a shot, but maybe they just have opinions that are their own opinions. It's not necessarily that we agree, or even care.

Sean: At this point, this isn't our first band. We could be doing a lot of different stuff in our lives, but I have to play in a band with people who I am philosophically and ethically aligned with. I wouldn't have it any other way. I get along with them and I wouldn't have it any other way, maybe I have less tolerance than I would have when I was 20 years old. I'm not an original member, but seeing this band's shows in their first year, I felt like the band was really coming together. I really wanted to be a part of it, whether it was just singing along in the crowd or whatever, I really wanted to be a part of it. I got a chance to play guitar and that's really worked well for me. I wouldn't have it any other way, playing with people who are great friends, whom we're all on the same page with. That's the only way I could do it at this point in my life. It doesn't matter if you're playing in a band or singing along, it's participating, right? So now I've enjoyed both sides of that, but when I first saw this band I was like, "Shit this has come together in a way that I'm having an emotional response just watching it." I was really moved. So it's been amazing just to watch that and to continue with this in a different way by actually now being in the band.

Gregory: How do you feel about it? You saw us last night.

MRR: You said before that your lyrical content is directly associated with specific experiences you have?

Sean: Our practice space is a block away from the poorest postal code in Canada. There's gentrification, class disparity, all of this stuff that originally inspired a lot of first wave of lyrics. It's really intense. We live in the second most expensive city to live in the world right now, we see the separation of class, all the poverty, all the other crazy stuff going on and we just observe it. It affects you and that comes out in your music one way or another.

Orville: We write a lot about just trying to stay above water. We've got rents that are out of control and it's a struggle just to get by. One thing in Canada that's slightly different than in the US is that Canada has a bit of a national social net, so there's always a base level of care, yet at the same time, at the local city levels, we observe these conditions, conditions of poverty. On the national level, that base level of care, is being eroded. Some of those things were fundamental to Canada. At the same time, we observe the things that are happening in the UK and Europe. 2011 was nuts, thinking about what was going on in Europe. We have lots of friends in Europe, from Greece, Germany, Italy, Spain, the UK, France. We talk to them about what is happening and all you can say is, "I'm sorry your family is going through that." You see how some of the more powerful people in society are getting away with what they're getting away with, and that's criminal. It's sickening.

Scott: It's vile.

Orville: I think about where punk sort of came out, first and second waves of it—you had Margaret Thatcher, you had Ronald Reagan. These same sorts of global tensions that are currently happening, although they're being expressed differently, are happening in a very similar way to how they were happening twenty or thirty years ago.

Scott: Let's just say the boys are a little rough over that one. They'd be fighting about now. That's the thing; I grew up in a union town, really blue-collar people, everybody's dad worked at the mine. I was lucky and my parents didn't want me to work at the mine, but I could have walked down there right after high school and gotten hired. It's like being in Philly, I related to all the guys there that worked the steel mill—straight up guys trying to make a living for their families and they don't like what's going on either, you know?

MRR: What's different is that there's no face to it.

Orville: There's no face, but there is complacency and maybe it goes back to this participation. You don't have to play in a band to participate. Come out and sing along to participate. But stop staring at your Blackberry, and come out, down a couple of pints, be healthy about it, and sing some fucking songs.

Gregory: And try fucking voting, too.

MRR: You had mentioned it yesterday, that the right wing skinhead movement is targeting your band.
Orville: I'm not sure what you mean by targeting? But there are always people that make assumptions and jump to conclusions about what bands are and are not about, what they should or shouldn't be and what they stand for and what they don't stand for. We are not a rightwing band. We do our own thing.
Scott: I don't give a shit about them.

MRR: My intention isn't to be sensational, the push and pull of what's expected is fascinating.
Orville: The push and pull of what's expected of bands that play streetpunk?
Gregory: It's fucking up other people.

MRR; But other people who play other genres of punk aren't scrutinized as closely as streetpunk bands or particularly skinheads in general. I don't think they are.
Gregory: I don't think they are. For me, to have it tattooed all over my body and live and die this, I love my subculture. But, there are definitely expectations and stereotypes, absolutely. It's definitely frustrating and stressful at times. People might ask me why I belong to this subculture. Why? I'm a skinhead, because I love my subculture. It's like the last of the subcultures. You know what I mean?

MRR: I think so. You can trace its roots and it has a strong sense of history—
Gregory: There are some great people involved and there are also some ugly people, but by and large it's a great community. A lot of skinheads are class people, just 100% awesome people.
Scott: There are super awesome guys and most bands we've met have been so cool.
Orville: A lot of people are really supportive of what we're doing.
Gregory: Since we're still talking about skinheads, they came out of the woodwork last night. Some of them told me, "I never go to shows. I came three hours to come see you guys play." I've never seen so many skinhead girls in my life!

MRR: Only one of you is a skinhead, but do you have some of the same feelings about punk in general? Is it as personal as what Greg is describing?
Sean: I found a place in punk rock and hardcore where I felt like it is that one place where you feel yourself. You're accepted, you belong and it's not that whole outside world of people who don't understand. There's always going to be that whole world of people who don't understand this at all. We get a little bit older, we all have jobs, you know. I go back to work on Monday morning and someone will ask me, "What did you do this weekend?" I'll tell them, "Oh I went down to San Francisco and I played a show on Saturday, Sunday." I'm back to work on Monday and they will say, "I don't understand," but that's good. I wouldn't expect them to understand. I'll ask them what they did, but I'll know what they did. "You went to Wal-Mart and shopped with your wife whom you haven't wanted to be with for the last five years and you're miserable." I don't understand how they do *that*, because I'm still doing what I want to do and need to do to express myself.
Orville: That's how we all feel.
Gregory: And interestingly enough, you get the pressure from within the scene where you're not fucking doing it right or you're doing it wrong or something. At the same time, being in your forties, you ever try to go to a fucking dinner party with people who are well established? It's fucking hard. So then where do you fit in? The only place you can fit in is with the other freaks in the band that you're playing with.
Sean: That's also why we don't play a lot of attention to a lot of that praise-y stuff or a lot of the politics and the bullshit. Not to sound like grumpy old men, but we've seen cycles of this come and go, being in the music scene for thirty years or whatever. I've seen it come over and over again. It's a trend and I won't see it in ten years from now, 'cause it won't be here.

MRR: Any last words?
Sean: San Francisco rules.
Orville: *Maximum Rocknroll* played a pretty big part in me getting access to music, pre-internet. I used to read the back of it in Nova Scotia to find out what was going on, you know, the scene reports from around the world and you could order music. You could send money and someone would send you a tape. Also, Bruce Roehrs was really good to us a long time ago when we played in the Lancasters. He used to come to our shows.
Gregory: We miss Bruce, a lot.
Orville: Yeah, he was a really good guy. It is so good that *Maximum Rocknroll* is still going strong because it has been like 30 years or something. I'm sad to say that when I first moved across Canada, I had to discard my *Maximum Rockroll* collection, they take up a ton of room…
Scott: I have milk crates full…

MRR: That's alright, you have to bequeath them to someone else.

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GULAG BEACH

Globalisation and new media, like fax and video text, make it possible to fulfill yourself in an attractive way, such as acting in the church of Scientology or talking about your personal gluten allergy. Even in the most far outskirts of this planet and outside of "winning" countries" it is possible—countries where "subculture" doesn't mean to collect records or to collect facebook-thumbs on your latest hair coloration or pimped leather jacket. So, we're used to hearing, seeing and reading stories about the most exotic punk stories, but punk in North Korea? The really, really last evil country in the world, compared to the more and more opening Iran, where even Obama brings along some cookies when they hold their afternoon coffee parties and debate about the nuclear policy? No, we're talking about North Korea, the grumpy retro-terror-state with its super-rascal-comic-hero Kim Jong Gizmo, who executes you for watching western TV-shows. Is this all true? Maybe! I saw GULAG BEACH in early 2014 supporting Germanys best reunion band Böehse Onkelz—aaah I mean Hammerhead—in East Berlins workers' and farmer's palace, Køpi! They were armed with balaclavas and I didn't understand why, but liked it. I wanted to know more about the band from Pyongyang, so I spoke with singer Hupe some days later. Interview by Philipp Meinert and Matthias Frenzel via email. Images and photos provided by the band.

PUNK IN MYANMAR, PUNK IN SOUTH AFRICA, PUNK IN PYONGYANG?

MRR: SO IT SEEMS YOU HAVE THE SAME PROBLEMS WITH DR. FEELGOOD: THERE'S NOT ONE ORIGINAL BAND MEMBER IN GULAG BEACH ANYMORE. WHAT ABOUT THE STORY BEHIND THAT?

There was a flyer in late 2013 saying a band from Pyongyang/North Korea was playing in Berlin, and I am very interested in the whole North Korea topic and also into punk rock. So some friends and I checked them out and we were also impressed what those North Korean dudes did on stage: songs about fucked up North Korea with nice melodic punk rock tunes. One day after the show you mentioned, someone did a posting on their website saying that Young-jun, Jonggyun, Yesung und Duc-anh (the original members) got hijacked right after the show. If they were hijacked by North Korean secret service will stay a secret until the fall of the Korean Wall. My friends Nils, Thomas and Marcel are able to hold some instruments and were shocked about the story like me, so we decided to keep the heritage of those four brave North Korean youngsters alive. We also fear strict repression from the North Korean state, so we'll go on with balaclavas on our heads.

MRR: DO YOU KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE MUSIC SCENE IN NK? ANY GROUPS OR BANDS?

You nearly have no modern music in this country. There is some pop music-type bullshit full of North Korean propaganda that even sounds worse than K-pop. In South Korea once, a rock band showed up called Ri Seong-woong with North Korean refugees too. And there are some techno-gabba-projects on the web, such as the Pyongyang Hardcore Resistance or some pro-North Korean industrial bands, such as Genocide Organ or Con-Dom. And there's the demotape from Gulag Beach *No Ice above the DMZ,* released on Tape Or Die Records, followed by their vinyl LP *North Korean Sun,* that will be released in the summer of this year. If the DMZ-wall falls down some time, North Korea will be one of the few countries in mankind with the biggest backlog in music. The majority of its 22 million inhabitants don't even know about Elvis.

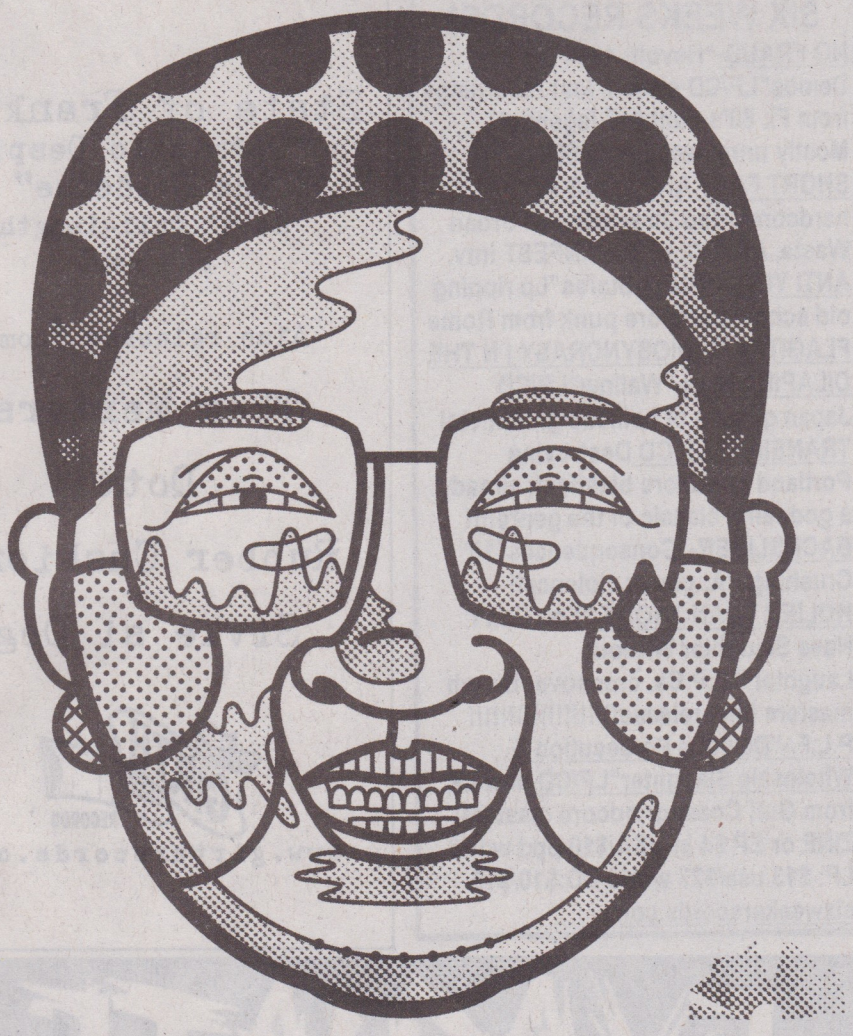
MRR: YOU DON'T HEAR ANY ASIAN INFLUENCES IN THE GULAG BEACH! IT SOUNDS MORE LIKE THE BODIES EATING A BOWL OF RICE WITH YOUTH BRIGADE. HOW ABOUT THAT?

So like I said above, we're no good musicians and just like to do what we're able to. And we like California punk rock so this is all we can offer you, and we like the bands you mentioned.

MRR: WHICH REPRESSIONS DO NORTH KOREAN PEOPLE HAVE TO FEAR ABOUT IF THEY ARE NOT PRO-STATE?

I wanna start answering this question with a joke! Three North Korean workers find themselves locked up, and they ask each other what they're in for. The first man said "I was always ten minutes late to work, so I was accused of sabotage." The second man said, "I was always ten minutes early to work, so I was accused of espionage." The third man said, "I always got to work on time, so I was accused of having a South Korean watch."

There was this very good and important report by the UN in early 2014, by Michael Kirby and his team, that fills 300 pages regarding eyewitness-stories (refugees that defeated) on heavy human rights violation inside the country. North Korea is very concerned about this report, we heard from some insiders, but officially they just shout some homophobic words into Michael Kirby's direction for "being an old gay faggot telling the world lies about NK." The most horrible repression, for sure, is to be put into a political prison camp, such as the current 130.000 prisoners. The biggest Gulag is as big as the German town Munich. Imagine: a camp as big as a town—with factories, infrastructure... It is quite "easy" for North Korean citizens to get arrested anyway. Wanna read some of the most profane reasons beside the joke above? Imagine you hold a newspaper in your hand and there's a picture of Kim Jong-un or his father or grandfather, and you fold that newspaper including the picture—arrested to the gulag. Imagine you don't have any cigarette papers and you use the newspaper for rolling a cigarette—arrested to the gulag. If you talk about the dead dictators Kim Il-sung and Kim Jong-il



and you don't use the official salutation "Great Leader" and "Dear Leader"—arrested to the gulag. You even get arrested if your grandfather didn't fight on Kim Il-sung's side in the Korean War in the '50s!

Many refugees told the same stories about the inside of the gulag: sheer horror! Fourteen hours of working every day in, for example, coalmines, before and after the shift you have to take part in political appeals and reeducation-sessions. Rape, abortion under constraint, public executions, 365 days a year for a few dozen grams of corn. Whole families get arrested sometimes and get a barrack with two rooms. There was one family that left one room free. They used it for catching rats. It's full of protein and the only meat they'd eaten for years and needed in order to survive.

MRR: WHAT IS THE REASON FOR YOUR "CONNECTION" TO NORTH KOREA?

I grew up in the GDR. Although you could never, ever compare the situations in these two countries, I know how it is to be caged in a country. And everyone in Gulag Beach is very concerned about the fact that, in 2014, the whole world knows about the violation of human rights in North Korea but does nearly nothing to stop it.

MRR: HOW MUCH "REAL" NORTH KOREA IS INSIDE YOUR LYRICS?

We hope a lot! But who really knows? We write about the North Korean secret service "Division 39" that claims money with diplomatic immunity to their passports and bad crystal meth in their suitcases. "Camp 14" is a song about life in the prison camp, "On the Run" is about North Korean refugees that hide out in China and get sold and married to strangers. Or we write about the stupid and ridiculous "Arirang-Mass-Games" in the May Day Stadium ("Blow up boom boom"), about North Korean street kids "Kotjebi Guaranty," about the "Kim-nasty" and all their lies about everything, or about the "Pleasure Brigade," a female brigade that has to take care of "special" service. And we've got a song about South Korea: a teenage kid that arrives from the North and finds there's nothing but K-pop and plastic instead of rock'n'roll and sweat!

MRR: SOMEONE SAID KIM JONG-UN HAS A HUGE RECORD COLLECTION. IS THAT TRUE?

He collects all those rare Misfits bootlegs! No, but true is that his father had a collection of 20,000 videotapes. There may also be some DIY punk movies like *Another State of Mind*?

MRR: IS THERE SOME LACK OF UNDERSTANDING INSIDE THE PUNK ROCK SCENE? THE COMMUNIST REGIME IN NORTH KOREA FOR MANY LEFT WING PEOPLE SEEMS TO BE ONE OF THE LAST PARADISES ON EARTH AND YOU JUST COMPLAIN ABOUT THAT?

We heard some cutups about our lyrics and the whole topic, but the UN-report we mentioned above has everything in black and white and this is the first time someone compares North Korea to a fascist regime and not to a communist regime. There is even a caste system in NK and some kind of race policy, especially when North Korean refugees get pregnant in China and send their non-Aryan babies back to North Korea to get murdered.

MRR: HOW WILL THE FUTURE OF GULAG BEACH LOOK LIKE?

We play live-shows now, our first album comes out in summer. Just take a look on our FB-site (fb.com/gulagBeach) or the bandcamp-site (gulagBeach.bandcamp.com). And we are happy to work with some grass-root-association that helps North Korean refugees and their resettlement from China to the US or South Korea. We also collect money for them. Thanx for your interest in our band. ■

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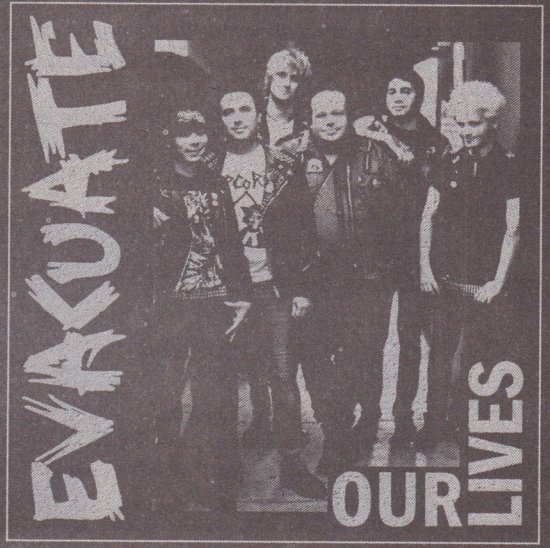

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QUAALUDES

Despite the name, Quaaludes is anything but tranquil. This band exploded in the Bay Area at a time when rent prices went soaring and the techies and Google busses started invading the city. Their live performances are high-energy, fun, and at times confrontational thanks to the duality of the lead vocals and the chaotic instruments that back them up. Not only are they a great live band, but their self-titled demo is one of my most played tapes in recent memory, thanks to the provocative and catchy songwriting. I interviewed Quaaludes after they played at Oakland's seediest bar, Eli's Mile High Club, where they gained a bunch of new fans, which is common for a Quaaludes show. Read on to find out more about one of the best bands to pop out of San Francisco. Intro and interview by Vanessa X. Photos by the band.

Quaaludes is: Aimee – vocals, Courtney – bass, Morgan – guitar, and Susie – drums.

MRR: How did you all meet; where did you meet?

Aimee: Morgan and I met at Virgin Records before it closed down. We were both cashiers and Morgan had this really cool zine that I liked. She suggested that we go to Needles & Pens (a zine shop in SF) and there happened to be a band playing that night. They also had alcohol and cheese. We were friends for life after that.

MRR: What's your zine called?

Morgan: It wasn't my zine, it was a zine I bought.

Aimee: It was called *Dream Date*, by Chelsea Martin—she does really cool poetry and vignettes. I own a copy too and I love it.

Morgan: Then we played in a band together, called Awkward Janitor. I was playing drums and Aimee was singing, but it ended.

Aimee: And then we started this band.

Susie: Then later on, Aimee and I met at a house show through a mutual friend. We were talking and I realized that she was in a band that needed a drummer, and I play drums. Then I got three or four phone calls later that week. I finally made it out to practice with them. It was fun and, then, I stuck.

MRR: I know you have a new bassist.

Courtney: Yeah, I'm friends with Megan, the former bass player. Susie came to me and knew that I played bass because she saw my old band, Scumbag Select. She asked, "Do you wanna be in Quaaludes?" And I was like, "Fuck yeah." I had seen them a lot and I loved them! I was stoked they wanted me to be in the band.

To have the mindset where we're ready to have a great time and change some people's minds by being in your face and out there.

Aimee: I kept making sure because I thought you didn't want to!

MRR: It sounds like you've all been in other bands before, how is this experience different from your previous bands?
Morgan: I want to include how we met Megan, our former bassist. Megan was in a band that my previous band played a show with and that's how we met. She's in Korea right now.
Susie: Then Megan and I started within a week or two of each other.
Aimee: The band that Morgan and I were in before this was way different. We literally would play anywhere and everywhere. We would play in the BART station, a random corner, and really weird open mics. It was a lot of fun.
Susie: I was in a few bands, but the one I was in before was just as active as Quaaludes was. It was this six-piece with me and all guys. We did a few short tours. It's a totally different dynamic when you're in a band with all guys. I wanted to kill all of them after three or four days in the van. It felt like I was trapped on an island of Gold Bond and dick jokes. It made for a lot of fun and tumultuous shows, and those guys are brothers to me, but ultimately I feel like being in Quaaludes is a little more cathartic. I also joined an allgirl Gorilla Biscuits cover band prior to Quaaludes after years of only playing with guys. It's been great playing with so many rad ladies.

MRR: Why the name Quaaludes?
Aimee: I thought of the name Quaaludes. I was toying with a lot of different names and I would run them past people. I wanted something really unique and it was a strong name. I wanted it to invoke a feeling and an image.
Morgan: It's just a cool word, kind of random and I like that it's one word. Also, coincidentally, we started using the imagery of dolls, like *Valley of the Dolls*.
Aimee: Morgan has this weird hobby to glamfully mutilate dolls.
Morgan: The doll on the cover of our tape was done by me. It's a family tradition and my parents hate it.

MRR: How many shows did you play before you felt people were really into you?
Susie: Our first show was at the Rock Loft, this apartment/gallery in North Beach in the city, which isn't around anymore. It was on a Wednesday night and super random. Surprisingly, there was a bunch of people there—mostly our friends. We only had five songs and then we waited a good two or three months to play. Our next show was an allages show at Casa Sanchez, there were more bands and that's when it really hit. It was a lot of fun and we changed up our style a little bit and found the right levels.
Aimee: Yeah, I think people were into us from the first show. I remember some drunk people kept grabbing at my legs, it was crazy.

MRR: You play a lot of shows in the Bay Area. How do you not get burnt out by playing the same songs or set?
Morgan: Actually, we do.
Susie: We've been playing so much, I think right now we're trying to slow it down a little bit with shows and get more done at practice instead of getting ready for the next show.
Morgan: It's hard to not play shows because it's so fun.
Aimee: That's the thing, it becomes a circuit; it becomes kind of like an addiction. People keep asking us to play and we tell ourselves that we're not gonna play. Then they keep asking us, and we're like, "Let's play! Yes, yes, yes."
Courtney: It seems lately we've been trying to tell each other to turn down more shows because we need to write more songs and new material. But then all these cool shows will turn up and we can't say no.
Susie: Not that long ago, a friend came up to us and gave us some advice that we should be more selective about what kind of shows we choose to play—which is something that we totally respect. One thing that kept coming up, that we really like about our band, is that we'll play a house party or a show and we'll have the most random person come up to us saying that they really liked our music—someone who we would not expect to like our set. In some weird way, by not sticking to one type of scene or genre, we're able to change minds a little bit.

MRR: What have been some bands that you really liked playing with?
Aimee: Life Stinks, CCR Headcleaner, Silver Shadows.
Susie: Crabapple is always really fun. We technically played with SBSM, but we got there too late and missed their set, but I fucking love them.
Aimee: I really loved Wizard Apprentice.
Susie: We've played with some really great touring bands. Big Black Cloud from Portland was rad... some international bands too.
Morgan: Bestfriend Girlfriend, Street Eaters.
Susie: Yes, I love Street Eaters. John and Megan are true crusaders of making shows and spaces feel communal.
Courtney: And Robocop 3.
All: Yeahhhhh!

MRR: Where do you all practice and what's your songwriting process like?
Susie: Up until now we've been practicing in Morgan's garage. It's been fun and valuable to the songwriting experience, but also taking away from it because at anytime we can go upstairs and get distracted. It's been nice in terms of building a fun and friendly vibe. We're moving to a spot in the Tenderloin next month, so it will be a new chapter.
Morgan: We've only had the cops called on us once. It seems like my neighbors called right when we started playing so whoever it was, they hate us. It's a good thing we're getting a new space.
Aimee: We all kind of know when it's time to write a new song and it usually starts at the beginning of practice. Sometimes we just kind of fuck around and then it turns into something. We all start going with it and we tell each other if we like it or don't.
Morgan: Some of the songs, Aimee and I wrote together when we first started the band.
Aimee: What's important to me is always being really creative in our songwriting. Also, I love playing with all women, the energy is amazing. I've been in bands with all guys and it's been cool. But playing with everyone in this band is really empowering. I like to go in there and be really confident about being an all-woman band. And to have the mindset where we're ready to have a great time and change some people's minds by being in your face and out there.
Courtney: Last year they made a big deal out of that, "This is the year of girl rock." It's happened a lot in the past, but what I see that's similar is that we're strong people who also happen to be women and we work well together. That connection is different when you're in a band that's mixed. We all let each other speak their mind, it's very open and comfortable. We don't feel like someone is trying to dictate the direction of the band. Mostly we're just musicians and artists, and we are women.

MRR: Hell yeah. I'd like to talk more about the song lyrics. I feel like they're very cathartic, especially when you sing "I'm gonna take you to a place where I can fuck you" on the song "Stiff Little Single." And then for the chorus you scream "You don't wanna fuck?" Can you tell us about that?
Aimee: I look for inspiration from anywhere that sparks my interest. [With that song] My friend posted on Instagram a text conversation that she had with some dude. The guy was kind of like "Hey, do you want to hangout?" and she was like "Yes, as friends." So he replied, "You don't wanna fuck? Like, ever?" And she said "No." His reaction was "KK." It usually has to do with timing and current things

QUAALUDES

that are happening in our lives. The convo was honest, kind of beautiful, kind of hilarious, kind of unchivalrous, kind of representative of society and I just loved it. So, I had that be the chorus. The other lyrics are my reaction to that, from a voice of a very empowered woman.

MRR: What do you all like to do in your free time besides playing music? What are your hobbies?

Susie: I work with dogs. It's kind of weird and I typically don't like to talk about work. Once you work with animals it kind of follows you everywhere. I spend time with animals, but I'm also teaching myself bass and just learning from books. I guess that's still music. I'm a nerd, a big nerd.

Morgan: Oh, you're a nerd? I'm a nerd too! [laughs]

Susie: Yeah, tell us about how you're a nerd.

Morgan: I just like plants, insects and stuff. I'm that kind of nerd. I'm learning about mushrooms right now, reading some field guides.

Aimee: I work with adults with developmental disabilities. I jam out on drums once in a while, when Susie's not around.

Susie: It's hard when you're in a situation where work dominates everything else and music is your escape. I used to do a lot more. I used to be really into sheltering at animal shelters, working for non-profits and volunteering. Right now, I feel like a wage slave, but music is my outlet.

Courtney: Music and art have always been my love, my hobby, and my focus of work. I recently discovered I could really paint, like photo-realism, which was shocking and totally rad. I like to try to master whatever art I'm focused on, whether it's my family's business of stained glass or my own attempts of whatever. Being weird and creative and kind of disciplined at the same time is pretty much what I like to do. And of course, go to a lot of shows!

MRR: How would you describe the Bay Area punk scene in one word? Or three.

Susie: It's diverse, super diverse. I feel like everyone here harps on sub-genres really hard, so you could totally just go to a grindcore show with all grindcore bands. Which is fucking awesome that there's so much diversity in a place that's not really that big.

Courtney: I'd say punk as fuck.

Aimee: I would say it's "there," which is saying something. I meet so many people and describe our sound and say that it's kind of punk, kind of Riot Grrrl, this or that, and their reaction is usually that punk is done and gone away but the essence is still there.

Morgan: I think a part of the punk scene is radical in a way that I really appreciate. It's very queer-friendly and aware and conscious in contrast to parts of the scene that are just about partying and cutting loose. There're different things going on.

MRR: What do you think is missing from the scene that you're a part of?

Susie: It's hard to say because we play a few different circuits. We play with a lot of bands that don't get a lot of exposure, and then randomly we'll get sucked into these other groups. My last band was a punk metal band and I know some hardcore kids from that. We also know kids who are pretty into the garage rock scene, so we'll play shows with them.

Aimee: I think with things changing in the Bay Area, especially in San Francisco, people are leaving and trying to rebel against the Bay. The rich are coming in; the techies and the Google busses are everywhere. I think people are talking about it, but there needs to be more action. My friend's roommate went to a city council meeting where they were voting and getting really heated on all these topics. But she said nobody had any great arguments. I think music can be a good outlet for reaching out and helping people.

Morgan: To me there's a big part of the scene that's really radical, aware and awesome. That's my favorite part. And then there's another part where everyone is there to party and the music is in the background. If you're in an awesome band, that's so cool, but there's nothing more to it. We're not an overly political band, but the personal is political. I'm not that interested in government politics, but the way you behave and treat other people is really important. That's political too. I wish there was more of that. That's what I'd like to see, people treating that like it's important.

Courtney: I feel like there's not just one scene, there're a lot of different scenes that are happening. I hate to say that community is what's missing, but sometimes that's how I feel. We're trying to be that community. I remember talking to a group of people after seeing the documentary, *The Punk Singer.* We were all stoked on this political aspect of what they were doing and it inspired us to think about making a zine related to our band. Then someone said, "Well, don't be too much of that, it's too PC." There's a hard balance between being cool and how much political things are actually important to some people.

MRR: How much do you think people should pay for a show?

Susie: No more than five bucks. As little as possible. If we want fundraisers to go somewhere, I don't mind playing a five- to eight-dollar show. It all depends on the venue, too.

Aimee: I think people should pay five dollars, as little as possible depending on the venue. Sometimes how much money the band makes is based on who comes and how much they charge at the door. We're really committed to not charging that much. At bigger venues, it's a lot different. It gets based on a set amount and the venue gets to keep a percentage of it. A lot of the time that dynamic is wrong.

MRR: What's next for Quaaludes? Any more recordings?

Susie: Hopefully we'll release a 7" before May. I would love our next release to be on vinyl.

Courtney: We've got a couple new songs we're working on.

Susie: Our friend is putting together a music video for us, so hopefully that's out by the end of the month. Once that's out, we're going to try to get our friends and labels to help us out.

Aimee: We really like to have a DIY attitude about it. We're not the kind of band to say, "Okay guys, let's make a lot of money and put a lot of money into this."

Morgan: At the same time, I would be so stoked to be in a band where we were just playing music and travelling. Ultimately, we all love the band and cherish what we're doing. It's a matter of finding that balance. We don't wanna fuck anyone over in the process or "sell out" in that respect, because that shit always comes up.

MRR: Okay last question. Have you ever done Quaaludes?

All: Nooo!

Courtney: I don't think we can.

Susie: One of the best stories about Quaaludes is in Cherie Curie's autobiography, *Neon Angel.* She talks about being sixteen and not being able to feel her face.

Courtney: I've met people who tell me that Quaaludes are the best drug and they go on and on about it.

Aimee: Then we always get these older dudes who are like "Hey, since your band is named 'Quaaludes', are you guys all mellow and stuuuuff?" And I'm like, "Fuck that."

Grand Collapse

GRAND COLLAPSE is a four piece hardcore band from Wales, UK. Mixing equal parts peace punk, frantic hardcore Grand and melody, they're one of the most interesting and intense live bands going in Britain at the moment. Vocalist Calvin and guitarist Jon agreed to sit down and answer a few questions on the UK scene, the importance of politics to their music and their upcoming LP.
Interview by Fergus Daffy, photos by Boo–Ragdoll photography.

MRR: Tell us a bit about the origins of Grand Collapse. How did you get together and decide to form the band?
Cal: Towards the end of 2011 I walked into a pub in Cardiff called The Gatekeeper and bumped into Glenn. I knew him vaguely because he drummed for several bands in the south Wales area which is a small scene. I was looking to start a band at the time and a few pints later I proposed that we get something going. I knew that he would be aware of Dave and Jon being good musicians from the same scene, so I lied and said that both of them were already involved and that we just needed a drummer, when in truth neither of them had a fucking clue about this hypothetical "band." Glenn seemed up for it, so I said we would call a rehearsal after the New Year, which would give me some time to meet up with the other two and repeat this sinister process. It worked and everyone agreed to do the band on the basis of the others being involved!
Jon: Circa 2009, me, Cal, Dave and our mate Andy were in a short lived band called Obscene that did approximately two shows… it didn't last long because of my commitments to my other bands, likewise with Andy. We called it a day without officially doing so, and then in late 2010, Cal got back in touch and proposed I play guitar in this band. That's it as far as a back-story! I knew Glenn from playing a similar kinda circuit around 2002-2004, and the rest of the guys from around 2007-2008.

MRR: What was the scene like in Wales growing up? Was there much happening on the DIY front? Any current or long gone Welsh bands people should be checking out?
Jon: It was, for me, good because I've been in bands since I was young and was going to local shows from the age of about twelve or thirteen. We always had touring DIY bands coming through the Rhondda—not always necessarily punk, it was more the DIY spirit of it, to be honest—Dangerfields, Da Capo, Crockettes, etc., but it introduced me to the idea of putting on gigs of my own, and getting something musical together enough, at least to tour with other like-minded people. Later I'd make it down to Cardiff, Bridgend, Swansea and Newport for shows and eventually Bristol. One notable dive included T.J's in Newport for some of the larger DIY gigs growing up. Band-wise, as stated, there was Da Capo at the time, but as for long gone bands, for me it has to be the Cowboy Killers. Track them down!

MRR: I think it's safe to say you're a very socio-political band. Was this a conscious decision from the get go?
Cal: Yes, I suppose it was. Certainly for me it was. The idea was to fuse loud, frantic and creative music with solid and resolute ideas. Most of our influences, or at least the ones we all agree on, expound similar rationales and therefore I see this as an extension of that. That's not to say that we're regurgitating what's already been said and done, but re-enforcing some of those (still) valid ideas and to hopefully highlight them in an interesting or fresh way.

MRR: Do you think music is a good way of approaching politics? Being that music is a very emotional medium and politics tends to demand rational responses.
Cal: I think it's an important communication tool much like books, newspapers or blogs, etc. I would stress, however, that we shouldn't get carried away with the effectiveness of music, or subculture more specifically, in tackling socio-political issues. Depending on what those issues are, they are usually best cured by social movements (gradual and immediate) or pressure groups rather than subculture. I remember when I first took a liking to punk / hardcore whatever, that I had this instant naïve view that everyone with a band T-shirt on had revolutionary ideas and you think that everything is brilliant and you're surrounded by like-minded people. Then you dig a little deeper and you realize that, although that element exists, a lot of it is just another trend that holds the same facets as other subcultures: fashion, musical style and certain personality traits. I like going to see live music and collecting records and buying band shirts too, but that's all it is. On a positive note, though, I would say that "punk" is the subculture that tends to overlap more frequently with social movements and you often find people in the community that participate in both and seek to question certain aspect of political life.
Jon: As someone who was, personally, completely informed by bands like Crass, I think it's safe to say that music has had a profound life-changing effect on me. As for the rational/emotional thing, I guess that if you have these "revelations" about how the world works, it warrants an emotional response and then a practical one. I suppose the entire point of a lot of "clued-up" punk bands is to evoke some kind of response from people… and it certainly has resonated with people on a global level as a kind of movement. I give it that much credit, but it goes without saying that revolt and social movements have been around for a lot longer.

MRR: You've recently returned from a tour of mainland Europe and are soon embarking on another. Could you give a run down of the scene over there? The differences it has from the UK and the influence it may have had on you as a band?
Cal: Well, we thoroughly enjoyed the tour and took a lot from it collectively and individually. It's difficult to describe the "scene" because we spent such little time in these places that it becomes very hard to make a full and fair assessment. All I can say is that the ethos that surrounds DIY punk seems to resonate wherever you go. It continues to re-invent itself musically whilst keeping its core values. For the band I think it just encourages you to want to tour more and play wherever and whenever possible. You'd never encounter these places and people if it wasn't for playing a particular gig, so the more the better. Also the hospitality that you tend to receive from strangers is immense and really inspiring.
Jon: The scene on the mainland, particularly Germany, is amazing. It's really organized and generally better than the UK in a lot of ways… you generally receive great hospitality, good sound, receptive audiences and an active scene—all the good stuff… not that we don't have a lot of that in the UK, but the mainland has got the right idea, to say the least. We're looking forward to traipsing around there again. This autumn we're doing two weeks and venturing into Hungary and Czech Republic with the main bulk in Germany. I can't wait for it.

MRR: You have a 7" out now on Antisociety, Pumpkin and long-running UK label Mortarhate Records. How did you hook up with Mortarhate?
Cal: Well we were in the process of putting the record together and we did a few gigs with Conflict in the UK and one in Ireland. Colin was aware that we were about to record and asked whether he could put it out which was cool of him. Antisociety really helped with the mechanics of it all, which was new to us. What I learned was pressing a record can be pretty fucking complicated, especially the first time around so it was great to have someone who knew a lot about it helping us out. Pumpkin Records are based in Manchester and they do a fantastic job of promoting and organizing everything from records, events and community projects. They're an awesome bunch of people.

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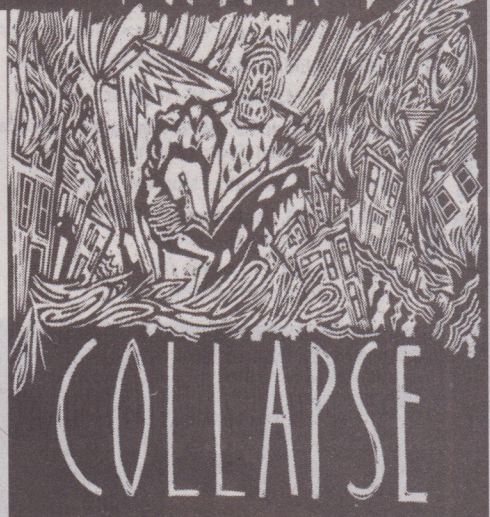
GRAND COLLAPSE



The idea was to fuse loud, frantic and creatibe music with solid and resolute ideas

MRR: You're also releasing an LP very soon. When is it due and who's going to be releasing it?

Cal: Sure, we recorded it in March and we'll be releasing it at a show in Bristol on June 21st. We used the same studio and producer as the EP, Lewis Johns at The Ranch Production House in Southampton. Lewis was great to work with again and we were all happy with the sound and content of this record. We'll be putting it out once again through Pumpkin Records in the UK, and it'll also go out in the states through 1859 Records, who are based in Portland, OR.

MRR: Your sound has a lot of later Propagandhi influence, in my opinion. What would you say your influences are musically?

Cal: That's probably the band that we all agree on so it's inevitably found its way in there somehow. Obviously we all listen to different stuff so I'd like to think that the sound is informed by many other influences. Other notable influences are Mastodon, Conflict and Zeke amongst many others.

Jon: Yeah, that's definitely one band that we're all agreed on—they seem to be an exception as far as popular-ish bands in North America go these days. Certainly their last three, four albums are a big influence. At the same time, we all like the usual crust / hardcore / thrash / punk / doom stuff. We don't stray too far from what we agree is good music—fast, intense, political shit mainly from the '80s. Saying that, we all like bits and pieces. Notable is Fleetwood Mac. Really!

MRR: I know you have been proactive in the speaking out against the recent Badger Cull in the UK. For people who might not know, could you give a run down of what that was?

Cal: Well, it was a long time coming but throughout 2013 the government finally sanctioned an all-out cull of badgers in certain zones. Their justification was that such an event would prevent cattle in those regions from acquiring TB from badgers, despite numerous reports to the contrary. Of course, if you read between the lines you'll notice that this was a political and not a scientific decision. The farmers in those areas were annoyed by the badgers' presence and put pressure on a conservative government to act, and because they were typically sympathetic to their cause, they did. The hunters were even offered a reward for every animal they killed. It was a pathetic display. Thousands of hunt saboteurs from all over the country made their way to the southwest to oppose this, with plenty even camping out days and weeks at a time. That show of solidarity was rewarded when eventually, due to complete incompetence of the hunters (they fell way below their kill quota) and nationwide pressure from the public who could see it was a waste of time and money, they pulled the plug. The reality is, however, that it will just go on anyway as the regulators couldn't give a toss about stopping huntsmen who are acting illegally.

MRR: What are some current UK bands you're into at the moment?

Cal: Last year we did a tour with a band from Derby called Ephemeral Foetus who are a very good crust band. There's an instrumental sludge/doom band called Telepathy that I can't stop listening to at the moment, and probably the best band I saw last year. Though not from the UK, Ireland's Dropping Bombs.

Jon: Good Throb, NO, Ephemeral Foetus, Twisted, Clocked Out… there're a million bands kicking ass in the UK at the minute.

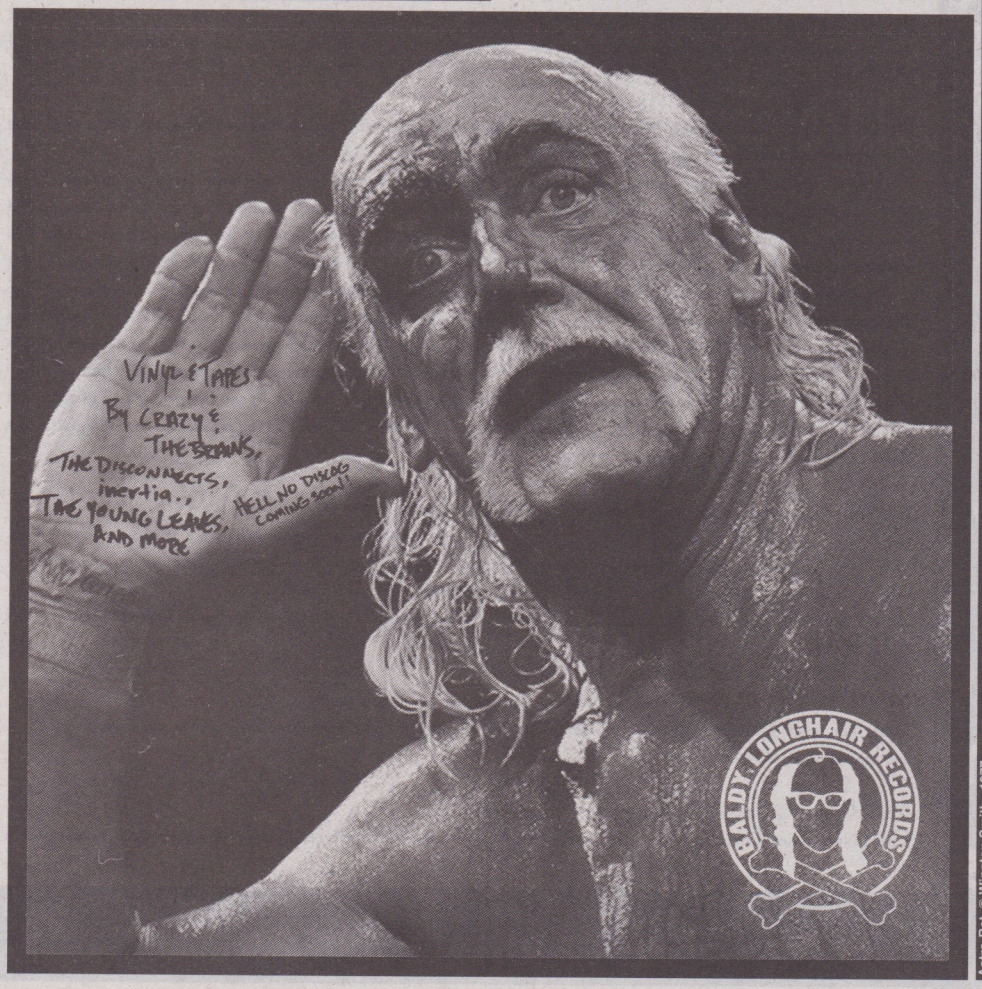
MRR: How can people get in contact with you and check out your music?

Cal: The labels I mentioned earlier will be holding the records or you can contact us direct via social media or enoughisenough@live.co.uk

MRR: Again, thanks for the interview. Any last words?

Cal: No worries. Check out John Abell's artwork. He has done both our record sleeves and is a master woodcutter… Safe!

Band contact:
enoughisenough@live.co.uk
www.facebook.com/GrandCollapse



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Astro-Rat © Winston Smith, 1977

COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON

At first glance, you might think Countdown to Armageddon was a crust band. You wouldn't be entirely wrong. Beneath the leathery exterior, though, is a trio of friends from Seattle—by way of Denver—who have spent the last decade tapping into the nerve center of classic crust, while drawing from decades worth of various darker, atmospheric influences. Hints of everything from Joy Division to Unwound can be found in CTA's sound, a tense yet hauntingly melodic attack that would just as soon as asphyxiate as bludgeon you. The band's second album, Through the Wires, came out late last year via front man Rob Hanna's own Aborted Society imprint, a co-release with Germany's legendary Skuld Records. Back from a recent European tour, the members of CTA spoke about their roots, their influences, and what part they might play in the fertile Pacific Northwest scene, and beyond. Interview by Jason Heller. Photos by Tiina Liimu and Fidel Gutierrez.

MRR: Give us your names, your instruments, and the manner in which you play them.

Rob: Rob Hanna. I sing, and play a Gibson Les Paul, and I break D strings once every other week.

Dav: Dav Tafoya. I try to sing, play bass, and drive.

Zach: Zach Alexander. I play very large drums, and frequently lacerate cymbals.

MRR: What bands have you been in before? Don't leave out any embarrassing ones.

Rob: I also do vocals in Chloroform. Past collaborations: Contaminated, Phalanx, Human Error?!, Castrati, Meisce, City of Dust, Christdriver, Hexane.

Dav: Right now I play guitar in StrapStraps. I used to play in Book of Black Earth, Downbringer, Stab Stab Stab, Gravity Index, the Facet, and These Arms Are Snakes for a tour.

Zach: Drums in Chloroform. I played bass in Clusterfux, and drums in the Stressed during my time in Denver. Since living in Seattle I've played in City of Dust with Rob, Skitsofrenia, and was in Hexane for a brief period.

MRR: CTA has Denver roots. How did the three of you wind up in a band together in Seattle?

Rob: I moved to Seattle in 1997 after high school to study creative writing. I met Zach in the summer of 1998 on a road trip back to Denver with my roommates' band, and we became fast friends. Zach would visit me once a year until I coerced him to move to Seattle and save money on airfare. I met Dav when he worked at Wax Trax [Denver's legendary independent record store], and would see his old band the Facet play shows. When Dav arrived in Seattle we met at a bar called the Twilight Exit, and started our strange band.

Dav: We all met at the center of the world, Wax Trax, over the course of a couple years. Then, one by one, we all moved to Seattle.

Zach: Thanks to Wax Trax I had met Dav and seen him around town throughout the years. And meeting Rob after a show with his roommates' band, and after spending hundreds of dollars in plane tickets visiting every year I moved up to Seattle. I had an idea that I had mentioned to Rob of the kind of band I wanted to start, and after our meeting at the Twilight we slowly put the pieces together.

MRR: What did you each learn from the Denver scene, and how does that come out in what you do now?

Rob: Colorado taught me that scene division is pointless. In Denver/Boulder, you'd see a straightedge hardcore band play with a spiky Oi! band and a ska/pop-punk band. It didn't matter. Everyone was there to support their community, and have a good time.

Dav: No boundaries, no regrets!

Zach: Denver was such a diverse scene, and I met so many different people there growing up. It was kind of small so everybody hung out, which I thought was great. So many different kinds of weirdos all getting along and having a good time. When I joined Clusterfux, those guys really took me under their wing and showed me the ropes, which I'm grateful for. Since I was several years younger than they were, and coming from the suburbs, it was awesome to have them show me new things that would have taken forever for me to find out on my own.

MRR: What did you want to do in CTA that you hadn't been able to do in previous bands?

Rob: I think writing songs in a purely collective fashion was a new thing when we started CTA. I'm so used to playing in bands with more of a hierarchical structure, where someone shows up with a set in stone song written out with parts for everyone. In CTA we kind of do this psychic mind meld thing

where we start with a riff and just kind of instantly write a song around it.

Dav: Be in a band that wasn't a quintet for once. It makes every decision a lot easier.

Zach: I wanted to have a band that took influence from everything we listened to, and have our music evolve in a very organic way. We all listen to so many different genres of music so just being in another run of the mill punk band didn't interest me. Being able to take inspiration for a song from anywhere, and have it turn into something fun and challenging is exciting.

MRR: Is there a different mood or atmosphere to CTA's music that's relatively new for you guys, or is it more of an extension of what you've done before in some way?

Rob: Some of our friends called us "space crust" for a hot minute.

Dav: I'd say it's a culmination of what we've all done in previous bands, but darker and more refined.

Zach: I think we established the mood of everything rather early on, we just didn't really know how to manipulate the sounds and ideas we had in our heads, and make them come out right. Once we started playing again we finally were able to harness that sound, and refine it to where we want it to be.

MRR: What was the first song you wrote together, and how bad did it suck?

Rob: The first song we ever played was "Homeland Insecurity," which appeared on our self-titled 7" back in 2005. It had a ridiculously long intro, and a chorus riff that was way too complicated.

Dav: Someone once said we sounded like a whale.

Zach: There was a hell of a long intro to that song. It should have just been two songs, too much going on. Ugh, glad we don't play that anymore.

MRR: Sounding like a whale doesn't seem that bad.

Rob: I'm going to pre-emptively tell Zach to just stop it during his response to this question.

Dav: The whale was beached.

Zach: I think that'll be the concept on the next album. We could call it Life's a Beach(ed) Whale, or something like that. Sounds like a whale of a good time!

MRR: When do you feel CTA really found its feet?

Rob: CTA got its groove back after our hiatus, which spanned from 2005 to 2008. We relearned our old catalog, and began writing new stuff for the first full-length, Eater of Worlds. It was during that process we actually kind of figured out what the hell we were doing.

Dav: It was also around this time I actually felt comfortable playing bass. I really had no idea how to play it before.

Zach: Definitely after we started playing again. We were trying way too hard to come up with music, and it started coming out really forced. Re-writing some of our catalog I think helped us become more comfortable with how we worked together in the songwriting process.

MRR: What prompted the three-year hiatus?

Rob: We just went full-bore without really knowing what we were doing when we started, and it burned us out, particularly after the US tour.

Dav: A very long US tour in the summer.

Zach: That tour was way too long for an unknown band with a 7" that we literally released on the road. The heat, van problems, the heat, cancelled shows, oh yeah, and the heat. Same problems a lot of bands have. It was an experience, for sure, and we all learned a lot about each other.

MRR: What music from your childhoods has found its way into CTA's sound?

Rob: My influences for CTA are the Cure, Fugazi, Joy Division, Unwound, Killing Joke, and Amebix. I feel like everything I listen to affects my songwriting in some way or another. A lot of my inspiration comes from movie soundtracks.

Dav: Definitely the Cure, Joy Division, Killing Joke. Even some Zeppelin and Rolling Stones for me.

Zach: Same as the above, plus a few other things for me. My biggest influences are Nirvana and Helmet. Recently, I've been really into Shellac and Jesus Lizard. My favorite bands have always been the ones that can defy genres.

MRR: It's interesting that soundtracks have inspired CTA to some degree. Can you think of any particular examples and what you've drawn from them?

Rob: The soundtrack for Team America: World Police comes to mind. There were some amazing progressions in that movie for being such a spoof. I was really into the 28 Days Later soundtrack when it came out, and I listen to the Dune soundtrack constantly. Soundtracks are great because they provide atmosphere, which is centric to what we are doing musically.

Dav: The soundtracks to Rosemary's Baby and Blade Runner have some great progressions in them. So does Robocop.

MRR: How many times have people showed up at your shows expecting a Public Enemy tribute band?

Rob: Not enough. One person got the reference at a show on the West Coast tour. I gave him a button and a sticker.

Dav: On our first West Coast tour we got asked if we were a Christian band.

Zach: That would be great! Although they'd probably be pretty bummed.

MRR: At the same time, Public Enemy made some thick, dark, brooding music back in the day. So maybe there's a little more than just the use of a song title?

Rob: Public Enemy was a huge influence on me growing up. I thought it was amazing how they made these incredible beats to some of the most confrontational lyrics of our generation. They never get enough credit. Our first run of stickers had Flava Flav on them.

Zach: That's true. Perhaps they wouldn't be all that bummed? They did do that tune with Anthrax too. We did see Flava Flav at the airport in Las Vegas once when we were down there playing a show. We made stickers when we first started that had a picture of him on it. I wanted to run up and show him, but he was gone by the time I found my notebook with the sticker on it.

MRR: How did your album Through the Wires evolve from your earlier releases?

Rob: Through the Wires is essentially the first record we wrote and conceived entirely since regrouping. Eater of Worlds had half older songs, and therefore has a bigger span of influence in it. Through the Wires is more of a concise thought. It's darker, more post-punk sounding, and certainly has different effects on it, guitar and bass wise, than earlier releases.

MRR: Do you see CTA continuing in that direction from here on out? When you think about how far bands like Killing Joke and Amebix have taken that sound, there are many places you might evolve.

Rob: I look forward to confusing punks for a few more records.

Dav: It's all downhill from here. Then uphill again.

Zach: I think so, to an extent. But I'm also excited to see just what we can do with our collective writing skills. Because nothing should hold us back from writing whatever we want to. Killing Joke is a great example of a band that has a definite sound, but you really can't nail down a genre specifically. Same thing with the Cure, hence the huge influence. Dark and brooding, but still leaving you wondering what they're going to do next.

MRR: How about lyrically? What were you shooting for on Through the Wires?

Rob: It was written as a concept album. It's about the conflict between the material and natural worlds, and the struggle to preserve humanity in an increasingly sterile age.

MRR: So, is there a pagan undertone to that approach, or is it more open-ended?

Rob: Not really super-rooted in paganism or gnostic concepts. It's more of a Walt Whitman kind of approach. The yearning to return to nature while being weighed down by the constructs of urban life.

MRR: What was the best part about your recent tour of Europe?

Rob: Definitely the few days we had off in the Basque Country in Spain. I had never been to that region before and fell in love with the food, fun punks, and beautiful landscape. Playing with Doom and D-Clone in Bologna was amazing, and definitely playing and hanging out with the guys from Duesenjaeger in Leipzig!

Dav: The best part of tour was that when we came home we were still a band. We had fun no matter where we were, or how hungover we were.

Zach: Since we've been back I've been trying to figure out a best part of the tour. I really can't find a bad thing about it. From our few days at the beginning when we were getting ready to our days off, it was just an incredible trip. We met tons of amazing people and played with some really great bands. It was a total success in my eyes!

MRR: Speaking of Europe, how did you hook up with Skuld?

Rob: When we got the masters back from Enormous Door I sent them to the only three labels in Europe I thought would even remotely enjoy listening to them. To our absolute shock, Kleister wrote back, and has been very supportive ever since. It's an absolute honor to be associated with Skuld. They've produced some of the most amazing and unforgettable punk records.

Zach: It was the old "send your new record out and see if anyone likes it." I didn't really expect any response, and was totally into putting it out ourselves, or on Rob's label, Aborted Society, again. So when we got the response, I was pretty surprised and excited that a label whose records I grew up buying wanted to release something I did.

MRR: How does CTA fit, or not fit, into the Pacific Northwest scene?

Rob: CTA has always been an anomaly. Seattle's scene is generally more metal and doom oriented, but because we have a more tightly knit community, we play with punk bands, metal, and doom bands, and some indie bands. Some people either really get it, and are super into it, or they are confused and have no real idea how to react to us. I like that we are harder to classify and pin down. It keeps things interesting. I do think the Europeans understood us a little more.

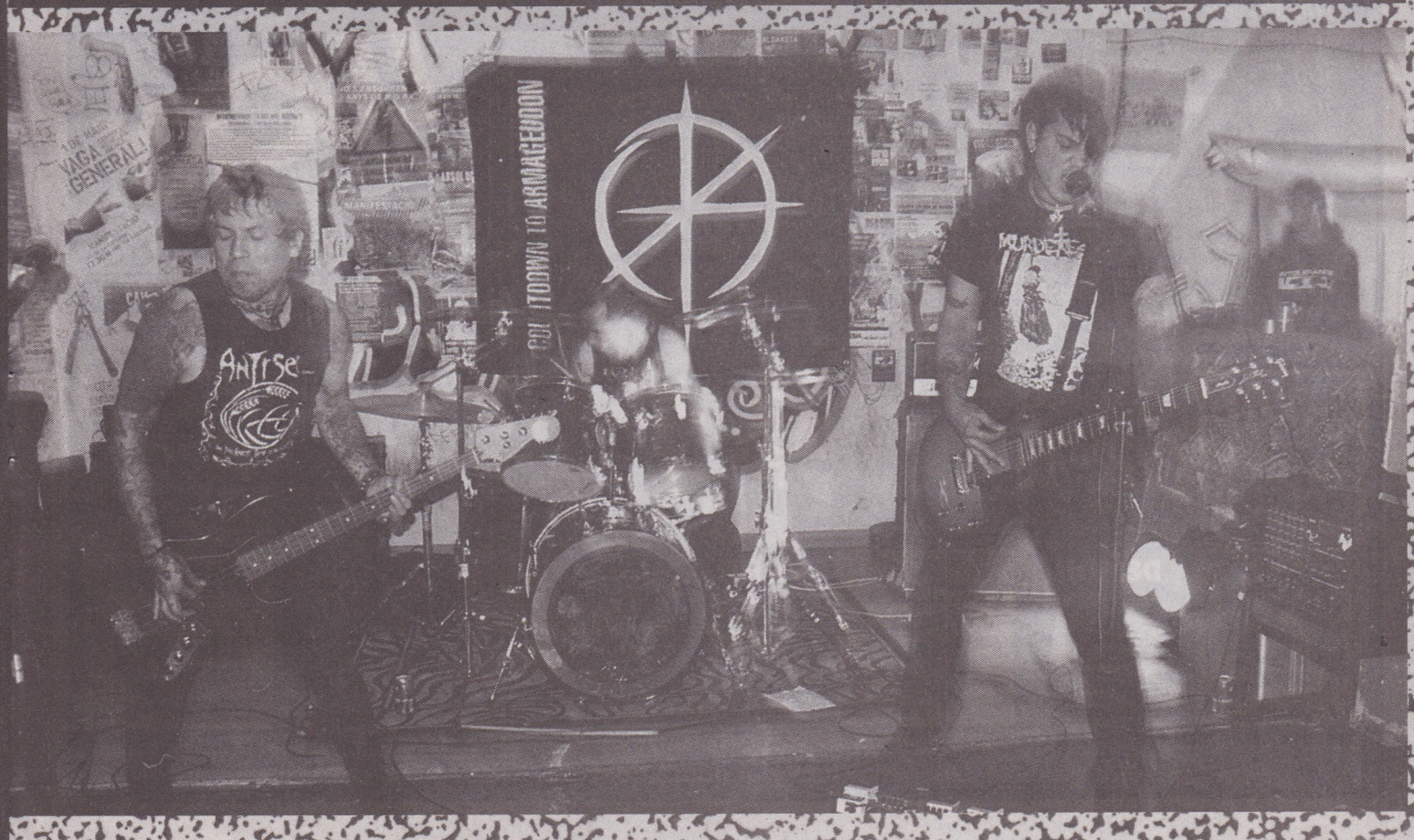
Zach: We've definitely been the sore thumb many more times than we've been the right band. We're able to play lots of different bills for shows, but we still don't entire gel with a good deal of the bands we play with. But it's nice to not be pigeonholed, and get asked to play a variety of different shows.

MRR: The fact that you have '90s influences like Unwound and Nirvana is interesting too, seeing as how those are Pacific Northwest bands. Is there something about the overall vibe of the region—musically or otherwise—that you feel you tap into?

Rob: There is something ethereal in the air here. I'm not exactly sure what it is. The Pacific Northwest has a way of bringing out this sense of brooding in people, and I think it's where we draw some of our energy from. I became really interested in what was going on in the Pacific Northwest underground while I was in high school, and it's largely what drew me to move to this region.

Dav: A lot of great bands came from the Pacific Northwest. I think that's because it's cold, dark, and ugly outside so much that you're forced to stay indoors more so why not make some cold, dark, and ugly music?

Zach: Hmmm, the climate here is definitely good for writing darker music. Nirvana was the first band that I really got into, and through them I got turned on to a whole slew of amazing bands. When I first came up here to visit, I did feel really at home in the Pacific Northwest, and that's probably why I've stayed here. Seattle definitely feels more like home than Denver did.



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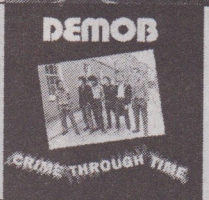

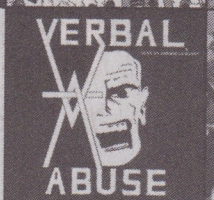

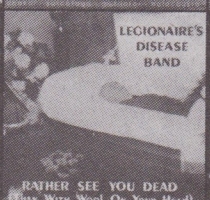

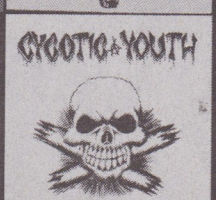

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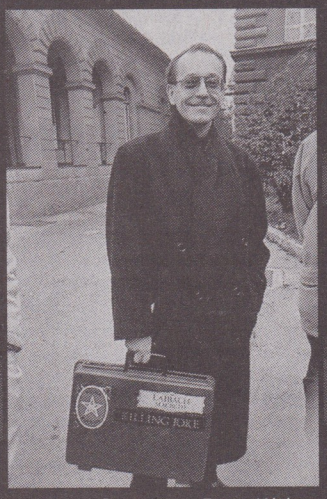


This coming October, 37 years ago the first punk band in the federative socialist Yugoslavia, precisely in Slovenia, now a member of EU, made its first public appearance. It happened ten days before the release of the Sex Pistols first album Never Mind the Bollocks in 1977.

OK, fine-but "so f….ing what?" to qoute the dubiously great Anti-Nowhere League-why should it matter at all in the ultra-tech, futuristic and post-historical 21st century? In a Fox News parlance: "think Pussy Riot, only 37 years earlier, when communism was very much alive and still kicking hard!"

More to the point: history is repeating itself, big time-and not only in the Middle East and in Ukraine, but courtesy of the lasting economic and moral crisis, especially the deepening chasm between haves and have-nots also in the West. Of course history has never really "left" if you lived in the East (or Africa), witness Yugoslav wars of early '90s when the notorious "end of history" slogan was conned after the fall of the Soviet Union. And strangely, but truly, local punk was one of the few moments in modern popular music when it actively interacted in a relevant way with the social and even political reality/history, outside of escapist entertainment.

There might have been punk bands in other communist countries (although not so early on) but we can safely say that none had such a social and political impact-both immediate and long-term-as the Yugo/Slovenian punk. Yes, the impact was "just" local, but the indie-socialist Yugo was globally important as the first alternative to Soviet-type communism, although ultimately unsuccessful.

Just one band wouldn't make much difference of course, but a wave of bands and a movement of street punks appeared soon after the '79-'80 release of the Pankrti first single Lublana je Bolana (Ljubljana is Sick) by ŠKUC-Ropot Records (reviewed at the time in Maximum Rocknroll and purchased by post by Jello Biafra) and album Dolgcajt (Boredom). This was an autonomous DIY nation-wide movement outside the official "youth culture" or commercial pop. It literally "occupied" pubs and squares in major Slovenian towns, especially in the capital Ljubljana, where Radio Študent operated since 1969 as an independent radio, unique not only in the "communist world" but Europe-wide.

As our interlocutor, Igor Vidmar, was a political journalist at RŠ from '70 until '74 and then from '78 a punk/political show host, DJ and RŠ's punk recordings producer, the first question has to be about Radio Študent. Interview by I. Darko. Photos provided by Vojko Flegar, Janez Bogataj, Miha Fras, Tone Stojko, Denis Sarkic, Diego A, Gomez.

MRR: How important was RŠ for the Slovenian punk explosion from 1977 onwards?

Pankrti and the whole punk thing would probably come into being even without Radio Študent, as it has happend elsewhere in Yugo; but it woud remain a marginal underground phenomenon. It was precisely RŠ that made the first (but not only) difference-there was nothing like it in other parts of Yugoslavia, not to mention the Soviet block. As a matter of fact, I'm not sure there was anything like that in continental Europe, pirate radios notwithstanding.

So instead of remaining at the margins, in the underground, Slovenian punk became a massively popular youth movement. The role of RŠ was in fact later recognised by Pankrti themselves. The autonomy, DIY and wider influence was made possible by the real autonomy of the student radio-itself a "strange," improbable phenomenon: it came into being when a group of electronics students connected to the '68 student movement took literally a demagogic remark by a top communist who tried to defuse the student revolt by suggesting that it was just a matter of students being mis-informed, and thus proposed a student radio.

Of course the regime uncertainty and bigger worries after Marshall Tito's death in '80 also contributed to the fact that, at its appearance, Slovenian punk went unchallenged and was spreading nearly undisturbed until late '81-early '82-while in other Republics of Yugoslavia punk quickly mutated into new wave, ska etc. under commercial and media pressure. There, in a pop market much larger than the Slovenian one, it was lured very soon by music industry commercialism not so different from that in the West.

Here it might help mentioning that the country that split acrimoniously from Stalinist orthodoxy in early '50 had by the '70s already had a partly free and partly funtional market economy, including pop industry, tabloids etc., not unlike China today. This needs to be mentioned although "screw history" and "sod off old farts" was the attitude Slovenian punks shared with their Western brethren.

MRR: Which were the most important post-Pankrti bands in Slovenia?

One can find nearly all their names in the line-ups of the first Novi Rock festivals from '81 to '84 that were basically punk fests. The bands were from all parts of Slovenia, like Indust-Bag from a small southern border town-very young but well rehearsed with lucid industrial-angst and

punk redemption lyrics like "Throwaway Youth," "Head Against Concrete," "City Shadow" or their RŠ alter-hit "100dB": Metal curtain around the flesh / human organs grinded in a machine / automatic plastic lips…100dBs strangle me and put me up again…"

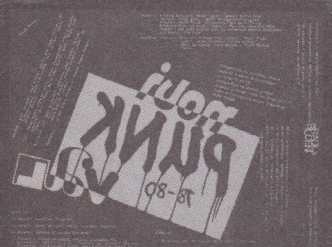
Then there were Gnile Duše (Rotten Souls) from the rural region that were hilariously Ramone-oid, as were Kuzle (Bitches), while Šund (Pulp Fiction) were more ska-punk. Both were very young and from the same old mining town, with sharp, sociallly critical and individualist lyrics; while CZD (Centre for Dehumanisation) from Maribor were a near-satirical proto-punk with minimalist social-absurdist lyrics.

Also, there were Čao Pičke (Hi Cunts), a kind of Dadaist punk/no-wave, close to Otroci Socializma (Children of Socialism), both with grate existentialist and absurdist lyrics and a rough minimal sound.

Then there were Ljubljana bands in the wake of Pankrti explosion, Lublanski Psi (Ljubljana Dogs), a Clash/Sham 69 kind of rounchy punk with sarcastic lyrics like, "I still have hope but I shit on it, that fled in the face of official optimism. Grupa 92, although not quite working class and

musically softer, have written one of the first "working stiff" lyrics on their first—and the only—single "Od Šestih Do Dveh" (Six to Two), then the industrial working hours. Its staccato ska-punk with electric organ riff was effectively conveying the drabness of working on a Fordian production line.

The fact that these totally new bands could play in front of 5,000+ sold-out audiences in the elite Križanke Monastery Summer Auditorium in the centre of Ljubljana as soon as they had half an hour of their own songs and were reasonably well-rehearsed—it's more proof of the urgency and creativity of the period, and the lightning spreading, and impact of the punk "big bang" in the grey void of the "socialist youth culture."



All of these bands have appeared on three punk/new wave compilations in early '80s produced by RŠ and Student Cultural centre-SKUC (another off-shoot of the student movement a decade ago), but again distributed by the same major as Pankrti, which was proof of punk's wider near-mainstream popularity. There was little censorship of lyrics, but as with "Dolgcajt" the only way of curbing the popularity of punk was not to re-print these albums after the first prints had been regularly sold-out.

But now NE! Recors of Sweden has released, or will soon release, first-ever albums by some of the above—O!Kult, Grupa 92, Čao Pičke, and also Indust-Bag who did get to "samizdat" (self-publish) a couple CDs. These albums are a great "collateral" to these meagre words.

MRR: Were these bands musically all in the mould of the successful Pankrti?
Not at all! Allthough the allure of imitating a band that sold out their first releases was strong, especially since Dolgcajt album was distributed by the major record company which was part of the national Radio and TV Corporation, the new and younger bands all sounded different and were expressing the feelings of a whole new generation: Via Ofenzifa was kind of dark-wave, musically and lirically poetic prolet(arian) punk—as was O!Kult but with more political lyrics and punk'n'roll music. Roughly ska-punky Buldogi were the youngest—barely fifteen and sixteen years old at Novi Rock '81-'82. And so on.

MRR: What were the messages of these bands?
Their messages and social outlook was different not only from the ideology of the regime and its Socialist Youth division, but also from the nihilistic dadaistic fun and "destroy all" ethics or "white riot" sloganeering of the first Brit-punk. Some were somewhat similar to the second, "proletarian punk" British wave of Angelic Upstarts and Sham 69, but with a massive contextual difference: this was the "socialist people's Republic" with the one and only ruling Party.

But this can again trigger an automatic association to "communist lager," or the ideological stereotyping "behind the iron courtain" etc., so it should be qualified again: Yugoslavia was by then some 30 years outside the "Soviet block"—no Soviet troops in Yugo, or American troops, thank you very much. We had quite a freedom of movement—everybody had had a passport since the early '60s, and there was a strange but working "socialist market" economy with (small) private property, little unimployment, at least in the federal Republic of Slovenia, free schooling, health care etc.. The system was still undemocratic, actually quite hierarchical (aren't they all?) and authoritarian, but not "totalitarian" in the Soviet sense of the word.

MRR:So what were punks protesting against?
There were stages of discontent and protest; at first it can be said that punk protest was directed mostly against the drabness and over-regulation of life and culture, against "social differences" as was the going euphemism for the class divide between the regime elite and the people; also against the lack of freedom of expression. Some of the lyrics, images and attitudes, especially Pankrti's, whose vocalists were students of social sciences, were mocking and expressing distrust of the one-party in the "socialist democracy," revealing prevalent youth conformism, and expressing alienation and angst not in tune with the "socialist humanist" official ideology, and similar.

Younger bands had different messages, closer to classic teen angst frustrations etc., but many spoke also about society and politics—like the "proletarian" O!Kult—who sang about "comrades, don't alienate our work from us / don't alienate our self-rule / don't drive around in black Mercedes…. whose comrades are you?"

This and other similar songs recorded at RŠ or at shows, but later also in professional studios for the Novi Rock festival (more of which later) became bona fide heavy rotation Radio Student hits. This also goes for Grupa 92 and their first single "Od Šestih Do Dveh"("Six to Two") with conveyor belt work-related lyrics "pushing buttons / becoming automators". With its catchy staccato ska-

punk riffing it also got a lot of national airplay—and the single even was the first-ever by a "socialist" punk band to be reviewed in a global musical paper, the now defunct Melody Maker.

MRR: Did they and other popular bands become maistream successful?
No. Grupa 92 would have surely recorded an album for the same major that released the single were it not for the draft into the Army. So it's great that NE! Records is releasing their first-ever album as well as O!Kult's and Čao Pičke.

But the same goes also for many other bands at the time. So this—the army draft—was really the scourge of Slovenian and Yugo punk—and a quite deliberate measure of the regime to harass and curb the punk movement when it realised, luckily too late, that it couldn't control it in the usual repressive ways. Because by then, in early '80s, it has become quite massive and very visible on Slovenian streets and on the graffitied walls, with one of the pinnacles when punks "occupied" a small, central Ljubljana square and re-named it "Johnny Rotten Square" not with ordinary graffiti, but with enormous, nearly unerasable grease-paint letters.

The trigger of this explosion and boldness was firstly the success of the mentioned Pankrti album Dolgcajt (Boredom) and the sold-out first Novi Rock Fest '81, the first wave were Kuzle, Šund, Indust-Bag and Buldogi, and then came Otroci Socializma, O!Kult and Kuga in '82—and then Grupa 92, Via Ofenziva, Berlinski Zid (Berlin wall), Gnile Duše, Čao Pičke, Center za Dehumanizacijo and other first post-Pankrtian wave bands.

MRR: How come many of popular punk bands did not release anything at all?
Beside the disruption of the army draft there was this big regime clampdown at the end of 1981. At first the regime was in a kind of post-Tito distraction and hesitation, so it took time to react, but then it came down hard, after it had realised that its "youth division" didn't have a clue how to deal with the punks.

So the Ministry of Interior masterminded the "fascist punks" outrage in cahoots with the major media and arrested three guys, allegedly members of a 4R (Fourth Reich) punk band, while the high-circulation tabloid title screamed "Who is drawing swasticas on our walls?" It was a tremendous scandal and public outcry that legitimised a wave of systematic day to day harrassment of punk bands and punks themselves, as police came for them to schools and homes early in the morning to take them for questioning; there was street aggression etc.

We at Radio Študent were at first taken by surprise as there were no Nazi punk bands that we knew of, only maybe a few chauvinistic blockhead fans, but we soon got the wind of what was really going on and RŠ and some sympathetic intellectuals and rare media went on the counter-information offensive.We managed to limit the damage, no-one else was arrested at first, but the three guys remaied in prison for months, and though all were in the end exonerated for lack of evidence, the damage was done, record companies shied off, national radioplay was reduced, punks were pushed off the streets and the whole movement kind of went deeper underground.

But Novi Rock remained, and one of its "stars" of '82 were Laibach, who, a few years later, masterminded great poetic-justice and also a fiercely art-political "revenge" that shook the whole of Yugoslavia. But that is another story.

MRR: Punk was marginalised, Pankrti disbanded in '87. Where was the socio-political impact you mentioned at the beginning?

Yes, and punk lyrics made no demands of "democracy," "liberty" or free "pursuit of happiness," I think because we realised, consciously or not, that these values were on paper, in words already included in the Yugoslav constitution, and in all kinds of official proclamations and even in the Programme of the Communist party.

But the reality, although quite different from the one in the Soviet block was still radically different from their words. Peple didn't like that, but that was politics, while economically the '70s were fairly prosperous, as the system kinda bribed the people with big industrial projects, full employment and cheap credits for building private houses etc.–but the money for these socialist "bribes" was borrowed from the pillars of neoliberal financial capitalism–mostly the IMF and World Bank. But the people were not informed or didn't cares as Western conumer goods were more available etc., besides the already free healthcare, education etc.

What came of all this was a kind of "consumerist authoritarianism"–not unlike the one in China now. But when Tito, the guarantor of political stability, died, the financial "masters of Universe" called in the loans and the crisis hit Yugo–again, not unlike the post-2008 world crisis but affecting only Yugo at the time.

The "devil's pact" between the people and the regime underlying the '70s' "prosperity" was that the above official values should stay on paper, or at least under strict one-Party control, when partially implemented. Punk ignored this "pact," satirised and criticised it and created its own freedom of expression, autonomy and alternative culture–and it has all begun before Tito's death and the loosening of the regime–to which it contributed at least indirectly. Hence its kind of prophetic significance and inspiration for others in the '80s.

Also, punk's wider cultural resonance and staying power was due to its proto-"gesamt-kunst" nature, today it would be called multi-media-tic or new-media-tic: there wasn't only the music but also fanzines, graffiti, videos, manifestos, theory–and literature, some even from Pankrti's frontman; but the most notable and influential were the radicaly iconoclastic and outrageous, "morally scandalous" live performances, poetry and prose/philosophy by one P. Traven, later revealed as Peter Mlakar–who later wrote some lyrics and wildly daring speeches for the group Laibach and its performances in besieged Sarajevo in 1995 and in Belgrade, Serbia in 1997 (with the dictator Milošević still in power!). But that is, again, another story.

MRR: How was punk still relevant in the '80s, after the "Nazi-punk" clampdown?

Later other social forces were inspired by punk, especially the so-called "social movements," demanding more "human rights" from the regime along the lines of the Helsinki universal declaration of human rights of '77 that was also signed by Yugo. These movements were still operating within the system that was slowly loosening, but have benefited from the punk breakthrough.

Other dissenters were more radical in some ways, at the time stigmated as nationalist-burgeois as they were proposing Slovenian independence. And it was the very founder of one of these forces–grouped around a literary and philosophical magazine similarly in a way to dissidents in Soviet Union–who was later even a co-author of the independent Slovenia's constitution, who has most sincerely and succintly described the initial impact of punk:

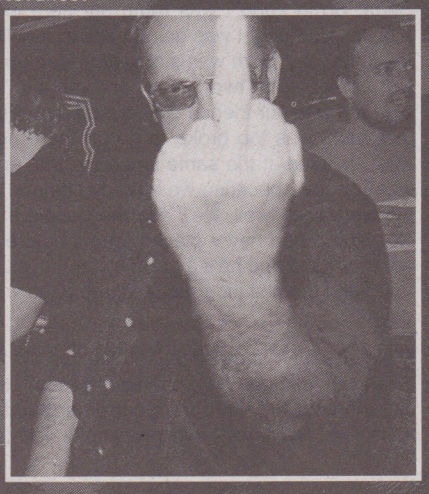
"Without the stress caused to politics and culture by the two years of Pankrti's activity there would be no initiative for magazine Nova Revija. Even more, I'm ever more certain that without Pankrti and the waves behind and around them the communist power would not allow its inception in mid-1982."

MRR: So how can all this be still relevant toda,y beside pure musical nostalgia?

As I said, it does seem to me that history is repeating itself big time, and not only in the ex-Soviet Union and other democratically "undeveloped" parts of the world. But if the people, especially young people, don't want to again become the passive objects or election fodder of momentous events dictated by the dominant forces of power and money that could in the end turn them even into cannon-fodder, they would probably do well to consider and take into account the principles of social and cultural self-determination, engagement, autonomy and social/political DIY that were–and are–the kernel of punk's lasting relevanca–and I mean in real reality, not only in the virtual, cyber "reality" of FB, Instagram, Twitter etc. In my view these so-colled "social media" can be useful to a point, and their role in the post-crisis movements like Occupy is undeniable; but they can also be deceiving precisely as an illusion of the social action and thus a very poor substitute for the real thing.

Also, classical forms of social and political activism like Occupy, World Social Forum etc. are surely at the core of possible changes and indispensible; but so could or should be something that touches, moves and shakes, and yes, politicises the "private-life" leisure-time and "entertainment" that are so massively occupying young people's attention and are an important cornerstone of the world status quo. They are all-present and not-so-hiddenly persuasive, presisely because they are supposedly a-historic and a-political, the eternal "best of all worlds". This strange world has surely been shaken and even crumbling a bit since the crisis–but is still very strong in its many brilliant, virtual and pure-fun forms–we all know what they are, be it "old school" Holywood or new-age virtual reality fun-and-games... But I'm terribly old school so don't take me at face value; I'm sure MRR readers will not.

Anyway, I do believe that the re-releases of old punk records or new-old releases can not only stir nostalgia and reveal an obscure chapter in local or regional musical history–but can be a useful reminder of its possible wider relevance.



NO BABIES

Born in the South and currently located in Oakland, California, the talented members of No Babies blend passion, hardcore, and jazz into a chaotic whirlwind of noise and fury. Their music is raw, dissonant, and unleashes enough frenetic energy to power a village—which, in some ways, is what No Babies aims to do. No Babies take their DIY ethic seriously and their music is as much about the performance and space as it is about the songs themselves. With an ever-changing lineup that brings different instruments and personalities into the mix, No Babies is a constantly evolving entity. I sat down with the current four-member incarnation to talk about rage, punk, work ethics, and their brand new 7" record. Interview by Sami Fink. Photos by Adam Neal Gochnauer, Nick Coultas and Miri Matsufuji.

MRR: Alright, everyone, go ahead and introduce yourselves and tell us what your role is in the band.

Jasmine: Hello! I am Jasmine, I sing and I very infrequently play saxophone.

Sean: I'm Sean, I play drums and also sometimes saxophone. Less than Jasmine though.

Jasmine: But better.

Ricky: I'm Ricky, I play guitar and sometimes trumpet.

Laura: I'm Laura, I play bass and trumpet.

MRR: Where and when did No Babies form?

Sean: So in 2008 I was living out here in Oakland and Ricky was in Mobile, Alabama. I was going back to Mobile, I was planning to visit my family but my mom was sick and ended up passing away and so I was just in Mobile for two weeks, and me and Ricky's old band had a tour planned with our friends Outclassed from Pittsburgh. The drummer from that band was too broke to go on tour and so for fun we had started another band at the same time, and that ended up being the band that went on tour, because we already planned out this month-long tour, so we were like, "well, we'll ask the people if they can go and do it" and we did it. I had never played drums before but I'd played with Ricky in another band and he's a great guitar player. All those notes! So that was 2008 and the first incarnation of the band was a month-long, twenty-two days?

Ricky: It's just funny because I feel we did that band one time because Sean was just like, "We should play some music together!" and we did. But then our drummer from our other band couldn't go on tour and we were like, "Well, we have two weeks, let's write a set of songs for this band to go on tour. It was really hectic, really fun, practicing eight hours a day, starting at 10pm, going until really early in the morning (sorry old housemates!) I feel like this really informed the rest of the band.

Sean: This ridiculously dumb work ethic. [Laughs]

Ricky: Yeah, which we've really tried to step back from.

Sean: It was the kind of music I'd wanted to do for a long time. We were doing this really weird dance punk that was kind of like what we're doing now, but that was like a high school band. You know, like the first band you're in where you don't have a specific direction. You know, "Here are all of my influences all at once" and it's just weird. This is kind of refining that for me.

Ricky: I've also been thinking a lot about where we all were at that point in our lives. I feel like that band started in this space where I was fed up with being in the South and being a queer person in the South and not being able to own that, where I was and with the people I was surrounding myself with. Sean's mom had just passed away, there were a lot of intense things going on at that time that, in my mind, informed No Babies a lot and made it this pretty big necessity for me, and changed my life. That necessity has also informed this band for me in a way. It's always been this emotional lynchpin.

Sean: Yeah, for sure. When I didn't know how to play drums I was just like, "Ooh, I feel really fucked up and I have all of this insane, directionless rage and hurt, I'm just going to bash at this thing every day for a month." And just try to get that out.

MRR: I feel like music is a good way to let a lot of that out. One of the things I really like about your music is that it takes a lot of risks. Maybe you can speak to how that reflects the emotional risks that you take, or the risk of moving to a new place—does the part of you

that embraces that also embrace taking risks in your songwriting?

Jasmine: In a lyric writing process, as a singer, just yelling about things that upset you can be extremely cathartic. I find myself writing more often about things I care about, whether it's because it makes me mad and I want it to change, or because it's something I've experienced... that can feel a bit exposing.

Sean: When something positive happens in your life, you experience it and it's in that moment but rarely do you hold on to that. But with negative emotions, rage or hurt or things like that, you're not supposed to talk about it—you're supposed to buck up. And people hold onto that anger and so it feels so good to actually release it. I feel like our performances are really physical and really emotional in that way, just really bare and honest and trying to reach out in this way and create this space.

Ricky: I feel like it's always been about the joy of anger, in a way, the joy of these really intense expressions. I'm only speaking for myself, but there're these really intense emotions and feelings when we play, at least for me, and it's also about saying that it's okay to have these feelings and to create a space where we can let them out in a safe way and in a positive way. And to show that expressing those emotions is positive in a lot of ways. The bands that made me want to play music were my brother's bands in Mobile. They would always express their music so physically and when I saw that I thought, "that is how music should be played!" It should be played with every inch of your body! And I feel like people talk a lot about how music can change and motivate things and I feel like it can but mostly, for me, it just provides motivation. It gave me movement. The performance is about sustaining that movement and keeping moving in life.

MRR: The image I have in my head right now is like a shaken up soda bottle and then you guys are basically happily twisting off the cap and letting it flow out.

Ricky: [Laughs] Yeah, I like that analogy! I always feel like we go through these periods of writing for so long and we don't play shows and I feel like it bottles up.

MRR: If you can describe the music in a genre name, what would it be? I feel like it doesn't fit neatly into any genre—that I know of anyway—and I'm curious as to how you would describe it to someone who has never heard your music.

Jasmine: I'm always reminded of when we were asked this question by border guards or cops.

MRR: Sorry, is my badge showing?

Jasmine: [Laughs] We always try to simplify it into a neat package that someone's cool dad could understand. It's punk and hardcore, but also influenced by jazz. And I swear, so frequently the response is "Like the Red Hot Chili Peppers?"

Sean: And we say, "Yes, absolutely." [Laughs]

Jasmine: 100%. Otherwise it's hard to put into a package. I guess we can talk about different influences we each have and how that plays into our sound.

Laura: I'm always afraid to put a label on it because I don't want anyone to see it and say, "Ooh! Weird punk hardcore jazz, BOOM, that's it!" Because for me this band is very much more than just us, as individuals, sharing music, and it's all a really important part of our lives. It's just something we do and it's so much more than the music. I mean, it is the music, definitely. Something that appealed to me about No Babies before was the music, but finally playing in this band I definitely have changed a lot as a person and how I perceive music. The whole physical aspect, the anger... I'm a much more reserved person and was never really tuned into that. These sorts of things, about being in a band and what comes out of our music, isn't related to a genre. But yeah, our influences could be melded into one giant word, like one giant German compound to represent our band. [Laughs]

Sean: A huge thing that people latch onto is the noise rock element of the band. In the early 2000s, music journalists were trying to coin the term "noise punk" to describe things like, I don't know, Pink and Brown, instead of say, Confuse. I'm not sure if it stuck or not—it was a little obnoxious but also kind of appropriate. I just know that when we play or go on tour, people will book us with these musique concrète noise artists and then we'll play and they'll say, "Okay, you guys are like a rock band or something." But then we'll get put on a hardcore show and people will be like, "Ehh, we don't really know... it's a little too weird, but I guess you guys can play." They'll have an idea in their head of what it should be and it's not exactly right on, but then they'll see us and they'll understand we're a punk band. We're into setting up weird song structures and just playing with timing and finding sounds we can make with our instruments without effects.

Laura: In terms of genre, I'm more drawn to the idea of being "_____ punk" because of the politics surrounding it. We just want to play with friends, to people who have an open mind, as many punks do, supposedly.

Ricky: I feel like that's a really good thing to say. In my mind, we're just a punk band. Punk should be so many different things—it should be so many different kinds of music and should encompass a lot of versatility.

MRR: There've been a lot of lineup changes, which I'm sure really affect the dynamic of the raw emotions that are being expressed. What's the story behind the lineup changes, and are there plans to bring more people into No Babies in the future?

Jasmine: I think a lot of it was out of necessity. We were going on tour and someone couldn't make it but we had a tour booked and we wanted to make it happen.

Ricky: Yeah, the first lineup ended because all of us moved (to Oakland) and our singer didn't want to, so we got a different singer. Other times, one person hasn't been able to go on a tour or couldn't play a certain show, so we would do this thing where we would say, "alright, we have a week to write songs with a new lineup and new instruments and we're going to play these songs and then never, ever play them again." Which was fun and really challenging, but it was also way, way too exhausting.

Sean: Yeah, it was a lot.

Ricky: We don't really do that so much anymore.

Jasmine: This has sort of been the lineup for almost two years now. Laura and I have been in the band since March of 2012.

Sean: I want to go on the record and say that Laura had been in the band before.

Laura: I couldn't commit! I couldn't commit to the crazy tours, life was crazy…

Sean: Yeah, we toured too much. No, not too much… so much. A lot.

Jasmine: I think we're very open to having friends come in and play at various times; having a friend play saxophone, or having second bass. It's something where we always like to make sure that people have similar visions, whether in music or energy or even politics, and making sure we're on the same page with that. Because when you're in a band you're not seen as individuals, you're seen as the band, so if one person says or does something sketchy or weird you're all associated with it.

Sean: We just want people who won't be weird, shitty assholes when we're in the van with them!

Ricky: And people who aren't going to treat other people badly. On tour you're open to so many people and you have opportunities to engage with people and we don't want to bring someone that might be damaging or hurtful to people.

MRR: What are some of the most memorable or favorite tours you've done?

Sean: I'm going to go out on a limb and say it was when we went to Japan for two weeks. That time we played in Indiana was great, though.

Jasmine: We've done some really great US tours, but being able to get to Japan was such an incredible experience. Spending time with Joe, who booked the tour and drove us and played some of the shows with us…

Sean: Joe put so much energy into that tour. Shout out to Joe, for dealing with us!

Jasmine: We played with so many incredible bands and saw so many beautiful things. Joe was really good about booking cool shows but also made sure we got to see Japan. We're the types who say, "We have a 40-day tour and we're going to play 38 of those 40 days!"

Sean: [Laughs] That goes into our ridiculously stupid work ethic. It's hard for us—for me, anyway—to slow down. When we were in Japan, we were there for two weeks but we only played six shows. Tour is the best and the worst way to see places. I've met so many wonderful friends and seen this country and other countries because of it, but it's usually just the inside of a venue, or sitting in the van, or waiting or something. We are trying to turn over a new leaf of enjoying where we are.

MRR: Any new records in the works?

Sean: Funny you should ask that!

Jasmine: A couple of things. We released a cassette, *Yo No Soy Como Tú* last year, but we're finally releasing the 7" version of it.

Sean: It's a split release between Gilgongo Records in Tempe, Arizona and Upset the Rhythm Records in London.

Jasmine: We haven't toured as much this year because we're trying to focus on writing more songs, to hopefully put out a full-length. It would be nice to have a LP with this incarnation (of No Babies). *Yo No Soy Como Tú* has the first five songs that we wrote and recorded with this lineup and I think it was really special.

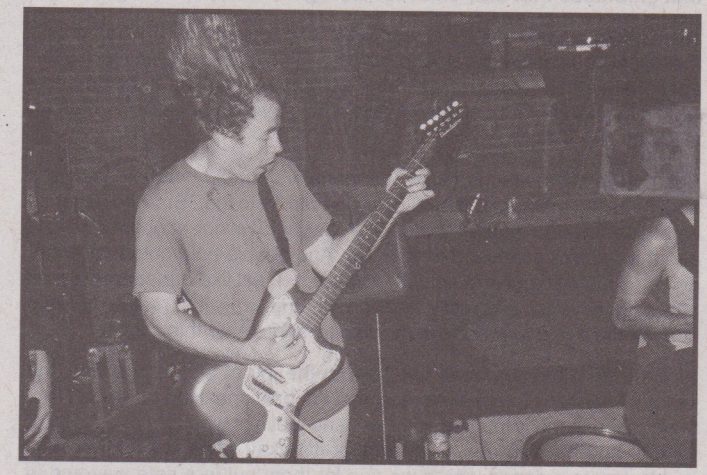
Sean: It's the best we've ever sounded. Jack Shirley did a great job. Easy to work with, a pleasure…

Laura: Great guy!

Ricky: We're going to do a West Coast tour with this 7", we've talked about recording a flexi of some versions of songs that will hopefully be on the LP. So hopefully that will happen.

MRR: If No Babies was a fruit, what would No Babies be?

Ricky: A banana that plays guitar.



An interview with Endless Grinning Skulls from Nottingham, UK. Questions by Filip Fuchs, answers by guitar player Andy. Completed by e-mail in early 2014, originally printed (in Czech) in issue 30 of Hluboka Orba.

MRR: What was the main motivation and inspiration to start the band? What have you achieved so far, and what do you hope to achieve with this band?

The band started, as I guess a lot of bands do, following a conversation in the pub! I was hanging out with Steve (drums), and he asked me if I wanted to start something. His other band, Geriatric Unit, were in a bit of a weird place, doing lots of writing but unable to play gigs. Steve wanted to do something different, and start another project to play live a bit more. He was also quite clear that he wanted to play some D-Beat, ha ha! We had one rehearsal with just drums and guitar that didn't really go anywhere. A few weeks later Gords joined on bass, and that was when it really started. The original idea was to do something in the vein of Totalitär, but it obviously didn't work out like that! As soon as we started writing, we realized that we were drawing more heavily from the early '80s UK scene (Antisect, Discharge, Crass, Flux, Anti System, Rudimentary Peni, etc.) I will admit to being a bit nervous about the whole thing to begin with, because I had followed and been influenced by those two guys and their previous bands for years.

The main motivation is just to create the best music that we can and to make it thought provoking and powerful. We have made some records that we are proud of which will hopefully stand the test of time, and that is how we intend to continue.

MRR: Some of you are in your thirties and forties and, recently you also went separate ways from your original singer because of distance, family, and job issues. How hard it is to maintain the band when

you are no longer teenagers? I mean, one of the usual inspirations to become punk or to start playing in a punk rock band is usually boredom, but how bored are you with all these mid-life responsibilities?

I'm in my early-mid thirties, the other two are in their forties, and our ex-singer was a bit older than both of them. Jobs and families mean that we can't be as free and easy with our time as we were when we were younger. We are a lot more selective about playing gigs, for example. Sometimes the band takes a back seat due to other more important things, sometimes it is the focus. We work at a rate that suits us and don't feel the need to play and tour constantly or put out a million releases. I think the main thing is that we enjoy doing it and respect when other things need to be the priority. Apart from this band and the stuff I mentioned above, we have other things going on, too. I book gigs in Nottingham and occasionally do artwork for bands and am in another band. Gords helped start the Punk Scholar's Network, a global network of Punk Academics and is very busy with writing and spoken word events.

MRR: Currently, you have three releases. Could you describe each of them, how they differ from each other and what are the lyrical topics? Are you satisfied with these records, and what reactions have you received?

Endless Grinning Skulls LP: Of all the records I have made, this, along with the *Dead in the Woods* LP, is what I am most proud of. We worked really hard on this for over a year, locked away, keeping the whole thing pretty quiet. The traditional path that bands take is to release a demo then a 7" or two, maybe a few splits, then build up to an LP. Nothing wrong with that. It's a tried and tested formula that makes sense. We just thought, "Fuck that," and decided to just get straight into writing an LP. I think the record flows really well and there was an element of serendipity at play because the songs are sequenced in the order that we wrote them. This record is in its third pressing now, so I guess people like it. I have certainly seen some favorable comments about the record. The writing process was easy in the sense that we conceived the basics of the songs fairly easily, but it also got quite intense because we were very focused on the details. When we recorded, we again focused on a lot of small details and had fun trying out ideas in the studio. Parts of the songs were changed in the studio, adding to the creative process.

Fear, Ignorance, Control EP: Gords was having a lot of health problems around this time, in fact, thinking back, we all were. It was a pretty brutal time for everyone. The songs are a bit more hardcore sounding, I guess, but also a bit weirder. The structures are a bit more loose and fucked up. I am really happy with the presentation of this release. I went all-out with the artwork and tried to really capture the mood of the lyrics and how I was feeling at the time. The poster took me a couple of weeks to complete and is the biggest piece of cut-and-paste art I have ever done (I usually do gig flyers). The first song was originally going to be titled "Your Crumbling Tower," which is where I got the idea for the poster. I started working on this in the wake of the UK riots in 2011, and although the lyrics didn't address this directly, I wanted to work that idea in. That was really depressing to watch. It started as a reaction to the shooting of a young man by the police in London but quickly turned into a smash-and-grab-free-for-all of looting and violence. What might have been a mass demonstration of youth anger and frustration at the state ended up being no more than opportunity for people to get themselves some free consumer goods. Anyway, it was also really cool that Skweela got involved and made the artwork for the center labels of the record. His artwork for bands like Icons of Filth, Septic Death, Poison Idea, etc. is amazing so it was really great to have some input and support from him. From a label perspective this record was a pain in the arse to release. Against my better judgment I went with a different pressing plant to the one that handled the LP. We received test presses that sounded like crap, and the plant would accept no responsibility for this (but of course they were more than happy to take and keep my money). I went back to plant I used the first time and we got to attend the cut, resulting in a much better sound. I have to say that as a bit of a record nerd it gave me great pleasure watching the grooves being cut into the record and learning more about the whole process of creating a vinyl master.

Violent Arrest split EP: We have been offered a few splits but have always turned them down because we prefer to just do our own thing. However, this is one we all wanted to do. There's an obvious connection between some of the members ex-bands (Heresy/Ripcord), and also it was an honor that Welly from *Artcore* offered to release it. How could we refuse? The recording process was strange and stressful. We had the music for some time but hadn't rehearsed the song with our ex- singer. He worked on the vocals from a CD, so we first heard it properly in the studio! Despite that, I think the track turned out great. There is another song from that session that might surface at some point, and a couple of things that are currently instrumental that we might do something with in the future.

MRR: How important is it for you to run your own record label and release most of your bands' records on it? Any thoughts about the relevance of doing the record label in 2013? What are the biggest obstacles/gains from it?

I had the idea of doing a label for some time! I had been running a small distro for a couple of years by trading releases from my old bands and tended to handle that side of things. I was about to become a father, so I figured that very soon I would have less time and disposable income to put into such things! It was/is also refreshing to have total control over pretty much every aspect of the releases. Initially, I had no real intention to release anything other than the LP. I wasn't even going to have a label name, just put the thing out. After the *Endless Grinning Skulls* LP, I released the Dead in the Woods LP. This was a band that I was in prior to Endless Grinning Skulls and was very different. We played heavy psychedelic rock/metal/crust stuff (our unofficial nickname being "His Hero is Hawkwind"). I then did the Endless Grinning Skulls EP and just put out a cassette EP for another Nottingham band called Beast As God. They play a great mix of heavy '90s hardcore, crust, metal and psychedelic stuff. Their sound is somewhere between Integrity, Catharsis, Crow, Unruh, His Hero is Gone, etc., and they are really interesting and powerful. I did 100 copies of that tape, and it is almost sold out. I might make another batch at some point... I haven't decided yet. Beast As God feature friends from Moloch, Dead in the Woods, 593 collective, etc. My next release will be another cassette, this time an album by Nadir, a band I do with some of the Dead in the Woods folks. We play really heavy psychedelic murk. It is very dark and noisy, and I am really excited to finish this and release it. I don't currently have any more concrete plans, but I have a couple of ideas and things I might get involved in.

Relevance of doing a record label? Well, there are plenty of great labels that put out great records (and plenty of crappy ones too!) I have no great ambitions; it's just a way for me to release my own stuff and help out friends' bands. The main obstacles are obviously time and money! If I had more of those, then I would probably want to release more stuff. I guess the biggest gains (aside from the control aspect) are gaining more contacts through trading/contacting other labels' bands and loads more records for me, ha ha. I try to trade as much as pos-

sible, but I am also quite selective about what I take. I try to only carry records I want/like in the distro so that I feel comfortable selling stuff to people. It doesn't always work out like this, and I have taken stuff I really didn't like just to get my releases spread around.

MRR: Since Endless Grinning Skulls is based in Nottingham, I can't resist mentioning three things that immediately come to mind when thinking of your city: a) Earache Records, b) Robin Hood, c) Heresy! Any thoughts about these associations

a) Earache Records: Obviously a historically important label for extreme underground music. I have absolutely zero interest in anything to do with this label these days. Don't you think it's interesting how so many of the bands have gone elsewhere? Do you think a lot of the classic early Earache bands have good things to say about the label?

b) Robin Hood: "Steal from the rich and give to the poor." We need some more of that these days. Seems the opposite is happening far too regularly.

c) Heresy: A really important and influential band! I was a kid when they were around, so I didn't hear them until years after they had split up. I really love that they aren't interested in doing any sort if reformation despite that people keep asking and would certainly lap it up. I have lots of respect for them for continuing to make new music. The first Heresy record I got was *13 Rocking Anthems* from a stall in Neath Market for about £1.50.

MRR: Some 25 or more ago there was "A UK hardcore roundtable" interview in *Maximum Rocknroll* with mostly Nottingham hardcore punx, and many of them mentioned participating in hunt sabbing, something which seems kind of difficult to imagine now. Is the hunt sabbing in your area still going on, and are the people from the hardcore/punk scene still involved? What about animal rights in general? Do you feel it's still an important issue both in the UK punk scene and in general?

This not something I have ever participated in or had much to do with. It still occurs, which I support, but I don't think it's as prevalent as it once was. The 2004 Hunting Act was supposed to curb a lot of the fox hunting with dogs, but in reality it continues. Our current government, at least the conservatives, basically want to get rid of this law and want fixed hunting with dogs to be made legal again. There have been some prosecutions under the law, but generally I think fox hunting continues undisturbed. Pretty shitty really. As for your question about animal rights in general, I feel that as an omnivore any comments I make on animal rights will be viewed as pointless or hypocritical by the readership of this zine, so I will refrain.

MRR: Some of your gigs were benefits for different causes/organizations. Could you mention some of them and tell us more about the activities that were supported by these gigs? Also, you played the Means to an End Fest at least once. How was the fest in general, and how did it differ from the usual gig?

We have played some benefits for various causes. I haven't had much in the way of feedback about what was achieved by the benefits that we have participated in, but in all honesty, I haven't inquired about them. We played a gig to raise a bit of money for victims of the Japanese disaster of 2011 and that raised a few hundred pounds, I think. Recently we played a fundraiser for a friend's recording studio. It's one of the venues I mentioned earlier. He puts on loads of DIY gigs there, and it's an awesome space. Unfortunately, at one if the gigs, some idiots thought it would be funny to use a fire extinguisher resulting in a £600 bill from the building's management! Fortunately, he made enough to cover this and made a couple hundred pounds for charity! Gords also organized Morrowfest in Nottingham. It was to mark the tenth anniversary of the death of John Paul Morrow, singer of Iron Monkey, Armour of God, etc. He had been on kidney dialysis for some time and passed away as a result of his illness. Not only was the festival a great celebration of his life and live music, but it also raised over a thousand pounds for ethical kidney research.

Endless Grinning Skulls played Means to an End in 2011, and it was one of my favorite gigs. We were supposed to play on Sunday of the 2013 festival, but we had to back out. I still went up on Saturday and got to see Diagnosis? Bastard, FUK, DiE and Infernöh, though. Great festival. I rarely go for the whole weekend, but I always try to go for at least one day. I think the thing that sets it apart from a usual gig is the atmosphere. It's always really busy with loads of friends from all over. They always get a good cross section of bands and keep the line-ups varied. They try not to have any band play more than one fest, so that keeps it all really fresh and exciting.

MRR: Some of you are involved in a gig collective in Nottingham. Tell us more about it: about the place where you book the gigs, which gigs were the most successful, the reactions of the public and who you would like to book in Notts if you had a chance.

I am involved in the 593 collective. The three of us (Jeremie, Henry and myself) have been booking DIY gigs in Nottingham together for over a decade, and we have been friends for a lot longer. We were promoting similar gigs separately before that and always helping each other out, so one night we decided that it made sense to just pool our resources and do it together. Between us, we have pretty broad musical tastes. The gigs tend to be either punk/hardcore or heavy/noisy stuff, but we don't put limits on what we book. Henry also books noise gigs by himself or with friends. For a couple of years, it was just myself and Jeremie, because Henry went to live in Manchester, but we kept the name, and he ended up returning to Nottingham. Around that time, we were booking bigger bands like Pelican, SunnO))), Khanate, Sourvein, etc. It started getting a bit too "business-y" for us. We mainly use Chameleon, a cool little arts cafe/bar in the city center, or Stuck On A Name, a rehearsal/recording studio with a decent sized room for gigs. There is another practice space/DIY venue in Nottingham called JT Soar that puts on loads of stuff, too, but we haven't booked a

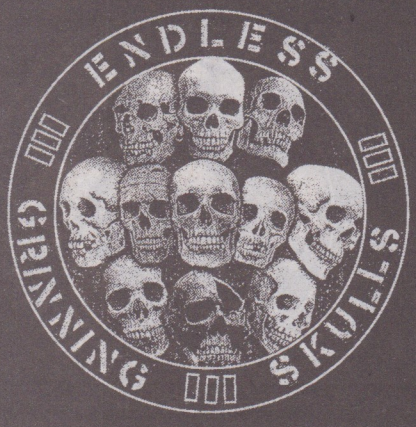
gig there yet. Endless Grinning Skulls played there with Creem from the USA. We book lots of varied stuff that reflects our collective tastes, and we keep it DIY. We always feed bands and give them somewhere to sleep. Sometimes we get beer for them, but we can't always afford to do that. We try to just be as welcoming as possible and do our best to look after bands, even if it means covering costs from our own pockets. Turnouts vary, and we could always do with "10 more people," but at the moment, there is a really good DIY community in Nottingham. For a while it seemed like no one cared and putting on gigs was a real struggle with hardly anyone turning up. We got disheartened by it and were pretty much ready to give up. However, in recent years it has been really good. There are lots of people putting on lots of great gigs all the time, far more than I can go to!

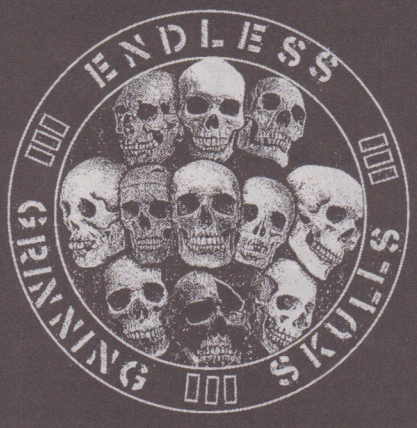
Some of my favorite gigs that we have put to include Limp Wrist, Guapo, Bong, Wolfbait, SunnO))), Khanate, Sex/Vid, the Wankys, Gasmask Terror, People, Crude, Warhead, FUK, Baroness, Kylesa, Church of Misery, Iron Lung, Terveet Kädet, Warning/Warning, Monarch, Woven Skull, Mob Rules, Perspex Flesh, Disorder, the Process, Lotus Fucker, Destino Final, the Lowest Form, Crazy Spirit.... we aren't putting on too many gigs currently, or at least we try to keep it to a minimum of one a month. A lot of bands tend to be friends or friends of friends. I'd love to have Gasmask Terror back. I really want Institution from Sweden to come over and play, and also Cross Stitched Eyes. I hope both of those bands tour the UK because I'd love to put them on. Some of my favorite current bands are Chaos Channel and Skizophrenia from Japan. If they ever make it to the UK, I will do my very best to book them.

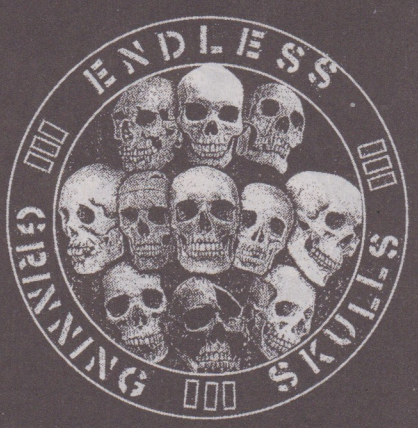
I have never really been involved in any great capacity other than attending and sometimes booking gigs. I have been involved with some gigs at the Sumac and helped behind the bar once or twice. The 1 in 12 Club has definitely been the most influential to me. I've been to/played loads of gigs there, and it was really my introduction to proper DIY punk and hardcore in the late '90s. All the dates were always amazing with really varied lineups. I got see loads of amazing bands there like Stalingrad, Doom, Shank, War All the Time, Boxed In, Dropdead, Eyehategod, Voorhees... I always have a good time there. The festivals are always great with loads of awesome people and bands. I think it's a really inspiring place that has been going for a very long time. An important center for UK punk and radical politics.

MRR: So far you have only played abroad once...you toured Sweden, right? How was it? Any different to playing in the UK? Any plans to play outside UK?

It was fucking cold! We toured there in February! I didn't think we would actually make it because we had some last minute transport issues. We rehearsed the night before leaving with the intention of packing all our stuff into our singer's car to be ready to go early in the morning. We quickly realized that there was no way we would be able to fit all our clothes and merch in the car to get to the airport! I had repressed our LP for the tour, so there was no way I was going over there without copies. Steve and I started unpacking all of our stuff and figured we'd just have a super crust weekend without changing our clothes. In the end, I decided to take a coach down to London separately and got to the airport at 5:00 AM, waiting for the others to arrive at 9. They only just made it with minutes to spare, and after a very hurried and stressful check-in, we managed to board our flight. We didn't know if we would have a van in Sweden because it had broken down, and we were told we might have to squeeze into a car! Dennis from Doom picked us up from the airport in his car, and we crammed all the stuff in with no room to spare. At this point, we had no idea if there would be a van for us, and the prospect of spending a weekend like this, doing eight hour drives in the freezing cold was pretty grim. It was all really fucking stressful, but luckily the van had been fixed. We had a great time, though. The actual playing wasn't really much different than in the UK. The first gig in Gothenburg was is a warehouse space, Malmö was in a city center bar and the Stockholm show was in a DIY club/social space at Kafe 44. A gang of young chaos punks tagged along with us and provided the entertainment on the long drives, and we got to meet and hang out with some great people! It was great to play with Dissekerad and Infernöh. On a personal note, I was really happy when Ake from Mob 47/Desperat came up to me after our set in Malmö to congratulate me and buy an LP. I would love to tour abroad more. I'd really like to go back to Sweden and also see more of Scandinavia. I'd love to go to Japan or maybe some other countries in Southeast Asia. I'd be up for playing in Holland and Germany again. I've never played in Eastern Europe, so that would be cool. Closer to home, we also need to get to Scotland and Ireland. It's difficult to plan this sort of thing because of all the grown up real life stuff that I mentioned earlier. It's not something we have asked people for, but if a good offer comes up we will definitely look into it.







MRR: One of the great things about the UK is a relatively strong network of social centers around the country, with 1 in 12 in Bradford probably being the most famous (also the oldest). Do you have a place like this in Nottingham? Were you ever involved in place like this? What are the most inspiring social centers in UK?

Yes, there are some great social centers in the UK. The main ones are obviously the legendary 1 in 12 Club and Warf Chambers in Leeds, which has lots of punk gigs. Nottingham has the Sumac Centre, which used to have gigs quite regularly, but I think they have stopped for the time being because it is in a residential area. There's the Cowley Club in Brighton, too. They used to do lots of punk gigs there, but I'm not sure if they still do. All of these places have various workshops and events all the time.

MRR: Since your split EP was released as a part of the longtime Welsh *Artcore* zine, I want to ask if there are still some interesting printed zines (both musical/political) left in the UK that you recommend? Any thoughts about the relevance of publishing a zine in 2013.

More Noize is great. I don't know if Tony has stopped doing that zine now or if he will do more. That guy is like a walking encyclopedia of noise punk ha ha!

Limited Readership is a great zine from Leeds that mixes up reviews with in-depth articles on hardcore punk and cult film. Rob from the band Perspex Flesh writes this zine, and it has gotten better with each issue. I got the first issue of a zine called *Own Noise*, which was a mixture of music, politics and personal writing. Seems promising, but I don't know if there will be another issue. My good friend Steve Larder does a zine called *Rum Lad*. He's an incredibly talented illustrator, and his zine mixes personal/travel stuff with really amazing illustrations. Well worth picking up. There are probably more that I'm forgetting. Sorry.

MRR: What are some of the most important political issues in the UK right now? Is the UK slowly moving from a relatively free country to a more right/totalitarian state? I mean, when I read about police vans with billboards in the streets of London urging illegal immigrants to report themselves at the police station under the threat of deportation, it sounds like something from *1984* or from this *Potomci Lidí* film, doesn't it?

We have an unelected coalition government comprising the Conservative/Tory party and the Liberal Democrats, with the conservatives holding the majority. There is a big drive towards selling off public services and privatization. They are doing it to the Royal Mail, the NHS and education through academization. A lot of Tory donors seem to be getting top jobs regardless of suitability/ability, and everything they do seems to be geared towards widening the divide between rich and poor and demonizing the working class. New laws are being pushed through that are eroding our civil liberties and freedom of speech. The lobbying bill or "gagging law" has been passed, which is supposed to add greater transparency to spending around campaigns and elections but seems to be designed more to prevent people from speaking out against government policies that they disagree with. The police are trying to get government approval for the use of water cannons against protesters because they feel austerity measure will lead to more protests (funny that). Benefits and services for the most vulnerable are being cut left, right and center, and the bedroom tax means that people lose some of their housing benefits if they live in a house with unoccupied rooms, regardless of whether or not there are smaller houses available. The public sector pays, and pensions are being cut with an increase in retirement age. People are being driven to poverty and homelessness. A lot more people have to rely on food banks because they cannot afford to feed themselves, which seems to be some sort of a joke to some politicians who see fit to mock people in these situations. And all the while the richest are getting tax breaks and bonuses. It's fucking disgusting.

MRR: Do you have any opinion about the relevance of voting and, in particular, voting Green?

I think that in some areas voting Green could have an effect at a local level, but I don't think they are really a credible force on a national level. As much as I am disillusioned with party politics in general in this country, I think voting is important to get rid of the conservatives in power.

MRR: What are some recent good UK bands to check out? What do they play and why would you recommend them?

I think the quality of UK bands is really high right now!

Skiplickers – Total mangel from Sheffield. They put out a 7" a few years ago which is well worth tracking down if you dig stuff like Totalitär, Institution, Herätys, etc. They had a bit of a hiatus but are playing and recording again now. I think they have some new records coming out soon.

Dry Heaves – Also from Sheffield. Bry, the singer from Skiplickers, plays drums in this band. They play really catchy hardcore punk like Adolescents, Angry Samoans, Circle Jerks, etc.

FUK – Really good hardcore punk from Bristol, Nottingham and Leicester. Feature Gabba from Chaos UK on guitar. They seem to play in Japan more than they do in the UK. Good bad dudes.

The Lowest Form – Amazing noisy hardcore bad boys from London. They have an LP out on Iron Lung.

Drunk in Hell – brutal noise rock from the north-east. One of the best live bands in the UK right now. Just really brutal, ugly dirge. Think Kilslug, Brainbombs, etc. The debut album has been in the works for ages and will hopefully see the light of day on Roadburn Records this year.

Bong – Zoned out psychedelic doom/drone/kosmiche music.

NO – Killer noisy hardcore from London. They have a couple of 12"s out on Static Shock that are well worth your time.

DiE – Really ugly hardcore from London. A really noisy take on old Boston hardcore. Features people from NO and Shitty Limits.

Perspex Flesh – Mid-paced nasty sounding hardcore punk from Leeds. Really dark but also really raging stuff.

Beast as God – see above.

There are more that I have forgotten. Sorry.

MRR: Anything I forgot to mention that you would like to add? Thanx for the interview!

Thanks a lot for the interview. Sorry I took so long to answer.

endlessgrinningskulls.blogspot.com
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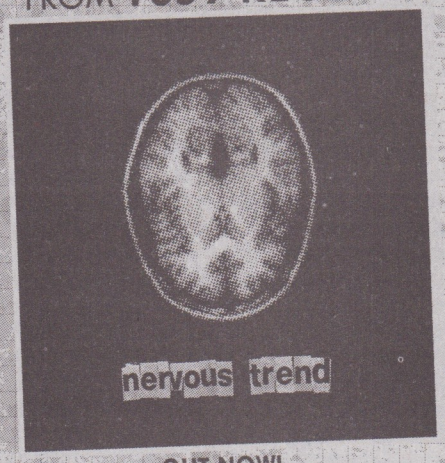

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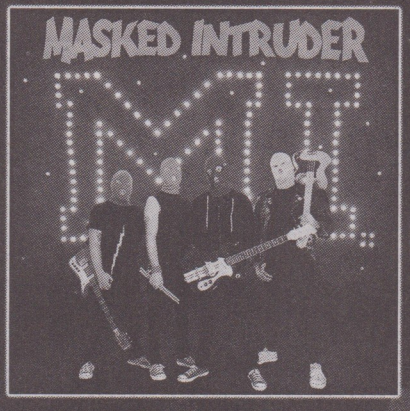

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BOOKS

Mira Corpora
Jeff Jackson
182 pages • $16
Two Dollar Radio
www.twodollarradio.com

Based on the journals he kept growing up, playwright Jeff Jackson's debut novel, *Mira Corpora*, has been getting a lot of hype from the world of alternative literature. Many have dubbed it a sort of punk rock masterpiece. I find such praise somewhat suspicious. Whenever street credibility is given out so willingly, I feel compelled to consider the source, especially when it's coming from a literary scene so clearly dominated by critics, professors, and snobs.

Mira Corpora begins just before the time the narrator, obviously named Jeff Jackson, runs away from his abusive mother. The novel breaks up Jackson's life as a homeless runaway into a selection of narratives that illustrate Jackson's lost and alienated wanderings. But Jackson's homeless journey isn't one that is dominated by the grit and realism you'd expect from a story about life on the streets. Instead, his street world is painted with a sort of urban magic, which can best be compared to the depictions of homelessness in films such as *The Fisher King* or *My Own Private Idaho*. But Jackson's world is not whimsical or charming; instead it's a world of frequent disappointments. It's both dejected and bizarre.

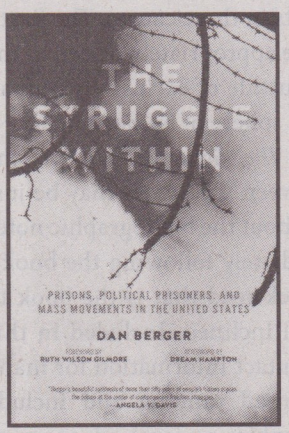
Jackson repeatedly fails to connect with anyone. He briefly hangs with a pseudo-pagan teen cult hiding in the woods. They dish out prophecies and mysticism. An oracle among them that is supposed to predict Jackson's future unsurprisingly gives him a blank piece of paper. How do you glimpse into the future when there is no future? Unimpressed, Jackson moves on. He starts living on the city streets. He becomes a gutter punk, for lack of a better term. He meets a crew of squatters. They've put their faith in the mythology of a forgotten rock star, Kin Mersey. Finding Mersey is their sole purpose. Mixtapes of Mersey's music are seen as magical totems. But even this monotheistic devotion fails when they finally do find him, and their illusions are shattered.

Disappointed again, Jackson moves on. He ends up becoming a drugged-up slave to an abusive, mysterious master. This master, Gert-Jan, appears to be a sort of evil dandy, and is not afraid to show off his victim at parties. Although he could be seen as Jackson's pimp, I liken this predator more to a highly socialized Jeffery Dahmer who just drugs and contains his victims, but never kills, eats, or fucks them. Eventually, Jackson returns to his mother, or rather to what she's left him after her death. Fittingly, Jackson flushes it all down the toilet. He rejects it. He moves on. But it's unclear if he's really moving forward.

At one point Jackson writes, "I'm a child again, buried alive in the same hole. I've boomeranged back to the beginning." Although this novel is about aging, it really focuses on how people refuse to grow. The entire book seems to be without time, without an era, because time and growth are in a loop of recurrent failures. One step forward, two steps back. If anything, Jackson has de-evolved, being reduced at the end to someone unable to communicate, and unable to care for himself. Drugged and trapped, he can only speak of himself in the third-person. He's simply "the Body."

Mira Corpora is not the masterpiece it's been built up to be. Jackson is only rewriting the rules for people who ignore the underground presses. His novel would fit perfectly next to the books published by small presses like Manic D Press or Future Tense Books. Not only is Jackson a playwright, but he is also a literary agent, and I wonder if his involvement in the publishing industry has anything to do with the excessive amount of coverage his book has been receiving. But that's not saying *Mira Corpora* doesn't deserve positive appraisal. It's actually a fascinating novel. It illustrates the hopelessness of Jackson's generation, and can appeal to both readers of avant-garde literature and those who want something more gritty and real.

—Brandon Freels



The Struggle Within: Prisons, Political Prisoners and Mass Movements in the United States
Dan Berger
128 pages • $12.95
PM Press
www.pmpress.org

The topic of prison reform and struggle is a critical subject today. The only other time in recent American memory comparable is the New Left's full-on embrace of incarceration during its plateau of the broad era commonly referred to as the "sixties." This is clearly, as anyone involved in a reform or revolutionary mindset will attest, not an era of nostalgia or reminiscence. The reactionary presence today is as strong as

ever and the need for upheaval has never been as urgent.

Many beyond the political fringes see this as an issue today. It is spoken on network news somewhat regularly, is found in the lyrics of successful popular music, and is the topic of best-selling non-fiction books. *The Struggle Within* builds on this zeitgeist and wastes no time or filler, providing a crash-course, bite-sized step into the wilderness of where we stand today in the people's prison movement. Dan Berger, whose academic focus specializes in prison politics, race, and social movements in general, has put in the time between the pages to devise this brief historical breakdown. Much in the way it took an exceptional scholar like Carl Sagan to most appropriately and effectively make the cosmos accessible to the layperson, Berger's approach and clear expertise in the realm of incarceration in American social movements of the last half-century is the book's prime strength.

Despite its brevity, Berger is able to accomplish a handful of goals with *The Struggle Within* for the benefit of readers interested in the topic but wanting to get some clear background and an updated perspective for what the movement means for socially conscious folks in 2014. The breakdown provides a rapid-fire narrative of names, organizations, movements, and court cases. For most, a few names will sound familiar while many, less deified political prisoners, provide context and connect the chronology of the movement as it advanced.

As soon as the history lesson ends, Berger lays out a focus on the tactics of American social movements as they relate to incarceration and broader categorization of social movements. This section alone is where the book gets convoluted. While its contents towards the general purpose of the book are valuable as anecdotes and further examples of state repression, Berger's trajectory gets thrown off course with this portion.

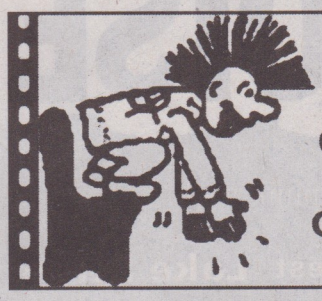
Gently moving into portions of the movement outside freedom struggles, Berger also designates a section for the earth and animal liberation struggles. These sub-movements ease the history of the movement into a contemporary perspective and exemplify the crisis today by numerous references to the Obama Administration's targeting of activists in these causes. The Earth and animal liberation movements are appropriately placed in the domain of the broader Movement outside of exclusively human efforts but most definitely within the sphere of humane ones.

Outside of the main body of *The Struggle Within*, the supplemental material included between the covers may be just as beneficial. Primarily, I'm talking about the bibliographic notes and organizational resources immediately following the book's central section. These allow the quick read that is the book to be built upon should the reader feel inclined. Included in this section are brief descriptions and contact information for many prison-related causes. These are broad ranging and include groups focused on specific demographics or legal advocacy as well as groups focusing on getting personal and material support to incarcerated folks nationwide. This resource makes the book a springboard for making real change happen, following exposure to the movement described before. It is as if to say, "this is what's happening and here's what you as an individual can do." The story of social movements is dependent on the individual's involvement in an otherwise daunting struggle. The organization in this book dispels any thought otherwise.

The importance of an introduction and narrative like the one Berger has compiled at this time cannot be overlooked. The past few years have resulted in momentum that has kicked the prison movement to a level that has and will continue to result in an upheaval of the current state of affairs. This has been seen in Michelle Alexander's conversation-sparking *The New Jim Crow,* the recent widespread hunger strikes protesting prison conditions, inhuman botched executions, and a general outrage toward the business of holding humans captive. In order to best initiate supporters to the cause, the foundation is to know what has already happened and this book is ideal for this purpose. If you are a supporter of this cause and want to know more about the role of incarceration in social movements you will benefit from the afternoon it will take you to get through the whole book. More valuable than reading it on your own, the size and clarity of Berger's writing makes the book ideal for sharing with sympathetic friends, coworkers, and other like-minded cohorts. Highly recommended.

—Miles McClain

MOVIES



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

IT WAS EITHER UNDESIRABLE OR NOT UNDESIRABLE

Watching as many punk documentaries as I do, it seems like punks have always been the same no matter where you were. It is interesting that similar punk movements happened in such seemingly isolated places in a pre-internet world. I know that's a good thing. However, watching a documentary like **Punk in Africa** I really want there to be some kind of different sound in the music coming out of these countries. It is interesting that in Apartheid-era South Africa a band like National Wake can form that has black and white members who decide to ignore segregation rules and live and play music together. Yet somehow the music they make sounds like it could be from any country in the world. It is the lyrics that set the songs apart.

Punk in Africa looks at the punk scenes in three African countries, Zimbabwe, Mozambique and South Africa. In each the bands start out playing rudimentary, stripped down rock'n'roll, then progress to new wave, emo, ska, reggae, grunge, noise and metal. There is talk of hardcore also existing, but none presented in the film. Shows are booked at small clubs or played on the street before the police break it up. Records are self-released and zines are written. One enterprising punk sends tapes of his band all over the world.

As usual, the early years are the more exciting. Unfortunately there is little footage from then. **Punk in Africa** relies on the former band members of the early bands reminiscing about their early punk days. The remains of former venues are visited and the stories of the shows that took place are shared. The highlight of the early years is Wild Youth singing "Wot About Me?" demanding a spot in punk alongside Johnny, Sid and Joe.

As the years progress, **Punk in Africa** shows what it labels as "post-1994 generation" of punks. 1994 is the year Nelson Mandela was elected President of South Africa, but it is also the year Green Day released *Dookie*. African kids start getting tattoos and adopting the alternative lifestyle like kids elsewhere across the globe. Then there is a concern among the musicians about celebrating or rejecting their African heritage in the '90s and beyond.

Punk in Africa gets most interesting when it delves into the influence the political climate has on the African bands. Even if the punks themselves seem to downplay any of that influence. The quick montage of bands in other African countries such as Kenya and Tanzania leave you with the knowledge that this is just the beginning of the story. I'd be interested in hearing more. (punkinafrica.com)

I had been waiting a while to see **The Wrecking Crew** documentary. Due to the inability to use the music in the film ,**The Wrecking Crew** has only been able to play occasionally while the director Denny Tedesco raises enough money to pay for the rights. A documentary about musicians seems somewhat silly without music. Tedesco needed to raise a million dollars to be able to use snippets of 125 songs. It seems a little ridiculous to me, but the record industry has always been stupid when it comes to such things. Most documentaries are not profitable and a film about music could possibly translate into record sales with the renewed interest in the bands and songs. However the biz doesn't think that way. They'd rather the film not be made.

One of the first things Tedesco mentioned when introducing **The Wrecking Crew** at the screening was that he finally raised the money to pay for the music so the film will finally be released. Good news.

The Wrecking Crew was a group of Los Angeles studio musicians that featured director Tedesco's father Tommy. They received the nickname from drummer and member Hal Blaine due to the accusation from the older studio musicians that they were going to "wreck" the record industry. It seems everyone felt that way about rock'n'roll in the beginning, but we all know how that turned out. The Wrecking Crew played on records by Sonny & Cher, Nancy Sinatra, the Ronettes, the Mamas and the Papas, Elvis Presley, and Sam Cooke. You might not think about it that much, but it makes sense since these are singers. Someone had to play the music. What is more surprising is that they also played on records by the Beach Boys, the Byrds, the Association and the Ventures. That seems strange since these were bands. Why weren't they playing their own stuff? Brian Wilson explains it. The Beach Boys couldn't get the sound he wanted so he got the Wrecking Crew who could. It's kind of a bummer, coming from my mind-set that you should play your own music.

However, **The Wrecking Crew** doesn't get bogged down in that kind of thinking. The documentary exists to tell the story of these musicians. Unlike the other documentaries of this ilk that have been coming out recently, this one seems a bit more positive. The Wrecking Crew did get monetary recognition for their work. Since they were in Los Angeles, everything was done above board. They had contracts. At one point, bassist Carol Kaye quips that she was making more money than the President of the United States. Being a musician was a day job for these people. There is mention of Blaine losing his home, cars, yacht after his divorce, but you got the idea that it was his fault, not that the industry screwed him.

One of the better stories is Herb Alpert's. He wanted to record "Spanish Flea", but didn't have the money to pay the musicians their union rate. He asked a few of his friend's from the Wrecking Crew to play on the record. They did, breaking the union rules. When the song eventually became a hit, Alpert, who was also part of the union, came clean and paid the musicians their wages along with the fine for not doing so in the first place.

My favorite part of **The Wrecking Crew** screening was not even part of the film. There is a section of the film with clips of people mispronouncing and misspelling guitarist Tommy Tedesco's name during tributes following his death. It is meant as a commentary on how important, yet not important Tedesco was in the public's eye. It is a good point. After the screening, director Denny Tedesco took to the stage again for questions. He was talking about Eric Clapton, but stumbled on his name calling him "Clampton" and then proceeded to say "Clampton" approximately five more times. It was humorous, but perhaps Tedesco could use it as an argument for forgiving other's misspeaks. (wreckingcrewfilm.com)

While we're wondering what's wrong with the entertainment industry, along comes **Jodorowsky's Dune,** an interesting look at the unmade film version of the sci-fi book *Dune*, planned by Alejandro Jodorowsky. Jodorowsky is the man responsible for the great cult classic films **Holy Mountain** and **El Topo**. If you've ever seen any of Jodorowsky's films, as well as David Lynch's film **Dune,** you have to realize this would be a wild film. As **Jodorowsky's Dune** presents it, it would have been even better than anyone could have imagined. It was possibly too good to be true.

Listening to Jodorowsky talk about his plans for **Dune,** you can't help but wish he had been able to make it. Hollywood blows it again. In 1975 Jodorowsky begins gathering an incredible crew of comic artist Moebius, artist H.R. Giger, screenwriter Dan O'Bannon and sci-fi paperback illustrator Chris Foss to work on the film. Then he collects a dream team of celebrities for some of the roles: Orson Welles, Salvador Dali and Mick Jagger. The stories of how he gets each to commit are more entertaining than the next. Jodorowsky's son Brontis would play the lead. When Jodorowsky and producer Michel Seydoux head to Hollywood to raise the final five million dollars of their projected fifteen million dollar budget, all the Hollywood studios turn down the film. No one is interested in allowing Jodorowsky to direct this film.

Simply watching Jodorowsky talk about the film gives some insight as to why a person at a Hollywood studio might be freaked out. Most of the **Jodorowsky's Dune** is simply Jodorowsky talking about his ideas for the film. That is almost all that is needed. He is engaging, but also a little bit nuts. He admits right off that he never read *Dune* before deciding to make a film of it. He has his son train for hours every day of two years to be able to handle his role. He meets with **2001: A Space Odyssey** special effects artist Douglas Trumbull, who was apparently the best in the business at the time. Jodorowsky decides he doesn't like Trumbull and refuses to work with him. He recruits collaborators based on his intuition. Yet, everyone interviewed in the film admits that he brought out the best in their work. O'Bannon, Giger, Foss and Moebius would all reconvene a few years later to work on **Alien**.

Jodorowsky has storyboarded his version of **Dune** in a giant book. Everything is planned out in amazing detail. In **Jodorowsky's Dune** some of the drawings have been animated, so you get a small glimpse of what could have been, but never was. (jodorowskysdune.com)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, % Maximum Rocknroll, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. No guest list necessary.
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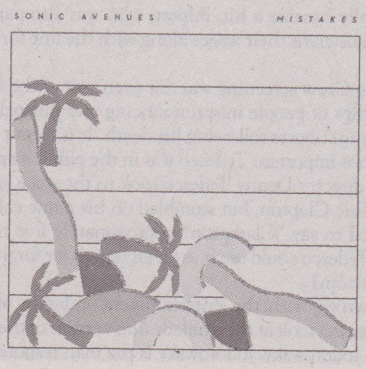

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(DV) Diana Vashti

1-800 BAND – "Diver Blue" 12"

More power pop, this time of the skinny-tie '80s variety: the CARS, the VAPORS, the KNACK… if I'm being generous, maybe a hint of the NERVES, PAUL COLLINS BEAT, or some other nugget from a *Rodney on the ROQ* comp… But really, this could be on the soundtrack to a John Hughes movie. This shit's totally for new wave posers from the Valley, man. (AM)
(Almost Ready)

TALBOT ADAMS – LP

I always approach solo records with just a little bit of caution. It can be a red flag that somebody takes himself/herself a little too seriously. This one starts of with a kind pretty, sort of somber number. This can also be a sign that somebody takes himself/herself a little too seriously. Huh, I may be onto something. Yeah, so it seems that most all of the songs have this sort of rainy-day feel to them. I have to admit to liking the record. Still, these strike me as the sorts of songs that one writes in order to get laid. (KK)
(Spacecase)

AGE OF WOE – "Inhumanform" CD

This disc is from 2012, and I'm not sure why it has rolled in here two years later. The band plays slow fucking metal. I like some metal, but not much of anything slow, so I was shocked to be into this. It was like when I saw the MELVINS and learned they weren't all sludge, but rockin'. This band can get and hold a groove—the songwriting is killer. That said, there are some moments when the cheesy side is a little much. Even before I knew the band is from Gothenburg, the worse-r parts of AT THE GATES rose to my mind. The artwork is in the vein of Nick Blinko. I doubt I'll be playing it again, but if your tolerance is greater than mine, you'll throw goats. (JM)
(Give Praise)

AHNA / CETASCEAN – split 12"

A death-metal-coated crust pairing with flagons full of COFFINS/BOLT THROWER-ish trudge. CETASCEAN is unfortunately uninspiring with their super guttural vocals and stale, repetitive-as-fuck riffs. ANHA's recording is too far down in the mix but it least reminds me of a better attempt at crust meets sludgoid/off-kilter death metal. Hell, their song "Massacre" could've been an unpolished GORGUTS demo (sans solos and tech-lunacy). They have some great, clean yet crusty hardcore vocals on "Death Sentences" which comes off like a low-tuned DISRUPT. Still, they really need much more of this stuff and less of the sonic murk from Satan's armpit. (JD)
(Phobia)

ALIEN PLACENTA / COLUMBO – split 12"

COLUMBO plays pretty heavy, kinda grindy, kinda PV, mostly start/stop hardcore with high snarly female vocals and low gnarly male backups. ALIEN PLACENTA is fast and loose, snotty punk with male/female vox and excellent (if simple) riffs. Eleven songs on one side, some screen-printing on the flip…nothing to complain about. (WN)
(THC + DIY / Knüppelhai / Super Kamiokande Detector)

ALL THINGS END – "December 5th 1933" CD EP

No complaints at all about any band that has the cover a picture of a chap holding an acoustic guitar with the classy WOODY GUTHRIE "This Machine Kills Fascists" etched on it. I can't actually ascertain any acoustic guitar on this five-tracker, but still, spot on cover, lads! Musically, it harkens more than a tad (in an entirely good way) to that early-'90s melodic, anthemic, gruff pop-punk sound—y'know, early JAWBREAKER, FIFTEEN, HOT WATER MUSIC et al. Lyrically, it all seems kind of introspective (as fits said influences), with nary a dead fascist to be found. But that's OK. (RK)
(self-released)

ALLVARET – Tänk Pa Döden" LP

Swedish punk sounding like there's some Umeå (though they're not from there) meeting some '80s Orange County. They share a member with VANNA INGET—with Niklas moving from bass to guitar here. While not wildly different in sound and style from that band, ALLVARET is definitely heavier and darker. Sushila's vocals have a great throaty (but less bluesy) Mia Zapata-esque vibe to them that really compliment the driving riffs. I have no idea what "Skjut Mig," "Langengeri" or "Gatflicka" are about, but if I ever catch ALLVARET live you better believe you'll see me (phonetically) singing along. Solid! (FU)
(Dirt Cult)

AMA DOTS – LP

Perhaps this era in punk history will be looked back at as the beginning of the boutique reissue era. We've already seen hundreds of reissues for all kinds of bands who only had a single (poorly received) record who've altogether faded from public consciousness, until the advent of the "punk historian." But we can all thank our lucky stars that the folks at Rerun Records took the time to compile this record. AMA DOTS were a Milwaukee band in the late '70s and early '80s, they played a style of post punk / art punk, that most commonly is associated with the SLITS. But imagine if the SLITS were subterranean shut-in gremlins, their sole ambition was to create art and melt the brain of the listener. This stuff is wild and completely off the wall. The reissue compiles their EP and takes from several other recording sessions as well as a few live songs. This record rules and should be heard by everyone. Be sure to put your ear next to the speaker and crank the stereo. You won't be sorry. (FS)
(Rerun)

AMBER / LOCKTENDER – split EP

I began this split with the brooding, chunky, almost metallic track by AMBER, "Heritage." It is a gut-wrenching wall of sound that churns and bellows like smoke until the debris it has accumulated along the way coalesce into a gripping crescendo. A real earth-mover, dense and consistent. The flipside, by LOCKTENDER, has a dramatic juxtaposition between the vocal delivery and musical orchestration. A gruff and coarse growl is laid over a much more delicate song, one with clean tones and crisp notes. A nice effort inspired by Herman Melville's short story, "The Piazza" which they took the name for the song from. All in all a heavy hearted split, maybe best reserved for those days when you're feeling introspective and secretly waiting and wanting to be inspired. (RM)
(Halo of Flies / i.corrupt / Nar Shardaa / Zegema Beach)

ANEMIA '77 / NOIZY BOYS – split EP

ANEMIA '77 plays generic, overproduced, melodic speedy bar punk with absolutely no redeeming value, unless you're looking for love on a Tuesday night or something. Their side of this picture disc split has a woman giving "sexy eyes" and half of one of those Fred Perry ivory things. NOIZY BOYS are basically the same thing except slowed down. And their side looks like what a slick website looked like in 1999. I guess bands like this serve the purpose of opening for the DROPKICK MURPHYS when they aren't playing baseball games or whatever. (DG)
(83 / 161 Crew / Food Waste / No Justice / No Pasaran / Street Beat)

ANTI-CORPOS – "Contra Ataque" EP

Melodic hardcore with more breakdowns than you can shake a stick at. But not breakdowns in that Boston way, breakdowns in the stadium hardcore way. Some parts of these songs have powerviolence in the mix as well. All sorts of aggressive influence here. Regardless, these chicks are fucking pissed and in your face, but with the talent and intelligence to back it up. (KR)
(Drink and Be Merry / Emancypunx / Femur / No Gods No Masters)

ANTiSEEN / MEATMEN – "The Tribute With Two Heads" EP

Two of my all-time favorite bands covering SEX PISTOLS tunes and singing songs about GG ALLIN. Fuck! What could be better on a Mother's Day Sunday afternoon? Tesco Vee is truly an American treasure and a big inspiration as a writer if you've ever picked up *Touch & Go* magazine. The cover of "Bodies" is pretty straightforward with Tesco adopting a mock cockney accent. Their ode to GG, "Rock 'n' Roll Enema," is reminiscent of HATE POLICE-era Tesco—hard and driving with bleeding tongue firmly planted in pierced cheek. This may very well be the last recording of ANTiSEEN with the late, great Mighty Joe Young who recently passed away. Hopefully he's torturing legions of big daddy Lucifer in the sweltering nether regions. His guitar rips into "GG PHD" while Jeff Clayton's raspy, crooning throat spits out a witty tribute to their dead friend. Their cover of the SEX PISTOLS lighthearted tune about Nazi atrocities "Belsen Was a Gas" is given the full-ANTiSEEN treatment. This record excites me. I'm gonna shoot. (RO)
(TKO)

ARMAND SCHAUBROECK STEALS – "God Made the Blues to Kill Me" 10"

Haha, wow, this guy's still alive? Upstate NY proto-punk star best known for his bloody tri-gatefold album covers and killer lo-fi '60s singles with KACK KLICK and CHURCH MICE on his own House of Guitars imprint-cum-guitar-store (still in business in Rochester). I cannot imagine too many *MRR* readers could sit through two different 13-minute versions of the same blues hammer song on this limited-to-750 10" but I guess everybody needs to throw their hat back in the ring every few decades, so kudos to that. (GB)
(Mirror)

THE ATTENDANTS – "Metropol Agencies" LP

This record is a mix of melodic hardcore (from the DAG NASTY school) and poppy punk. The more hardcore songs are fast and pretty heavy (though the guitars sound a bit thin and that takes away from the bite of the songs) but still catchy. The vocals do a mix of singing and yelling but tend to be a bit tame. The other songs, the best being "Where're the Rains," are more straight pop punk and actually quite good (the guitar sound fits in with those tunes a little better) and they benefit from having those bits of hardcore thrown in so that they are not so typical. Though it sounds like the whole thing might be a bit disjointed, it actually works really well as a whole record. (PA)
(Can I Say? / Disques Vaillant)

AUTISTIC BEHAVIOR – "Shattered Cattle" LP

Philly HC has a bum rap in the annals of hardcore, partially because not many of the bands actually recorded records—and when there's nothing but talk, your band gets forgotten by those not doing the talking. A reissue of a record that never was, this initially was meant to come out on Alternative Tentacles, *and* I think HR and/or BAD BRAINS were meant to do something with a couple of the songs that also never happened? There are some songs obviously recorded for aforementioned non-records, and some tracks that were released on the *Get Off My Back* comp, mixed in with the obligatory live recordings… There are a lot of reissues where, say, a band recorded one great 45 back in the day, and some label decided to compile that with a ton of so-so live tracks, just to make it into one boring LP, rather than celebrate the sickness of the initial 45 or whatever. I want to assure you that this is definitely *not* one of those situations; it's all over the place but in a way that totally holds your interest because while the more straight-ahead HC stuff is cool, if typical, there will be a totally insane song right after some meat 'n' potatoes number that wouldn't have been out of place on New Alliance or something… The vocalist has the sickest Jack-Brewer-meets-Doc-Dart sneer, and the band veers between PROLETARIAT and SACCHARINE TRUST with added RUDIMENTARY PENI sprawl. I mean, this isn't the *greatest* American hardcore record of all time, which maybe that list of bands would seem to indicate, but the influences displayed are really cool and wild and if you listen to the entire thing in one go, it sort of feels like an adventure as a result. It may not be the greatest but it's fucking great! It's such a bummer that things didn't work out for AUTISTIC BEHAVIOR in terms making records, as seriously I think they would be talked about in the same breath and some of the more revered groups from this era if their LP did come out on Alternative Tentacles… So I guess this isn't really a reissue, even though the material is from the early '80s, but the way it's structured is really cool. You really see how they developed as a band, and I mean even the live tracks weren't disruptive/annoying. The lyrics are smart/funny/radical without being a lecture, in that Jack Brewer sort of style, where something is being said but it's gonna make you think… This was my first time checking out this band, and I will be playing this frequently into the future. My only complaint is no liner notes! There are lyrics and tons of photos/fliers, but it

would have been cool to have a story of the band. Buy or die. (LG)
(SRA)

BARBATOS / RAPEGOAT – split EP

BARBATOS are some kind of vaguely off-kilter NWOBHM-style one-man band presumably from Japan. Super weird sounding and absolutely appealing to anyone who balked for even a second at the initial description. Into it…like *really* into it. The flip side is a more US-hardcore-by-way-of-DISCHARGE-influenced version of the same animal—just blistering neanderthal shredding, but killer riffs are killer riffs, right? Also, the second band is called RAPEGOAT, which just about the dumbest shit ever, and I mean that in a genuinely unflattering, demeaning, belittling, unironic, sincere way. Your band dishes out some solid riffs, your band name is stupid as fukk. (WN)
(Mystery School)

BETH ISRAEL – "Dental Denial" LP

A lot of BETH ISRAEL's aesthetic choices scream GUIDED BY VOICES to me. The art, the names of songs, band, and record, the way everything on the record sleeve is written in a mock Disney script, and especially the way the songs fell "tossed off," all this reminds me to some extent of, say, *Alien Lanes*. Unlike the veritable legion of other shabbily dressed young men, these two Austinites (Austonians?) don't actually sound like any era of GBV that I'm aware of. Instead, BETH ISRAEL is more CLEANERS FROM VENUS meets LOW or possibly a very early PAVEMENT. It's all pop hooks, but spacious, slowed down and meandering. Altogether it's very low key and pleasant, and warm and muffled. The record is also varying and various, with songs that are pretty straightforward alternating freely with pieces so loosely song-like as to almost be not. If there's a problem, it's that in casual listens it sort of passes over me. It's as if this record is a series of delicate soap sculptures that someone is tossing to me whilst I'm in the shower: cool, but rapidly dissipating, and the new one makes me forget the previous. However, this just makes it a good record to read to or something, as well as fun to pay too much attention to. Perhaps recommendable as a low impact companion to the first MECHANDISE LP, and a fine one at that. (LP)
(Dull Tools)

BID'AH – "Enthusiasm of the Unorthodox" CD

Breakneck political hardcore that's vaguely crusty, but also draws subtly from GAUZE and GISM, with nice, trebly guitars. Lots of leads, frantic riffs, commandeering vocals, and pummeling energy, and while nothing is especially memorable, it hints at a devastating live show. (DG)
(Hardcore Kitchen)

THE BUGS – "The Right Time" LP

Two-piece minimalist punk with tons of "ooga booga" backup vocals and garage worshipping pop. Super fucking rad. Almost immediately (after an unbearable noisy instrumental track), I think this sounds like a good cross between the VELVET UNDERGROUND and a really amped up TINKLERS. Perfectly slightly off key, super danceable, barebones goof stuff, and goddamn, why no reviewer copy? I wants it! So good. (DZ)
(Wantage / X-Mist)

CHANNEL 3 – "History/Kicked in the Teeth"

What the hell happened?! From Posh Boy punk to Warped Tour crap. Any semblance of the grit that CHANNEL 3 had underneath their catchiness on *Fear of Life* or *I've Got a Gun* has been well polished away. Some bands manage to keep it going after years, but you would never think CHANNEL 3 ever did anything cool ever based off of this record. One original mediocre bar-punk song about "the wine and whiskey / the august memories" and how you can't take that away from them because they've "got the history." Is nostalgia-core a thing? Oh, and the B-side is a mediocre cover of a mediocre AC/DC song. Go home dad, you're drunk. Avoid this and pick up a reissue if you want to actually hear CHANNEL 3. (FU)
(Hostage)

THE CHEESE – "Iron Lung" EP

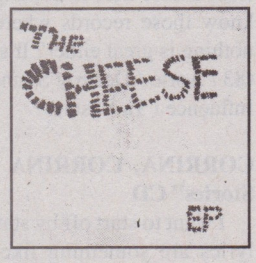
Boiling Oingo (besides having the best punk pseudonym of this century, so far) sounds like he recorded all his guitar and vocal parts completely separately from not only each other, but possibly the drums as well. Everything is as loud as it possibly can be (which is louder than you'd probably think it should be), and if you can slice through the fuzz and noise, you'll find some great tunes. The insanity of the recording quality is like an instrument in itself. Punk with a hint of Pacific Northwest late '80s grunge. "Death" and "Rash Boy" are the standout cuts on this slab of snot. I can't picture what this band looks like, or what kinds of bills they would play—and I mean that as a compliment. This record is ugly in a beautiful way. (FU)
(Fuck CDs)

CHEETAH CHROME – "Solo" CD

Man, the DEAD BOYS made one of the best records to fuck to. Here CHEETAH CHROME of that band and ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS among others is all by his lonesome. Not quite getting me in the mood. Starts off with a limp surf instrumental and goes into some JOHN COUGAR sounding crap. There are bad attempts at country rock and mediocre punk. Mr. CHROME has put out some really good post-DEAD BOYS music but this comes across as a bad stab at mainstream success. "Nuthin" is a watered-down "Ain't Nuthin To Do" and sadly the best song. What happened, Mr. CHROME? Why am I left with the turd in my mouth? (RO)
(Plowboy)

CLOUD RAT / ORGULLO PRIMITIVO – split EP

If you haven't heard Michigan's CLOUD RAT by now, I don't know what to tell you; this is probably the fourth or fifth time I've written about them in these pages, and they've been consistently releasing some of the most compelling grind and atmospheric black metal-infused hardcore to come out in years. The material here builds on the massive *Moksha* LP, with a harsh, crisp production that gets downright beautiful at a moment's notice, only to drop back into a smothering whirlwind of blasts. The slower parts on "Skin Flowers" make their recently outing with THOU make a whole lot more sense, but CLOUD RAT are nothing if not a band that refuses easy comparisons. The flipside by ORGULLO PRIMITIVO ("Primitive Orgasm") is a out-and-out experimental fuckfest, moving as seamlessly as one could possibly hope between spastic bursts of multi-voice spoken word poetry, solos for drum and vibraphone (!), and some seriously creepy drum-and-



vox "black metal." Zoinks! (WB)
(IFB)

CONFRONT – "Trace ~ Early Years Selection" LP

Having released the band's first full EP a year or two ago, Not Very Nice/General Speech Records return to the CONFRONT well, this time presenting a band-curated LP of tracks culled from their earlier demos and compilation appearances. Just like the EP, this is top-shelf stuff for lovers of traditional-style Japanese hardcore in the vein of the Burning Spirits bands. Equal parts melodic and metallic, driven by charismatic vocals and lustily shouted back-ups, frequently building in crescendo to fleet-fingered solos, fucking brilliant from front to back. Of course it's possible that this band has written a bad song, but there are certainly none in evidence here. An absolute must for fans of Japanese stuff, and highly recommended to anyone who enjoys epic metallic hardcore. (AU)
(General Speech / Not Very Nice)

CONVINCE – "Падение" EP

CONVINCE is a Russian band I hadn't heard of. They play a straightforward, slightly heavy hardcore. While it's pretty much modern hardcore, there is lots of melody in the twin-guitar playing that gives them a vague emo sound without being emo. They throw in a few too many stiff guitar leads for my taste, but the twin-guitar playing is pretty damn good. The big issue I have here is nothing is grabbing me. You know those records where nothing is bad, but nothing is great either? It's just there. (MH)
(83 / Aorte / Destroy Sounds / No Bread / Street Influence / Ya Basta)

CORRINA, CORRINA – "American Short Stories" CD

I want to start off by stating that some sample lyrics are something like "I never wanted to be a disappointment to my parents / I never wanted to be a disappointment to my teachers," which is decidedly *not punk*. This sounds to me like music for teenagers, but my friend Will once said, "Teenagers need music too," which is valid. It's the poppiest of pop punk, but not in the classic SCREECHING WEASEL vein…more like in the "I grew up listening to WEEZER, GASLIGHT ANTHEM and the entire Fat Wreck Chords catalog" vein. This has tight harmonies and expert musicianship, but such little soul or feeling to it. If I ever mistakenly wandered into a Hot Topic, I would expect something like this to be playing. Take that as you will. (GH)
(Little Dickman)

COZY – "Kiss Me Dummy/Show and Tell"

Single #2 in an endless series of innocent, gummy glam rock tributes this UK (or Minnesota?) quartet of cuties. Beat-you-over-the-fucking-head hooks and oh-so-cute looks are the only thing offered up here, an effective recipe for both cash and gash, which has to be the only things on the collective mind of these denim boners. Lotsa shit like this floating toward the top of the bowl recently, but pin-up teen-dream angle makes this a parody actually worthy of a chuckle. (MC)
(Secret Mission)

CRAZY AND THE BRAINS – "Let Me Go" LP

How can you not like a band that is self-described as "party/rock'n'roll/punk"? Right away, you understand that these guys do *not* take themselves too seriously. Before I even put the needle on the record, I like them. And right away I hear a xylophone. Now I'm in love. And the lyrics… "She got a nice ass, but it's not that nice." Jezus, it's super catchy and super fun and just impossible not to like. And the singer sounds just a little like BOB DYLAN. Crazy, right? This isn't the best punk record I've ever heard. It's not even the best record I've heard this year, but the record is damn good. Maybe just as important, finding shit like this is one of the reasons I continue to listen to new punk rock. Badass. (KK)
(Baldy Longhair)

CRIPPLED FOX / THE SHINING – split EP

The SHINING have a curious take on thrash. It's mid-paced with more of a raw recording so it reminds me a lot of mid-'80s thrash metal bands. Maybe like some of the slower NUCLEAR ASSAULT. On this they also include a cover of "Feel My Pain" by ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT and AA is a good reference point. "Witness the Horror" is clearly influenced by *Crossover*-era DRI. CRIPPLED FOX hail from Budapest, Hungary and rip through six hardcore thrash tracks. They stay away from a metal influence, which makes this sound like early hardcore crossover thrash. With tracks like "Go! Skate! Go! Mosh!" and "Thrashing Through Your Town" you get a good idea where they are coming from. Because of the thrash revival I've been a little burned out on thrash, but their tracks reminded me how much I can enjoy it. If you are a little burned out on thrash give this EP a spin. (MH)
(Argh Fuck Kill / Dirty Guys Rock / Ffud / Flipped Up / Pick Up / Punti Scena / Riding Ancient Waves / THC+diy / Trash Life Style)

THE CROISSANTS – "We're in the Basement" EP

This record is dumb. This record makes me wish I was on drugs…any drugs…just give them to me, you fucking fuck. The CROISSANTS play simple fucking punk that owes everything to the RAMONES, but still sounds fresh and exciting. The lyrics are simple and short. They sing about hanging out in the basement, hanging out in the psych ward and…uhh…something else…I don't know. The lyrics are "Too killer / Holy fuck / Too killer / What?" Seriously. It's cool. (GH)
(Hella Mad)

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION / STRONG INTENTION – split LP

Two grind/powerviolence heavyweights goin' at it, with STRONG INTENTION throwing down their usually great mix of hardcore, powerviolence and metallic grind. Plus, they continue with their hurried dual vocals that underscore each song so perfectly. One that shows off the latter element is "Reap" which blasts off in fast hardcore style then goes slows down with a metallish breakdown yet wastes no time in charging back up. The dual vocals are also incredible on "Tipping Point" and mix fastcore like RIPCORD and West Coast powerviolence à la LACK OF INTEREST. France's DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION is lyrically a lot less serious but still very focused in making fast but odd-metered death metal influenced grind that strips out all the boring bits. They can take the aggression of both death metal and metallic grind and build it to with loads of blast beats and some, erm…"grooves" not far from late-era NAPALM DEATH or a minimalist version of MISERY INDEX but nowhere near as "normal" or clean sounding as either. Even a song with a title as dumb as "Hey Monday! What Do You Got?!" is a total crusher with blazing speed and a barrage o' blasts. (JD)
(Power It Up / Give Praise)

DE-SPOT – CD

Pretty solid, straight-ahead hardcore but packaged like a death metal or crust record. This reminds me of RETCHING RED and I OBJECT; though, the weird thing is it starts off with some slight nu-metal riffing but it gets much better (thankfully!) after that when they play more focused punk/HC on "Cyclone." Plus, the fast and gnarly "Anxiety" has some spot-on lyrics: "Can't enjoy myself while dwelling on minute fucking problems." The rest of the album is more bare-bones hardcore/fast punk that continues to remind me of the aforementioned bands, which isn't 100% exciting but in general more interesting than not. Only wish they included some band info and location. (JD)
(self-released, no address)

DETROIT / ROBOCOP – "Dead Language, Foreign Bodies" split LP

This is a repress of the 2012 split between two newer bands making waves in the North American power violence scene. ROBOCOP stays true to genre form with a chunky take on the traditional hardcore blasting, adding some intelligence to the lyrics that I can't say I expected from a grind band named ROBOCOP. At times they veer a little too far into metallic hXc for my taste, and that major-scale riff on "Room 641A" kinda hurt my soul, but they also pull off a pretty sweet sax solo on the tongue-in-

cheek "Feminism Über Alles," and I really liked the, ahem, experimental pastiche "Zapruder Frame 265." DETROIT takes a far more shit-fi approach to the whole thing, fusing punishing-yet-thin breakdowns with blurry fastcore and some straight-up punk beats in there for good measure. The vocals sound desperate and pained in the best way, adding a slightly screamotional appeal, and they even stretch into under-two-minute melodic epicness on "Into You." Hearing this split is making me nostalgic for Squamish's infamous Fastcore Fest, maybe I'll have to head up there again this year… (WB)
(Give Praise)

DHK – "Extinciön" EP

Ah yes! One of the best bands to come out of Peru right now! After Odio los Discos and La Vida Es Un Mus, Hysteria Records carries the torch and releases yet another great slab of wax by these sonic-destructo punks! Raw, blown out primal and heavy D-beat, with Spanish stylings and lots of bellowing, distorted bass (I can almost hear the walls rumble!) Political lyrics and brash vocals that command you to pay attention, with simple yet effective chunky riffs that fill out the racketing drums as they career and gallop around your head without cease. It's funny how some bands try exceptionally hard to get this rough and gruff sound, and then others just ooze it naturally. I think it has more to do with the social and political circumstances that spawned DHK and their sound, and less to do with the actual style of music played, because there is something so genuine to be found here, it's inspiring. "What future is we are waiting for?" There's a level of meaning distilled, an ingrained authenticity and a connection to the grievances of life that other releases simply don't have—or at least they're not as legit as this. Stand out tracks are "Kasta Kuando" and "Por Ke Soy Punk" with a melancholic riff that makes my skin crawl. You could stick to your hyped, gimmick hardcore farce-bands, or you could listen to this and feel the force. Comes in an über-råpunk silk-screened cover—highly recommended. (LA)
(Hysteria)

RYAN DINOSAUR – "Demo" EP

OK, this one's fucking great. Mr. DINOSAUR is a co-conspirator with just about every Atlanta punk or hardcore band of note for the last decade. This EP is his demo tape emblazoned on vinyl and it's completely juvenile punk that's musically and sonically wise in spite of the surrounding air of idiocy. Comparable to a lighter GG KING (who is also in tow here), there's mangled thrash and dark punk bullshit in every corner of this record. There's no low point and at least three high points worthy of being mentioned here, so I'll just keep it all a surprise and suggest that those out there in Readerville with a brain buy this immediately. (MC)
(No Breaks)

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST – "Decomposition Fantasy" 12"

This is an absolute monster. If I call it a grind record then half of you will just move on to the next review, and that's fine…but it will be your loss. Controlled chaos from the first blast, DC's DISCIPLES OF CHRIST mangle, crush and destroy with a negative ferocity rarely seen on my turntable (though often in my life)—the sheer power of the mid-tempo two-note banger that closes the side is well worth the price of admission on its own, but the assault that precedes it is as much a lesson in brutality as it is a hardcore record. To the point/to the throat. Supremacy. (WN)
(Rorschach)

DISTÜRBIA CLADIS / FEAR OF THE FUTURE – split EP

Two bands from São Paulo, Brazil share this EP. FEAR OF THE FUTURE is hampered a bit by the flat production, but their cool, simple and straightforward songs win the day. "Odeio O Brasil" ("I Hate Brazil") is kind of long, but I barely noticed, drawn in by the forlorn and echo-y chorus. The rough vocals carry "Sick of Everything" ("Cansado de Tudo"). DISTÜRBIA CLADIS double-time it through three tracks with some tough guitar work and lost, haunting shrieks for vocals. On the back cover, their guitarist is making "the claw," which is a true indicator of their sound. Their songs are in Portuguese with no translations provided. This shit rages. FEAR OF THE FUTURE comes off well, but DISTÜRBIA CLADIS is the headliner here. (JM)
(Cipreste Negro / Crust or Die / Extreme Noise / Insane Noise / Purgatory / Terroten / Zuada)

DISTURD – "Inside" EP

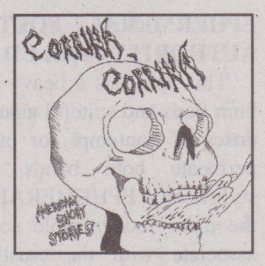
While this brutal crust trio have made music since 2004, they've only been releasing records for a couple of years now and this, their third, is by far the best of the bunch. These guys do one thing and one thing only—*heavy* metallic crust in the ANTISECT-by-way-of-SDS vein—and they do it very, very well. They seem to have been revitalized by their new drummer, late of EFFIGY and AXEWEILD, as his aggressive fills kick off "Brainwashed Abyss" in style, driving the song with heavy snare blasts that back up a crisp central riff and an absolutely crushing mosh break. If you've ever stuck a single cone stud into a bit of black denim or leather, you fucking need this record (and you might as well go out and pick up their other shit while you're at it). (AU)
(Hardcore Survives)

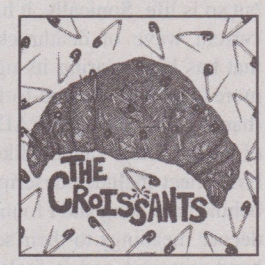
THE DRIPS – "Destroy the Chemistry/Fountains"

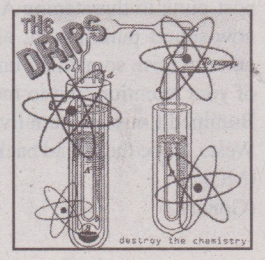
I guess these songs are from 2002. They're modern SoCal beach or OC punk with shades of BAD RELIGION, SHATTERED FAITH or CHANNEL 3 but without any of the grit or danger. The songs are tight and "Destroy the Chemistry" is the better of the two but still pretty weak. It's like the punks that got let into Disneyland. Yawn. (RO)
(Hostage)

EEL – "Endless Fucker" EP

At first look, you wouldn't think this band was from Pittsburg. There is a very strong Japcore vibe in the art and the music, and they even have a song in Japanese, but there's much more to this release than just DIS_____ worship. Lots of mid-tempo Clevo-core, pogo punk and even some Oi!, especially in the song "Dead." If you ever see them live, you will probably be showered in sparks from the power-tool-crazed singer. The insert uses DISCHARGE font to warn you that they are "drunk with power tools" and you can hear various power tools used throughout the record. So in summary, you may think this record is easy to write off because it looks like just another Japcore worship band. It's much more than that. If you like any of the aforementioned genres and power tools then this isn't a record you wanna sleep on. (KC)
(Even Worse)







EPHERMERAL FOETUS / PISS ON AUTHORITY – split CD

This split has a heavy stench of crust punk bum flaps and spiteful anarcho politics. Healthy doses of contempt for outsiders and religion permeate both bands contributions while stylistically EPHEMERAL FOETUS sticks to the more recognizable sound that one would associate with the crusty scene. PISS ON AUTHORITY takes things equally as seriously with their conviction to class warfare but show some signs of a LEFTÖVER CRACK influence and opted for some rhyme-tyme lyrics in a thrash song. All in all, a forgettable split by two subpar bands. (RM)
(Suburban White Trash)

THE ELSINORES – "Dreams of Youth" LP

The ELSINORES play melancholic, moody, dark post-punk that lyrically deals with thoughts of alienation, depression, losing friends and living in the moment. It's a little bit of a downer, but so is life. Sonically, it has less to do with the current wave of deathrock/goth-inspired punk that has been rearing its ugly head, and a little more to do with the mid-to-late-'80s SST catalog (barring that terrible DEAD-inspired shit). Parts of it even sound vaguely like the SMITHS. Their lyric sheet includes descriptions of the feelings behind each song and I found it helpful in finding deeper meanings to their songs. The covers are hand-screened and it feels like a perfect DIY affair. Good record! (GH)
(Dead Tank / Hip Kid / IFB / Human Crush / Karmic Swamp)

EVACUATE – "Our Lives/Rage"

Melodic, anthemic harcore (stree)punk, with sing-along posi lyrics, tight drumming and three guitars! Reminiscent of GBH, the ENGLISH DOGS or even BAD RELIGION and NEGATIVE APPROACH, this is executed well, even if it adds nothing to the genre; sometimes it's about enjoying what you do, really. The fold-out insert seems like a collective effort and I bet they're pretty fun live. (LA)
(Evacuate)

EX-CULT – "Ties You Up/New Virtues"

Record Store Day offering from the kind Goner crew, this time showcasing what appears to be their nowadays flagship act. EX-CULT has continually impressed me on all their records, this single being no exception. Might be their strongest showing on 45 yet. Top-tier punk that borrows from directions as varied as cold UK post-punk to threatening Aussie rock to driving, now-sound punk-psych, all bleeding into each other to form something unique and well worthy of your attention (not to mention record dough). Bummed I missed them live when they were out West…hope they head back out. Recommended! (MC)
(Goner)

EX-CULT – "Midnight Passenger" LP

Midnight Passenger is a stark attack, reflecting lean cruel times; a paranoid, skulking sound with a total speed-for-blood road movie feel, which sort of makes sense since apparently the record emerged out of a relentless year of touring. Lyrics read like a dime store novel circa 1965, a noir-ish effect enhanced by an economical use of words—"Flickering Eyes" with three lines being enough to convey the entire plot, the desolate landscapes and plummeting human experiences of "Venice Illusion" or "Lights Out Club" adding to the feel. The music is claustrophobic, with dense layers of guitars and rhythm creating a back-to-mono punk savagery that hits somewhere between DESTRUCTION UNIT and the HOT SNAKES. The "Sex Beat" stripped of all its rock appeal with none of the liberation feel, just the darkness and desperation. It's almost too much, one mood, one sound, the totality offers no relief or shifts in tone. There are other bands attempting this vision, and I think the reason EX-CULT are legions above the crowd is that they never forget they are a punk band; the music stays anxious and uptight for the most part. It makes the parts where they expand out into that more rock'n'roll territory seem part of a vicious idea, rather than a corny cast from the suburbs desert vision. Relentless and swaggering, putting the punk back in the garage, this is a taut, high tension sound that mines from fifty different punk ideals and emerges with something that you can dance to or lose your mind to. Memphis is burning… (LG)
(Goner)

EX FRIENDS – "Animal Needs" EP

Whoa! Coolidge Records? Hell, yeah! This Philly four-piece has members of WESTON and PLOW UNITED, and is on Coolidge, so I was secretly stoked to get this. Although these four songs didn't really remind me of any of those old bands, this pop-punk slab did bring me back to the mid '90s without being generic or (ahem) anachronistic. This sounds like they could have gone really well with VANBUILDERASS, or anywhere on the No Idea roster of yesteryear. Semi-gruff male/female vocals, sparse solos, and some of the female vocals even remind me of Allison from DISCOUNT. Comes with lyrics and a download code, and some pretty great xerox artwork…like four sheets of unexplained nice! (DZ)
(Coolidge)

FILTHPACT – "Resurrected Under Condemnation" CD

Huh? What? As I looked at my pile of records to review I see a CD by FILTHPACT. Wait, didn't they just break up? They broke up twice. FILTHPACT were (sadly past tense) a Scottish crust grind band but there is more to it than simple genres. FILTHPACT did something not many have done, which is create their own sound. Parts grindcore, hardcore and hell, I don't know, punk'n'roll. They, somewhat, existed twice, 2004 to 2007 and 2012-2014. This CD is a collection of remastered tracks from their 2012-2014 go-at-it, sort of a discography part two. There is just something about what they did that is special. Combined early EXTREME NOISE TERROR, hardcore, a dash of crust and a strange, vague punk'n'roll sound. Sure, sure, they mostly play a political grind, but the two MOTÖRHEAD covers on this release and their cover of "Emerald" by THIN LIZZY show their rock'n'roll side. Tracks like "State Dealer" show their roots in bands like NAPALM DEATH. "Blood Sport Charade" gives you the grindcore meets West Coast '90s hardcore. "Parading as Punk" might be one of the most condemning tracks to part-time violent stupid punks in recent memory. Ugh! Wish this band was still around. (MH)
(At War With False Noise / Filthy Rex)

FINAL CONFLICT – "Ashes to Ashes" 2xLP

The fourth issue of the classic Long Beach band's 1987 debut LP. *Ashes to Ashes'* fourteen-tracks are a perfect synergy of their time: The peace punk lyrics and power-chord intensity of CRUCIFIX and UK82 liberty spikes and D-beat hardcore, filtered through the clarity and melody of SoCal '80s punk, hammered out in the nexus of '80s crossover with totally searing metal guitar leads and solos. As much as it was arm in arm with noisier hardcore offered by their SoCal peace punk contemporaries of the same era, like ICONOCLAST, BODY COUNT and ARMISTICE, the impeccably powerful vocals and anthemic songwriting related it back to the melody offered by the ADOLESCENTS, early TSOL or even the clear, defiant and best moments of 7 SECONDS. Proficient musicianship and production deftly balanced crunchy heft, metallic clarity and hardcore gristle with sing-a-long ready lyrics that blasted the cops, the government, the final year of Ronald Reagan's administration, nuclear armament and more. This issue is a loving restoration of the Pusmort Records original issue with only minor alterations to the packaging, with a poster and the original printed inner sleeve, and expanding the supplemental booklet of political treatises to a larger format to include additional band photos, an interview, reviews, artwork and (somewhat superfluous) testimonials about the band. FINAL CONFLICT existed in a time where pop punk had yet to become "pop punk," hardcore had yet to segment even deeper into extremes, metal's flirtation with hardcore would fluctuate hot and cold, and reflected all of that with unique and dynamic strength that might disappoint people looking for the easy answers of a generic stylistic pigeon hole. The re-master here maybe second-guessed that intent somewhat, canning the vocals slightly, loosening the recording up a bit with more prominent bass-lines and leaning heavier on the dirtier, noisier side of the flood in the recording for a more "modern" noisy hardcore sound... but maybe that meets half way expectations of a new audience and classic fans. The material supercedes it regardless, as it's really

hard to listen to this without slowly revving up to the point where you're singing along "Our rights! Are being stripped away! By the police…and the governments lies!" or "Self-righteous pigs! More death for power!" A classic that even a few listens will get you up to speed there, a window of a time made with enough thought and care to still reflect into the future. "What kind of future? Is this a future?" Argh! Circle pit! Essential! (KS)
(Tankcrimes)

FLESH WOUNDS – "Bitter Boy" EP

Great blood-splatter comic artwork of a punk with a dog head. Very Gary Panter. The title track is very DMZ-like and pretty good. The other two are OK and remind me of the LITTLE KILLERS or older MAKERS. Actually, "'Let Me Be Clear" has grown on me and is the winner here. Probably great live on a sweaty humid night in NC. (RO)
(Merge)

FRANTIX – "My Dad's a Fuckin' Alcoholic" LP

Jesus, what a goddamn monster. I guess Colorado isn't really known for punk monsters, thankfully Denver's FRANTIX were there to put 'em clearly on the map. Their two EPs from 1982 and 1983 are rough-and-tumble hardcore punk killers, and while the tempos don't quite match the speed of some of their contemporaries, the crushing delivery puts most of 'em to shame. This is the real shit, right up there with BLACK FLAG, CIRCLE JERKS and NEGATIVE APPROACH at their finest. Highly recommended!! (GB)
(Alternative Tentacles)

FUBAR – "Lead Us to War" LP

FUBAR have been at this for a while now; ten or eleven years. From the Weert / Volkel, Netherlands they play a slightly Swedish grindcore with a smidgen of fast hardcore. They walk the line between more recent (boring) ROTTEN SOUND and newer PHOBIA. On this release FUBAR mix up the song structures a bit more, making things a lot more interesting. "Damage Control" is a good example. Quiet noise intro, into fast, simple grinding, which changes into an odd almost stop-go. Wait, it almost sounded like the track is over and now it's a slow grind, similar to slower ASSUCK tracks. FUBAR to pretty generic grind but do it well. (MH)
(Give Praise / Power-It-Up)

THE FUCK OUTS – "Now You're Fucked" CD

Ugh, label one-sheets always squick me out so much. "Hey all, you're getting this letter and disc due to a number of reasons: 1. You manage a brand we want to support"... etc. For real? Ick. All branding issues aside, this isn't a terrible record. Sounds like a band you might have heard at the Rat in Boston circa 1995—competent middle-of-the-road hardcore highlighted by the obnoxious, snotty vocals. If you've got a sentimental fondness for bands like SHOWCASE SHOWDOWN or SUBMACHINE and you live in Australia (since I can't imagine this getting a ton of distribution elsewhere), I guess check it out. (AU)
(Inner City Uprising)

THE FUZZ / WEIRDONIA – split EP

I like that there's a letter in here that says "Fuck Ty Segall." The FUZZ starts off with a blatant ripoff of HAWKWIND into an instrumental song with lifted riffs as well. It's pretty good "fuzzed" out jamming in your neighbors garage. None too original but OK. WEIRDONIA sounds like they could be the same band in the same garage. Maybe they switched instruments in between bong rips. They're the better of the two, with funny vocal effects. Song two rips. Mom's coming home. Open the windows and door. Letter says we usually hate your records. Too bad. (RO)
(Melting)

GAS RAG – "Beats Off" 12"

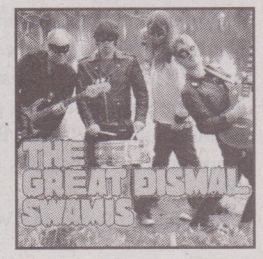
GAS RAG is my favorite current band in the US, and I probably did more stagedives to their set at New York's Alright than the last five years of my life combined. But as stellar as the last records are, they completely fucking outdid themselves here. It still has the TOTALITÄR-meets-*Pick Your King* foundation of their earlier stuff—albeit shifting much more towards the former—but whereas that was fucked up and raging, this here is fucked up, raging *and* out for blood, with a definite darker feeling that adds an extra layer to the nihilistic snot, yet could still go toe-to-toe with the best D-beat in terms of sonic power. And amidst all this is absolutely ace song- and riff-writing that's either tried-and-true pounding or taking things in unexpected directions that will leave your head spinning. And for being just ten minutes long, this record is dense as hell. Fuck, now I want a GAS RAG tattoo. (DG)
(Beach Impediment / Even Worse)

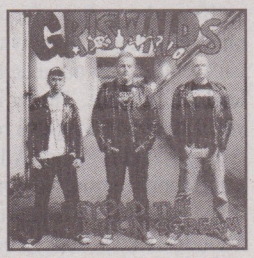
GENTLE ART OF CHOKIN / RESURRECTIONISTS – split 12"

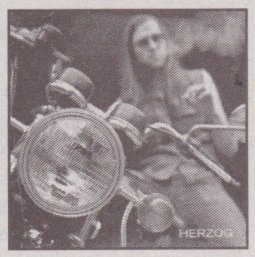
Two sides of first-rate Euro-style emoviolence, this is a must-have for fans of modern-day heavies like SVFFER and LENTIC WATERS. I beg the reader to see past GENTLE ART OF CHOKIN's terrible name (I guess it's a reference to some fancy gold plates you can buy on TV or something?) in order to see that they're making some seriously fierce grind/screamo/crust, ending up sounding somewhat like German hardcore's answer to CLOUD RAT and SIXBREWBANTHA. RESURRECTIONISTS bring their own mathy take on a comparable sound, trading in some of the manic overstimulation of the flipside for a focus on precision and to-the-gut hardcore. Not a wasted note on either side, just firm, efficient grind for the brutal kids. (WB)
(IFB / Moment of Collapse / React with Protest)

GIUDA – "Let's Do It Again" LP

Here we go. Let me start of by saying that this band is far and away the best at what they do. They have absolutely nailed the '70s junkshop glam sound, and aesthetically their shit is buttoned up: the photography, graphics, videos, etc. have the perfect cheesy '70s look. Despite the fact that I grew up watching SLADE, SWEET and GARY GLITTER on TV, and happily devoured the recent wave of glitter comps and reissues, there's something about GIUDA that leaves me cold. I think maybe it just feels like too much of a gimmick. My first reaction on hearing them was that they were a '70s glitter version of the HIVES. There's no doubt that this album is perfectly executed, and if (as many of my friends did) you loved the last one, you'll probably enjoy this too. I might actually put this one over the previous one in terms of variety of songwriting and sound. So I'm probably overthinking it: Just spray paint your platforms silver, pull on your flares, get your thumbs in your braces, and stomp along. If they would actually get their arses to California I'm sure they'd win me over… (AM)
(TKO)







GIUDA – "Racey Roller" LP

Having successfully avoided the 87 other pressings of this record available worldwide in the last few years, I'm finally listening to GIUDA, Italy's leading glam rock cartoon-made-flesh. Punks of all walks have expressed admiration for GIUDA's whole deal, which is a strict re-hash of European '70s glam, focusing on tough tongue-in-cheek stompers coupled with some mild flirtations with the too-close-to-disco side of things. They have the aesthetic and sound down cold and I can totally see why diehards are ga-ga for them…just like many RAMONES devotees were all over the RIVERDALES in their day. It's entirely same trip here, with the same level of execution-slash-emulation. I think that context is important to consider for this LP. Bottom line: you're not going to be reaching for a Giuda record in the coming years (months?), but you just might chuckle and stomp away while it's right there in front of you. (MC)
(TKO)

GOOD THROB – "Fuck Off!" LP

This is fucking punk. Maybe you're dead, but this shit isn't. Punchy fuzzy bass blasts GANG OF FOUR reminiscent counter rhythms between all the instruments. The vocals are aggressive and directed in sharp bursts, very percussive. Fans of PRIESTS and BIG MOUTH take note, but be prepared for some discordance and intentional discomfort. The lyrics tell it real, talking about the subtle daily war of taking public transit without getting messed with, dealing with shit head men, and most importantly, telling scum to fuck right off. This album is recorded brilliantly as well; it has one of those rare "chemistry caught live" moments, where the guitar tones and drum sounds sound like the whole album was done in one take. Listen to this or fuck off, seriously. (DV)
(Sabremetric / Super Fi / White Denim)

THE GREAT DISMAL SWAMIS – "Surfin' with the Swamis" EP

If you're a fan of mid-tempo, very catchy punk'n'roll, you'll enjoy this one. The title track isn't really a surf number, but it's got a great surfy lead guitar hook. Throw in some snarly, snarky vocals and you've got a recipe for success. And they just keep going. All four cuts are money. This record reminds me of the USERS and some of the stuff that Chiswick used to put out. Catchy. Melodic. Rude. Punk. Rock. Roll. 1977. Yeah. I dig this. Limited to 300 copies. (KK)
(Fandango)

GRISWALDS – "Beyond The Television Scream" CD

These guys have been around a long time—in fact, since 1995, according to the info I could dig up. This UK band is real big on the SCREECHING WEASEL and QUEERS sound. They are good at it and being from the UK I'm sure they do all right on the other side of the pond. This is a good release and after the onslaught of bands in this genre ten or fifteen years ago, I do find this a bit refreshing. RAMONES heads will like this, too. (RL)
(Monster Zero)

GRUNT – "Total Disgust" LP

What the hell is Montana's GRUNT? I honestly can't figure it out. Toss them in the weird/strange heavy group of bands that have a sound of their own. Parts grindcore, stoner doom, powerviolence and strangeness. They are neither metal nor punk/hardcore but they are heavy. The production on this release is also ridiculously good and bottom heavy. The bass player is prominent and can any more tracks begin with drums? In the end it's a strange sludgy grindcore. Damn near everything is perfect. Too bad the lyrics are some of the worst I've heard in a while. Seriously, what are "Cunt Punch," "Cuddliest Chud" and "Fuck Tibet" even about? OK, if I'm to take the lyrics to "Fuck Tibet" literally the idea is that the Dalai Lamas is all about destroying the Chinese. But when it comes to "Cunt Punch" I assume you're just being silly? "It's bubbling, it's boiling, it's stench is revolting." You guys crack me up. Too bad 'cause the music is awesome. They have a few tracks that try to be political/social but I don't think they can pull it off. On "Lose Some Weight (You Fuck)" there is an anti-fast food and somewhat vegetarian leaning but all wrapped in the "fat fucks" idea. You decide. (MH)
(Acid Redux Productions)

HELLEXIST – "Age of Death" 12"

Gurgling darkness over a tonnage of thundering riffs, six tracks of mid-paced black metal influenced hardcore from Malaysia gets a vinyl treatment after a cassette and CD release in 2013. Bolstered by oppressively thick, heavy attack of the guitars this goes long in the style of European crust—a steady hammering of quick thrashing tempo framed with bleak, moody leads that churn towards titanic breakdowns and build ups, but is varied enough in its delivery than it avoids stylistic pitfalls and remains commanding in its urgency. Spackled with mutable vocal spews alternating between dark, hard scowls, twists of larynx scalding screams and bursts of wet chortles of lyrics about man's folly and greed, environmental doom, war. Sung in Malay and English, the lyrics are somewhat crude, but hey, it's also an album with a cover drawing of a guy with a giant cat skull for a head cutting down trees with a chainsaw rounded out with skulls, riot cops and studded jackets, so some of the meaning I think is implicit. Way Sick Heavy Blasting! (KS)
(Broken Noise / Dis 346 / Gorb Dis-Tro)

HERZOG – "Boys" CD

I guess these guys get a lot of early '90s comparisons like DINOSAUR JR and BUILT TO SPILL, but I think they sound more modern. This reminds a lot of TITUS ANDRONICUS and the THERMALS with a little of the ANNIVERSARY. So there is a lot of fuzzy noisy pop here. It's quirky with decent choruses and a lot of energy; a little acoustic dabbling, too. A good pop release. (RL)
(Exit Stencil)

HOLINESS CHURCH OF THE VALLEY – "Not of the Flock" EP

Real ghastly, Seriously depressed screamo from Birmingham, Alabama. This is one of those bands that uses papal and orthodox Christian imagery in design and lyrics in a way that makes it somewhat hard to tell if they are a Christian band or not. I am pretty sure they are not, but lyrics like "If I reject the light of God, I reject the light of day" make it a bit ambiguous. Maybe they are vampires? Aside from that fact this is a really strong emoviolence EP. Hints of ORCHID and LOVE LOST BUT NOT FORGOTTEN, kind of a powerviolence band doing PAGENINETYNINE tributes. The cover had some ink blending but overall the design is eye catching and the drawings on the 45 are eerie and disturbing. This is one of the better screamo productions I have heard in a while. Great composition and timing on the melodic drops and beastly attacks. (DV)
(House of Love / Spring Street)

HOT BLOOD – "No Kings" CD

I know that to many, POISON IDEA are (or were, at a time) as unto gods. Even some emo aficionados I know saw them way back in the good years and speak of them with a measure of respect. HOT BLOOD seem also to place PI high in their personal pantheon, along with other fast but sub blastbeat speed '80s hardcore bands with a skate vibe, and as such seek to emulate a similar sound on their *No Kings* CD. They do a pretty decent job, but this has always felt a little tired to me, and this is no exception. A couple of the songs are real groaners, like when they try to play straight up bar rock'n'roll or reveal that they also own a couple SCREECHING WEASLE records, but most is merely passable generic hardcore. I realize that's a big put down, but to my ears that's what a majority of recordings in this style are. It's not lacking in technical skill or passion, so if you are among the faithful, this will likely sate something within you. Unfortunately, I do think the delivery is missing a certain amount of wit and acerbism (and goddamn there are some earnest moments). Perhaps this would be better as a reminder of a well-enjoyed show, rather than an introduction to these gents and their noise. As a sidebar, if you are thinking of starting a band that sounds like POISON IDEA, ask yourself, "Could I and my bandmates spend nine hours getting totally assholed and then wobble up to our instruments and absolutely nail 'Hangover Heartattack'?" Could you, dipshit? (LP)
(Little Dickman)

INSIDIOUS PROCESS – LP

Powerful and raging D-beat hailing from Sweden, INSIDIOUS PROCESS is dark and heavy hardcore with searing vocals, spewing lyrics of human oppression in a very chilling way. Frida literally sounds like she is in pain while belting over the metal-influenced leads, churning riffs and relentless drums. I will forever appreciate bands whose music portrays how fucking fed up and pissed off they are; it nurtures the very core of punk and reminds us why we are here in the first place. (KR)
(Aborted Society / Not Enough)

INTHESHIT / PRIAPUS – split EP

PRIAPUS (North Carolina) is a ridiculously heavy grindcore band. Their two tracks have lots of dynamics, slowing down to a heavy mosh and flying blisteringly fast. Some of the guitar sounds remind me of NOISEAR but they throw in a few too many pinch harmonics. Slightly techie grindcore with death metal leanings. MARUTA might be the closest reference point. INTHESHIT (Boston, Mass) is weird in a good way. Yes, yes, it's heavy, fast grindcore but the vocalist sings/shouts in a way that is understandable and a lot of the lyrics are not only delivered with weird pacing that doesn't always match the music but are odd. "You, won't let me sleep, you won't let me sleep". The drums mostly don't sound real, but they are... I think I can hear the triggers. Both bands are ridiculously heavy. (MH)
(Give Praise)

JACK – "Inhumanus" CD

Extreme music played by the nihilistic dark minds of Hungary's meanest grinders. This twenty-track full length is a face melter, leaning less on the spastic side of grind and way more on the extreme metal side. Fans of Deep Six releases or BRUTAL TRUTH and NAPALM DEATH should be stoked. Top to bottom this album burns through quality material producing a record that keeps it intense without numbing the mind. (RM)
(Give Praise)

KAAPORA – "Distainer" CD

Ever have trouble reading? Not because you can't sound the words out, but because *the font is so fucking metal*!? Well, KAAPORA was a bit of a mystery to me, I was staring blankly at the CD cover for their album, *Distainer* (seriously, sp?) until I read the spine of the case which had the good sense to print their name in simple New Times Roman. After a painful spin of the new release by this self-proclaimed German "metal powerhouse" I have been convinced to support True Teutonic Death Metal, as their web site promotes. If song titles like "Dogma's Cage" and "Awaking the Dead" inspire you to head bang, pick this up immediately. (RM)
(Kaapora)

KOHTALON KÄSINE – "Laki On/Känniapina"

Killer Finnish slab that sounds more reminiscent of '80s Deutschpunk—I hear EA80 oozing out of this record. Guitars are chunky riff machines with lazy leads that wait until the gruff vocals have had their say. The base is just mid-tempo punk, nothing fancy, but KOHTALON KÄSINE do so fukkn much with that utterly simple formula. For those who need modern comparisons, I would expect that fans of LA FRACTION and/or LEATHERFACE would dig the shit out of this band. This one was a total surprise and a total winner. (WN)
(Urban Gorilla)

THE KREMLINGS – "Whole Earth Cleansing" LP

Mid-paced, pretty heavy and rockin' "weirdo punk" with snarly vocals not far from Blaine from the ACCÜSED. They also remind me of Blaine's earlier band, the FARTZ. These Aussie freakazoids have some rather good riffs, especially on "Flesh on Flesh" and "Freakin' In," the latter which recalls a riff that LUMPY AND THE DUMPERS might use (only this has enough rock 'n' roll-y bits to avoid the filth pit where LUMPY and co. live). In all, it's a good sound and I'm glad they're also doing that great punk/HC dirge thing on "Know Nothings" which sounds again like the ACCÜSED crossed with early UNSANE. Definitely worthwhile if you're looking for something out of the ordinary. (JD)
(Desperate)

LA PESTE – "Better Off Dead/Black"

Fuckin *sick!!* One of those crucial gateway drugs for '70s punk rawk, Boston's LA PESTE released quite a monster back in 1978. I remember first stumbling onto a copy in the '90s, back when I was dipping my toes into KBD waters, and this li'l killer tripped me out: what seemed like a bar band from the '70s delivers one of the roughest toughest punk rock songs ever, how is this greatness even possible?! Essential reissue, have to wonder if the lovingly recreated heavy cardstock cover will suffer the same telltale heavy ringwear all the originals out there have. Tastee! (GB)
(Wharf Cat)

LABOR CAMP – "Thru the Fence, Over the Hill..." CD

This band includes ex-NIP DRIVERS. But what we get is alternative rock in the RED HOT CHILLI PEPPERS and JANE'S ADDICTION late-'80s vein with a singer who sounds like the guy in FIVE FOR FIGHTING or maybe MEATLOAF on a bad day without the power. Needless to say, this isn't for me and those who might like this LA band aren't going to be looking here. (RL)
(Pit-I-Ful)

LIVE FAST DIE – "Hit Stains" LP

I remember when this outfit hit the scene, their *Bandana Thrash* full-length perked my Thrash2K w(e)ary sensibilities and I was psyched to have my face melted by its raucous lo-fi maximum energy dirty rock 'n' roll. Almost a decade later, this slab collects a slew of singles that are every bit as refreshing now as that first LP was then. The commitment to simplicity of M.O.T.O., the commitment to idiocy of the SPITS and an undying commitment to fukkn burn through choice tracks with the determination of a true KBD connoisseur. Crank "Pissing on the Mainframe" into "Alcoholic AIDS" and you're partying. I love this shit, and love the fact that LIVE FAST DIE could give a shit less what I think. (WN)
(Almost Ready)

LOCKTENDER – "Rodin" LP

While this record is not for everyone, it really impressed me. This post-melodic-hardcore, woven, reverb-drenched bright clean-but-boosted guitars and heavy hypnotic distorted bass, slow dreamy parts that erupt in to more

technical hardcore riffs while maintaining that bright guitar tone you would find mostly in screamo or post-rock bands. The unison between the rhythm and percussion is greatly appreciated. No parts seem for granted, even through long instrumental parts. The vocals are a bit forced at parts, resembling a mix of NEUROSIS or FUCKED UP. Sometimes they are cohesive but sometimes they overpower the melodic brilliance of the band. Overall, this is a solid record that whether you like it or not, it stands out from the crowd. (DV)
(Desordre Ordonne / Halo of Flies / i.corrupt)

THE LOWEST FORM – "Negative Ecstasy" LP

Under a sauce of feedback squalls and occasional later BLACK FLAG pretension you'll find a pretty simple but tasty meal of meat-and-potatoes Midwestern-style hardcore housed in these grooves. The bile-gargling vocal is probably the best part of the record, conveying a Nick Blinko-esque unhinged quality that pairs well with the isolation/paranoia vibe of the lyrics. The drummer deserves a high-five as well, dishing out simple 1-2 '80s hardcore beats and sub-blasting speedy parts with equal aplomb. I'm sure these guys get mentioned in the same context as CRAZY SPIRIT quite a bit, and it's a reasonable comparison, for good and for ill. (AU)
(Iron Lung)

LUBRICANTS – "Activated Energy/ Transformation Vacation"

1980 Milwaukee punk originally released as the MODERN PSYCHICS (find a copy of the original without the LUBRICANTS name glued over the original label and you should give me call). Story around town was that Leroy and Patti got turned by Jehovah's Witnesses and destroyed a chunk of the initial press, making an already hard-to-find single into a veritable holy grail until this repress. Rowdy proto-punk that teeters between Detroit-style vigor and a sharp rock 'n' roll underground that was gearing up for the new wave takeover. A basement KBD gem that falls somewhere between the TUBES and MC5? Maybe that's a stretch, but this is a killer slab of Midwestern punk history…glad it will be kicking around in the bins for a new generation to discover. (WN)
(Rerun)

LUMPY AND THE DUMPERS – "Gnats in the Pissa/Ghoul Breath"

The St. Louis kings of slime are at it again. Somewhere in between becoming viral video internet stars (search "The Dumpers Present: Boy Hit with Fireworks" if you haven't already), taking out full-page ads in this fine publication and leaving a path of slimy destruction everywhere they go, they found time to record this new piece of wax. "Gnats in the Pissa" is perfect, with its fuzzed-out bass and guitars, steady drumbeat and what is probably the coolest saxophone solo of the past three and a half years. "Ghoul Breath" takes you to a darker place, the kind I imagine talking to someone with ghoul breath would be like, while still being perfectly pogo-able until it falls apart at the end. Long live LUMPY and his reign of *slime!* (KC)
(Total Punk)

LVXVRIA – "Con Poses Y Sin Apuros" EP

Another '80s Peruvian punk gem unleashed here. LVXVRIA isn't quite as predictable as some other scruffy, raw old Latino punk/HC reissues you may have heard. There's a unique weirdo quality to the sound on this that makes it so much more interesting to listen to, with its swirling guitar effects and great catchy punk songwriting. Lots of crude magic captured on this 1987 demo. Fucking awesome, don't delay, track it down! (MA)
(Rock Sub)

LYCANTHROPHY – "DIY Conspiracy" 12"

From the Czech Republic, LYCANTHROPHY is one of the best grindcore bands going. I desperately hunt down every release of theirs. This self-titled full-length came out back in 2010 and back then it took me forever to find a copy. That's one of the things that make this re-press great. For the first time this LP is easily available in the US. This pressing includes an additional track, "Rape Theft Murder," a PHOBIA cover. LYCANTHROPHY play strictly fast grindcore and not only do the songs not all sound the same, it's their songwriting that stands out. They aren't just playing a style of music; they have ideas behind their tracks. The vocal delivery can, at times, sound like powerviolence. The main vocals are face-ripping female vocals in the style that makes my throat hurt just by listening and the bass player and drummer add dual vocals on most tracks. The clear barked vocals of those two combined with the blood curdling screams of Zdisha is perfect in my book. Amazing stuff. (MH)
(Give Praise / Power-It-Up)

MARTIN SAVAGE GANG – "Hole in My Heart/Hold On"

Great power-poppy garage! "Hole In My Heart" has big beats and even bigger hooks—echoes of "X-Offender" style BLONDIE. Between that dance party rocker and the swaggering stomp of the B-side I never would have guessed the group aren't grubby southern fried rockers, but actually svelte Swedes. Slip this one on if you need to get the room movin' and groovin' pronto. (FU)
(Blahll!)

THE MEATMEN – "Savage Sagas From The Meatmen" CD

The only reason this disc got a second listen is because they are a known band. On the strength of their music, this is a yawn fest of a bar punk record, though the lyrics (not surprisingly) are way above average. I mean, it's slick and overly competent, catchy and occasionally poppy… punk. When they get kinda metallic (which they do more often than I'd like, though quite successfully on "I'm Gonna Fuck You Up") I feel like I'm listening to early GWAR. But that's it, there's nothing more. There's no dick in the ass of society here, no assless chaps at an opera premier. No cop's face in a pile of turds, no genuine shock when I read these words. Maybe it really is hard to be edgy when you're a grownup…sorry Tesco. I mean, I know that you partied with the FIX and NECROS and shit, but "Big Bloody Booger on the Bathroom Wall" in 2014 just makes me shrug. The bar is higher than that…and you should know because you helped put it there. (WN)
(Self Destructo)

MODERN PETS – "B.I.Y.S./Sweet Frustration"

Not much information on this German band, but they're pretty great punk—like a slightly slowed-down MARKED MEN, if they wore spiky leather jackets with patches of '77-style bands. Yes, I also hate it when people use the number 77 as a style of music, but I'm going to let this one stand. This could easily be boring, but it's not… it's fucking great. (DZ)
(Secret Mission)

MORBO – "Me Llega Al Pincho" EP

Damn! I can't tell you a ton about this record because I'm a gringo with no grasp of the Spanish language, but I can tell you that this is excellent raw, driving punk from Peru. It almost sounds so raw that it could have been recorded live onto a boombox, which lends to making it sound totally amazing. Some of the songs sound like they're on the verge of completely falling apart in the best way. Simple. No bullshit. Fucking punk as fuck. You want this. (GH)
(Sin Temores)

MORBO – "Me Llega Al Pincho 2002-2004" EP

Killer raw punk/HC band from early-2000s Peru with very upfront vocals. MORBO has a *very* live and direct sound. There's a really good drum tone and some straight-ahead '77 riffs—especially on the excellent "Victo." Odd but neat thing is how "Soy Lo Ku Quiera" reminds me of Redwood City "dork core" band SLOBBER. Whereas some of the B-side reminds me of a lot of *Bloodstains* bands (e.g. Sweden's BITCH BOYS' "Halfdag Fredag") so great minds think alike. Viva la punk rock subterrano! (JD)
(Morbosute / Metadona)

MURDER-SUICIDE PACT – "Die Screaming" LP

Long time Florida punks MURDER-SUICIDE PACT are back from obscurity with a full length of fist pumpers to get weird to.

Venerable punk rock scene vet/awesome dude Bob Suren commands attention with his scolding vocals but everything beyond his billowing howls seems to fall pretty flat. The dedication to mid-paced, vein-popping, frustration jams is admirable but the whole record has a strange rock element that it never breaks out of. That coupled with the blunt yet sincere lyrics made it hard for me to get into. After multiple listens, there were no hooks stuck in my head and no songs I wanted to revisit, a fairly underwhelming release. (RM)
(Give Praise)

MYSTERY DATE – "You and Your Sister" EP

Sizzling Twin Cities power pop that buzzes with energy—like if the REPLACEMENTS were a 1979 mod revival band. These three songs just jump off the vinyl. I now need to go back and dig out their previous single. Seriously! Snap, crackle, pop! Ready, steady, go!!! (AM)
(Piñata)

NEO BOYS – "Sooner Or Later" 2xLP

When I first heard that there was going to be a NEO BOYS re-release, the best I could hope for was an overpriced, 30-years-too-late reissue of *Crumbling Myths* on 180gr and the hefty price tag that goes along with those sorts of deals, but I couldn't have been more wrong. Like a punk rock fairytale come true, the old masters arise from the dust of some crummy old basement to award our patience with a double LP of something like 40 tracks of NEO BOYS demo recordings and live material that has never been pressed, along with the criminally under-released tracks from the two EPs. Thirty years ago in rainy old Rose City, some cool teenage girls formed a band that sounds like equal parts RAINCOATS, YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS, and the URINALS: bright, shaky surf riffs and a shimmering hi-hat, quivering with that uncanny yet indescribable maladroit sound. Oft-credited as "the first" all-female punk band in Portland, they nevertheless shared the stage with the WIPERS and SADO-NATION, opened for TELEVISION at their very first show, and are stepping out of collective memory and back into the spotlight where they belong. (FF)
(K)

NO BABIES – "Yo No Soy Como Tú" EP

Honestly, the very best thing you can do as a punk band is to make a bunch of noise and have a blast in a basement with all of your friends and NO BABIES is on that trip big time. Shrieking fits and horn explosions, punctuated art punk apocalypse à la GOD IS MY COPILOT, STRIP MALL SEIZURES and RED MONKEY on a spaced out trip that teeters on the edge but never falls apart. Take a bunch of East Bay ragamuffins from the outskirts of the Oakland noise scene and put Jasmine from NEO CONS in the fucking front and there you have it: NO BABIES! If you're not having fun, you're doing it wrong, okay? (FF)
(Gilgongo)

NO FRAUD – "Revolt! 1984 Demos" 12"

Felix Havoc once said that if this band had been from a major city they would have been considerably more well known, and after hearing them for the first time just now, I'm in complete agreement. NO FRAUD hailed from Venice, FL, and opened for a good number of bigger bands that came through town; these songs are quite good for having been this unheard. In terms of songwriting and musical aesthetic, it unintentionally reminds me of JERRY'S KIDS' *Boston Not LA* songs along with DEEP WOUND (albeit without their speed), and gets slightly more LA sounding during the second half, but the songs are quite actualized, flow well, and mostly don't blur together. Thank you Six Weeks for helping this see the light of day. (DG)
(Six Weeks)

OLD SOUL – "Tidal Lock" LP

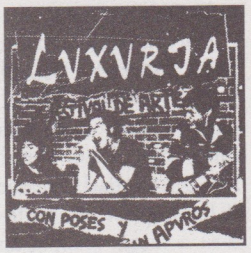
In a *post-everything* genre there are few things a reviewer can cling to while trying to deliver an accurate description of an album that pulls wildly from all over the musical spectrum. *Tidal Lock* was my introduction to OLD SOUL, a Michigan five-piece who create intense and epic emotional music that draws from the guitar work of instrumentalists like TRISTEZA and '90s era Ebullition bands but end up in the area of dark, heavy and amazingly prolific. In what seems to be a concept album, *Tidal Lock* seamlessly flows through track one to four with the stamina of a marathon sprinter. Each carefully crafted song incorporates a variety of influences that culminate in a manic and pulsing finale. From YAPHET KOTTO to WOLVES IN THE THRONE ROOM, *Tidal Lock* weaves their sound in and out of recognizable references and delivers with the weight of a fully realized sound and model. (RM)
(Dog Knights Productions / Dingleberry Records and Distrobution / East Rain / IFB / Listen to Aylin)

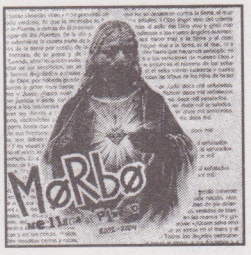
'O' LEVEL – "Pseudo Punk" LP

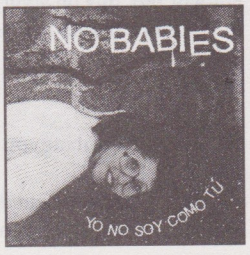
A welcome reissue from these UK greats, released for Record Store Day 2014. For those who don't know, 'O' LEVEL is probably the most coveted (by collectors, anyway) of Ed Ball's many outfits, which include notables like TELEVISION PERSONALITIES, the TIMES and TEENAGE FILMSTARS. 'O' LEVEL's distinction amongst the rest of Ball's work is that they offered perhaps the punkest take of them all, making them worthy of inclusion on a Killed By Death comp some years back. The songs are urgent, mocking, slap-dash and great, particularly the cuts that open this collection (from their debut EP). "We Love Malcom" is sweet and accusatory and arguably this collection's best wink to the listener. Reportedly limited to a scant 300 copies, at least 30% of which were seemingly in the SF area…meaning the rest of the world got fucked or that figure is incorrect. In any event, I fully back this 'un and you should find one post haste. (MC)
(Munster)

ONE THOUSAND DIRECTIONS – "Miniscule Lives" LP

This is what I imagine that pop punk fest in San Diego sounds like the whole weekend. Luckily this is only an LP and not three days. It sounds like DILLINGER FOUR, or at their poppier moments, DISCOUNT with the guy from LEATHERFACE singing. In fact, the further this band gets from "rock 'n' roll" and the closer they get to pop, the better they are. There is some catchiness in songs like "Disguise" and "Be Patient" that gives the band some charm. Those tracks are upbeat but not fast, with some clever bass work (also that bass tone sounds great) and some bounce that almost makes you stop noticing that their vocals sound like a million other "gruff" pop punk bands. When was the last time that someone had a ska part (let alone a whole song or two), is that still a thing? (PA)
(Can I Say)







THE ONES – CD

Holy shit this is blowing my mind! Remember when Detroit's DEATH emerged into the collective sphere of punk knowledge circa 2010 and kind of re-wrote history because they were doing what others went on to popularize later? This is a similarly mesmerizing case; a paragon of the highest ilk, proto-punk before that was even a thing, blazing and raw, busting at the seems with teen excitement and energy. It all started circa 1975, when a couple of Northwest Milwaukee teenagers started exploring the heavier sound of rock'n'roll, covering KISS and DEAD BOYS songs in freezing attics and seedy basements, playing high-school shows and crossing over into punk before anyone even really knew what punk was or what it sounded like. Originally named OZONE (but forced to change it as there was already an established Motown band of the same name) the ONES recorded only one single (released on Blue Ribbon Records and reviewed below), the two tracks of which can be found on this CD release, which is a mix of studio, rehearsal and live recordings from 1978 to 1980, some previously unreleased, and which is the perfect summary of this band's short-lived history—they disbanded in 1980. The raw power is so palatable I can almost feel the grit damage my sound system. Fuzzed, thick, throbbing chords, trembling solos and riffs that climb straight to "legendary" status, enterprising, wholehearted drumming, and vocals that have that arresting quality that HENDRIX and MC5 mastered so effortlessly—fucking incredible! Think the PUNKS, PAGANS or STOOGES but with an added touch of unintentional ingenuity. So what if the radio stations couldn't market it, the labels couldn't describe it and their peers couldn't understand it? Legends are often recognized after the fact. Get into this band or don't call yourself a punk rocker. (LA)
(Rerun)

THE ONES – "Short Dress/Tightrope"

Rerun strikes again with an ace reissue of 1980 Midwestern punk racket, courtesy of Wisconsin's ONES. "Tight Rope" may be known to Killed By Death aficionados for its inclusion on one of the latter-day comps, *Staring Down the Barrel*. It's the main reason for this puppy's legit reissue existence, as it's a top-notch tense punker that gallops into your brain and stays there. "Short Dress" doesn't seem to shake the band's hard rock roots (as detailed in the included liners), but still manages to rule in its own way. Fans of the era will buy this on sight, but anyone wanting a little-known burner to blast need look no further. (MC)
(Rerun)

OOZE – "Dancing on the Edge With the Times" CD

Big stadium-sounding punk/hardcore. Melodic guitar licks everywhere, catchy gang vocals, and tracks you can sing along with (if you know Japanese) even though you have never heard the songs before. Their sound is a bit blown out, which is almost always sounding good. They combine a slight street punk sound, with hardcore and touches of poppy punk. I've heard a couple other Hardcore Kitchen releases that have a similar sound. The FUTURES and HOLLYWOOD MASSAGE VIBRATION for example. Not really my thing, but not horrible either. (MH)
(Hardcore Kitchen)

OSK – "We Will Never Change" 10"

First "solo" record by this Canadian grind trio following several split EPs. A packed quick 45rpm seventeen-track dose of stop'n'start blastbeats and bass-centered progressive snippets, wildly vacillating between hints of MITB-style bass-driven sickness, SPAZZ-styled bellows over doomy thick stops, and then back to a core of garble'n'screech full tilt thrashing. There's proggy complexity before, after, in-between the tracks, but the take away of the ADD-rattled hardcore are the hyperactive shifts between attacks to an almost overwhelming point, as the teeth never sink in long enough in one point to leave permanent scars. The total effect, however, weighs the scale in the band's favor as its precision playing and manic attack is so impressively severe. Lyrics are split between grim haikus on thoughtlessness of people and longer, positive reflections on the scene. *Sick*! (KS)
(Give Praise)

PARADOX – "No Ghosts That Haunt" 12"

Perhaps it's the similar vocals, or the heavy application of pick-slides, but while the press material mentions bands like FRAMTID and MAUSER, all I hear here is TRAGEDY. Mostly mid-paced, Scandi-influenced hardcore with a dollop of melody and the aforementioned pick-slides galore. Not bad by any means, as evidenced by the fact that this is the third release of this recording on one format or another, but it does have a bit more polish in the recording and playing than I generally care for. (AU)
(Increase the Pressure)

POISON IDEA – "Kings of Punk" 2xLP

The good news is that *Kings of Punk* is now back in print. The bad news is that the mastering job makes the record sound noticeably more equalized, which definitely compromises the sonic power, and it includes the added weight of an irrelevant live record. But you can (literally) take the bad with the good, because this record is of course a classic. (DG)
(TKO)

PRIMATE RESEARCH – "Final" EP

Man, it's been a minute since I heard an American band that went for the early 2000s neo-crust thing and just fucking nailed it. No skramz, no post-rock buildup yawn fests, just siqq'n'brutal D-beat-centric punk played with intelligent fury and an unquestionable influence from the scene that produced DEATHREAT and HIS HERO IS GONE. A powerviolence element reveals itself a few tracks in, adding some extra speed along with a sharp-yet-primal sense of dynamics. Personnel from COMBATWOUNDEDVETERAN and HOLY MOUNTAIN make the success of this Tampa-based unit a no-brainer, and if you need any more convincing, they also manage a fucking great take on DISRUPT's "Squandered" with the singer from SACRIDOSE. (WB)
(Financial Ruin / All We Know)

PROSPERITY DENIED / SIX SCORE – split LP

A dual slice of metallic hardcore rage from Austria, these bands take different approaches yet fit together quite well. Wien's SIX SCORE blasts through eleven tracks of grinding dark hardcore, adding samples and a nice touch of death metal to the proceedings along with the requisite double-kick D-beat. If you can hang with the metallic side of grind there's a lot to like here, although I found the vocals and overall production to be kind of a grating after a few songs. They *definitely* lost me with some of the moshcore breakdowns on the second half, oof. Speaking of death metal and dubious mosh parts, PROSPERITY DENIED from Mödling get points for naming a song "Fermented Grapes of Wrath," but a more punk XIBALBA is just not something I've been looking for. Why anyone would want to use a PARLIAMENT bass-synth on a metal record is beyond me, and the DANZIG-goes-melodic-hardcore experiment on the closing track? No, thanks. (WB)
(Bloody Lips)

PROXY – "Slow Suicide/Lawless"

It's like MOTÖRHEAD, for punks by punks, with the spirit of UK82 mixed in. "Slow Suicide" starts off with a guitar hook so catchy that it should be the intro for some kind of punk sitcom (hopefully something that never exists). It also has some of the coolest lyrics I have heard in a while: "Livin's mostly wasting time / I waste my share of mine." What's more punk than wasting your life? "Lawless" speeds things up and you can really feeling the MOTÖRHEAD influence. If the weather's nice enough in your city to roll your windows down and blast this shit, then you're gunna wanna check it out! (KC)
(Ugly Pop)

RADIOACTIVITY – LP

This LP actually came out last year, but we're only now getting it for review. It made my Top Ten of 2013, so you probably can figure out where this review is going… RADIOACTIVITY is newest band that Jeff Burke of the MARKED MEN/POTENTIAL JOHNS/the NOVICE/

CHOPSAKIS/the REDS is in. If you remotely like any of those bands, you're gonna *love* this. Mark Ryan, the other half of the main team that perfected buzzsaw punk in the MARKED MEN is on bass and, after fifteen or so years of splitting songwriting/singing duties, lets Jeff do the driving on this record. Every song on here is good—because every thing Jeff Burke touches is gold. No hyperbole, no joke. Burke has something a lot of people don't, and that's the ability to craft an amazing song. No flash, no hanging on hooks, no gimmicks—straight ahead *perfect* punk rock songwriting. No hyphen this, hyphen that—punk. I've seen Burke's bands play all over the country for the past decade, and when he strikes the first chord the Bullet Belts and DISCHARGE Patches throw their arms around the Leather Jacket Chuck Taylors, the Bearded HOT WATER MUSIC Hoodies, and the X'd Up Crews and everyone just gets down and has a great fucking time. Punk is rarely this pure. I remember reading somewhere that Tim Yo was once asked how he defined punk and he allegedly responded "three chords and a cloud of dust." I'm still waiting for the dust to settle after listening to this. Get this record and catch RADIOACTIVITY live if you have any fucking sense about you. (FU)
(Dirtnap)

RAPEGOAT – CD

Well-played metal rock, proudly saluting ANTiSEEN and MOTÖRHEAD, but with an *incredibly* strange vocal delivery that reminds me of Doc Dart, or the whiny piercing wail of some RESIDENTS songs. I think it's only fair to mention that although I have compared RAPEGOAT to four bands that I dearly love, this boringly blasphemous sleaze-rock is not ever again going to be willingly listened to by me. You know, as a final note, bands that think having the word "rape" in their name is hilarious…well, they can totally suck it. (DZ)
(Mystery School)

RAT STORM – "Empty Hands" EP

Stripping away some of the murky low end and reigning in a few of the quirks of their strong 2011 debut 7", the second EP by the Midwest's RAT STORM dials in deeper on speed and scathing female vocals for a powerful and more seamless set of six songs. Enough inventiveness in the quick build-ups and breakdowns that frame each blast of throttling hardcore remain to push it far beyond a pure basic speediest. Reminiscent at its most torrential of HEALTH HAZARD in intensity, with close tangents of chunky, thick but not metallic riffs, runs through riveting, jackhammering, blastbeat-driven burst of thrash and desperately angry female vocals with clear and defiant lyrics. The lyrics attack consumerism, ideals of beauty and societal success, unlearning from society's rules and re-claiming life. Positive and thoughtful. The EP has some Käthe Kollwitz swipes for a cover and a basic, earnest '90s punk desktop-publishing design sense, but it conveys the point. Mottled purple and grey vinyl tops a solid release! (KS)
(IFB / Profane Existence / Reality is a Cult)

RAW – "ArMeatGeddon" LP

RAW gives us a sonic overload of Italian horror punk. If you love cheesy hardcore, DWARVES cover art, GG ALLIN, and dudes in Mexican wrestling masks, then this album has it all. These guys are also the only band I've ever heard that makes reference to Ricky Martin's sexual orientation in a song. It's simple and primitive punk covered in fake blood. On red splatter vinyl nonetheless. (FS)
(Worms Inc)

RAW DISTRACTIONS – "Raw Fight" EP

These days, many punks have expected the use of the word "raw" to coincide with a reality of music sounding like absolutely nothing. Fortunately, that is not the case with this band. Very clear, catchy and strong song structures bring a similar freshness that SKIZOPHRENIA provided a few years back. This record is punk as hell, with catchy hooks and chantable titles. The last track "Raw Dis" starts with a killer lead and rages hard. With so much hardcore always arriving, it's nice to hear just a punk record. Recommended. (KR)
(Hardcore Survives)

REHASHED / WAKE – split EP

Where the goofy meets the grind. REHASHED hails from Saskatoon, layering their fun, throwbacky palm-muted hardcore with a whole mess of thrash leads, unconcerned with who they make giggle in the process. To be fair, these guys are about as tight as it gets and definitely know how to shred, even if they haven't made the crucial realization that it doesn't always actually make the songs *good*. Calgary's WAKE goes through the usual grindcore motions, but in the absence of any dynamics, tasty riffs or interesting vocals it gets pretty monotonous pretty fast (no pun intended). Completists will no doubt want to hear this for themselves, but for the rest of us this is honestly a pretty inessential offering. (WB)
(Give Praise)

REMA REMA – "International Scale/Short Stories"

Some unreleased demo recordings by REMA REMA, a short-lived group featuring future members of ADAM AND THE ANTS, PSYCHIC TV and my favorite Industrial Records group, DOROTHY. Their 12" was the first release on 4AD, and they very much evoke the sound and atmosphere of late-1970s post-punk, with thuggish, almost PiL-meets-FLIPPER basslines, Moe Tucker drums, and synth and guitar skree spewing out at will… The guitar sound on "International Scale" has that CHROME feel, a sort of pastiche "rock" in a post-JG BALLARD collapsed landscape, coated with disgust and irony in equal measure. Makes sense that they were contemporaries of CABARET VOLTAIRE and THROBBING GRISTLE. Really fucking cool, and I am glad this got committed to 45! This came with *Defiant Pose* fanzine, which should be reviewed in the zine section this month. (LG)
(Inflammable Material / Le Coq Musique)

RILE 9 COLLECTIVE – "To Walk in Truth" EP

This band of veteran Los Angeles skins have turned their hand to a more melodic, thoughtful brand of Oi!, taking cues from poppier acts like COCK SPARRER and even RANCID. The songs are catchy, and while some of the choruses and lyrics verge on being cliché, these guys know what they're doing and their hearts are clearly in the right place. They're not afraid to get introspective either: the song "My Father's Son" confronts the feelings and realizations of a man as he ages. If anything, the production brings the record down a bit: it can sound a bit plodding. Maybe I'm looking for more guitar in the mix.

All in all, as modern Oi! records go, this is a winner. (AM)
(Chapter 11)

RUDIMENTARY PENI – "Death Church" CD

Full disclosure: I'm reviewing this while not even listening to it because I already feel every chord in every fiber of my being. (Plus, I listened to it yesterday.) It's one of the best records of all time and one of the records that has kept me consistently interested in punk. *Death Church* is the first full-length LP by RUDIMENTARY PENI, originally released in 1983 on Corpus Christi Records. In '83, it probably felt ahead of its time, and it still does today. Lyrics like "Three-quarters of the world are starving / The rest are dead" still ring eerily true. Every song is still hauntingly perfect. If you're interested in anarcho-punk, deathrock or just punk in general, you need to be listening to this band if you're not already. I don't really know what else I can say about it. What I can say is that the CD version feels useless to me since the LP includes a download code, full-sized reproductions of the artwork and a beautiful gatefold sleeve. I guess the CD is economical, but it's not much to look at…and Nick Blinko's art is amazingly essential to the music. Either way, this album is still timeless and essential to anyone interested in punk. (GH)
(Southern)

RUINED NATION – "Full of Hate" CD

This three-year old recording is just coming in now. Austria's RUINED NATION has a burly metalcore style, varying from the bullying mosh tempo to fucked-up time signature grind. Their pro sound is heavy, clear and sterile. They don't do as well when they're constantly changing up. The straight-up tough guy shit is strong, though, and generally I am not into this sort of thing. They're good at what they do, I guess, practiced and tight, but many of the songs didn't capture me, there are no lyrics (the titles are in English), and the cover's generic. Not what I would call a keeper. (JM)
(self-released)

RVIVR – "The Beauty Between" LP

This album is huge. Thematically, sonically, rhythmically huge! RVIVR often can't help but write anthems but, frankly if you have a problem with that you're listening to the wrong band. This is the whole package. The guitar chemistry is equally as brilliant as the dual vocals. The album packaging is quality and the recording is sweet. Dual Teles ripping cute but powerful licks and plenty of whoa-ohs and fist-pumps abound. This is pop music for the disenfranchised. Angry with a purpose and goal, and with some of the best lyrics in the biz. It's not often a band that has such a solid identity and execution comes along, so if you're not already in love with RVIVR then open up yr heart and raise a fist. (DV)
(Rumbletowne)

DAN SARTAIN – "Dudesblood" CD

I saw this guy open for ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT and he played a spirited set with just a drummer. This is a good, eclectic release that sort of surprises me after seeing him. There are the paranoid, up-tempo rockers on this but there are also acoustic numbers with a twisted country bent and even a little xylophone in the mix at times. All done with a bit of charm and just the right amount of humor. A good, fun full-length that works in a couple genres. (RL)
(One Little Indian)

SCARCITY OF TANKS – "Ohio Captives" CD

I am having a really hard time compartmentalizing this disc, which I suppose is a positive. These sounds are probably more akin to some weird '90s alternative rock band that played punk shows purely by chance, but maybe only because they are just…weird. Maybe fIREHOSE is the closest comparison, but maybe my brain is making that up? Bass is the focus, saxophone is the lead singer, while the guitar takes a backseat and the actual lead singer is usually a rambling afterthought who might be owning the shit out of a poetry slam next door to the punk show. I mean, the shit is weird, but I totally like it. (WN)
(Total Life Society)

SCORPION VS. TARANTULA – "Claim to Fame" LP

From one of the shittiest cities I've ever spent time in, Phoenix, comes this garagey hard rock band with a really stupid name. According to their press release (gag!) I'm told they're produced by Jim Diamond of WHITE STRIPES and DIRTBOMBS fame. Who gives a flying fuck? This is this band's third attempt at a record. The female vocals are very reminiscent of TEXAS TERRI as well as some of the music combined with AC/DC riffs. I guess the singer is over six feet tall, wears leather and does high-heeled kicks. Sounds hot and could make for a sweaty live experience, perhaps, but this record doesn't make for an arousing listen. (RO)
(self-released)

SCORPION VS. TARANTULA – "Don't Waste It" CD

Raunchy bar rock with touches of rock'n'roll and licks of punk rock thrown in 'cause, you know, punk is fun. The riffs are catchy/generic and the choruses repetitive, but the musicianship is pretty solid, and even if the compositions are rather basic, they do include all the elements you (probably) want from a bar rock punk band: gang vocals for maximum effect, guitar solos to practice your air-guitar moves, jumpy, bouncy drumming for your pogo pleasure, and gruff female vocals with lots of spunk—imagine the DISTILLERS' Brody Dalle meets the PAYBACKS' Wendy Case—with lyrics about boozing at the bar, cruisin' the city and being one's own worst enemy. There's a sax on one track (sax is *so* having a comeback by the way), with attitude to spare, even some KISS-inspired make up and AD/DC kickin' grooves, but ultimately nothing you haven't heard before. The rockers might dig it, the punks maybe not. (LA)
(self-released)

SECULAR PLAGUE – "Vivisection" EP

They're vegan. That's cool. I get it, I'm vegan too. But this is one of those releases where you know exactly what you're in for once you pick it up. First clue, *Vivisection* EP, next the A.L.F. logo on the back. Next, every single song title. Finally, the cartoon artwork of lab animals with sad faces and guts falling out. I am surprised that there wasn't some kind of booklet insert with lengthy explanations of the song lyrics and genocide of animals that all meateaters partake in. Whatever, I get it, you have an agenda, nothing wrong with that. All that being said, it sounds like metallic RUDIMENTARY PENI with triggered drums. If you're into marinating your own tempeh and going to animal rights protests, chances are you'll at least support this band because of their message. Keep on fighting the good fight, my vegan brothers! (KC)
(Flehmen)

SFH – "Mayor On Crack/Rob: The Rob Ford Song"

"We've got a mayor on crack, we want to give him the sack!" Who says pop punk is apolitical! Simple, poppy, 1-4-5 style punk. While the songs are goofy (the B-side is a surfy / garagey tune with singer Davey Snot shouting only the most ridiculous quotes from Toronto's mayor) the liner notes include a 7"x7" three page essay about the never ending scandals involving Rob Ford's drug use, sexual harassment, drunken buffoonery, and possible corruption and the embarrassment (and actual problems) that it's caused the citizens of Toronto. I loved the essay, and was amused by the record. I probably won't give this one too many spins in the future, but it's great to see people still wanting to make records addressing local politics. (FU)
(Ugly Pop)

SHEARING PINX / SOFT SHOULDER – split 5"

I think this is a lathe cut? It's limited to 50 at any rate and features two unreleased recordings from 2006 from these well-matched groups. SHEARING PINX were part of the Emergency Room/Vancouver scene, centered around a practice space that was pretty sick/epic (check out MUTATORS for further evidence) but I think no longer exists?! Their track is an energetic, fuck-you-style stomp through skronk, bringing to mind an older DC band CRANIUM

with more vigor, playful contempt and in-jokes. SOFT SHOULDER are/were I think part of the long running Arizona experimental atmosphere and play with similar forms, but it's less no wave and more straight-up art punker style. The singer moans "We could do it all night" and you sorta hope he's gonna take care of that somewhere where you aren't… but it makes me think of the early '00s PDX no waver sound, when kids were bored of writhing on the floor and discovered DNA, like a pre-glossy CHROMATICS maybe?! More likely, it represents a long line a crazed excellence that has slunk out of Tempe over the past eight years or so. Both of these songs are evidence of cool adventurous musical cultures in totally different locations, and both bands might not exist now, but I am pretty sure they have as humans kept on putting out and creating disturbing/delightful/exciting music that fans of the punker side of experimental sounds should investigate. (LG)
(Gilgongo)

SISSY SPACEK – "Incomprehensible Dehumanization" EP

Strap in, fuckers. This new but no longer newest record from SISSY SPACEK may be one of the best expressions of unfettered sonic violence I have heard in a while. Those of you that like your shit pretty freaky are likely aware of these noise-grinders and their expansive catalogue. For the uninitiated, S SPACEK record grindcore songs with some traditional instruments and some noise electronics. Usually the guitars and whatever are so fucked that they're some shade of unrecognizable, and the bass on this record is no exception. Feedback, sheets of ripping noise, blastbeats, and vocals that sound as if they were incidentally recorded by the drum mics. The best thing about this record may be that, while it is definitely a grind record, there's almost nothing about it that makes it feel like rock music. Perhaps a better way to say that would be "Grind, no core." Perhaps not. Either way, this is a harsh listen and a rager, although it's not likely to have a majority of you moshing in your bedroom. It should, though. (LP)
(Gilgongo)

SLATES – "Taiga" CD

So I am pretty sure that SLATES is really just BUSH trying to make a comeback. This Albini backed album is a dud. The alternative rockers are here, folks. The lyrics are cryptic in a way that seems convoluted at times and fairly poetic at others. This is definitely the most intriguing part of a fairly forgettable musical output from these Canadians. There is one stand out jam worth checking out called "Zorlac" which seems outside the bands comfort zone of melodic sad '90s alternative rock and that discomfort suits them well. (DV)
(New Damage)

SNÄGGLETOOTH – "Road to Nothingness" EP

Hmmm…cover by Chany (punk skeletons before a burning city, of course), an umlaut in the name, Mohawks on the band…not to judge a book by its cover, but of course this is Mötorpunk. While it might not live up to the lofty heights of INEPSY's early shit, this Singaporean trio bangs out a pretty convincing set of thrash-y punk cuts on the A-side. The real highlight of the record though is "Nothingness," the epic bluesy metal MÖTORHEAD tribute on the B-side, never-ending guitar solo and all. If this were a one-sided, one-song record it'd still be worth buying, the other stuff is just icing on the cake. (AU)
(4490 / Epidemic)

SONIC AVENUES – "Mistakes" LP

Apparently, the folks who assign records here at *MRR* know me as well as I know myself, maybe better. I bought this record before I ever heard it just a couple of weeks ago. While this is a little different than their previous efforts, you'll like this one if you've liked any of their other stuff. It's maybe a little smoother around the edges and maybe got a little bit more going on. Still, make no mistake about it; this is high-octane power pop, right up there with bands like the EXPLODING HEARTS. If you want to understand the difference between power pop and pop punk, give this one a listen. This *is* power pop. Fuckin' dig it. Just dig it. (KK)
(Dirtnap)

SORDO – "Tactical Precision Violence" EP

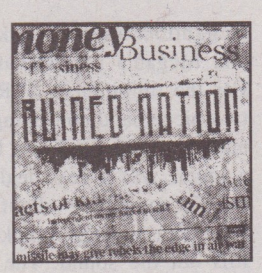
This starts with a video game sample that made me skeptical as I feared this was gonna be an atrocity called "chip tune core." Instead, this trio from Oxnard makes a shit ton of short, noisy lightning-fast grind/powerviolence blasts in the vein of Sunnyvale's finest, GODSTOMPER. Yet in an alternate universe they could also be a sped-way-the-hell-up version of GODHEADSILO. Lots of nasal, super-fast vocals and a gargantuan amount of fuzzed-out bass and cymbal crashes. Can't go wrong with any song—though it could do without the excess of samples. When you already have one of "Rowdy" Roddy Piper in *They Live*, what else do ya need? (JD)
(Nice Dreams)

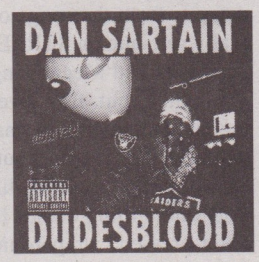
STAB ME KILL ME – "No Ledge" EP

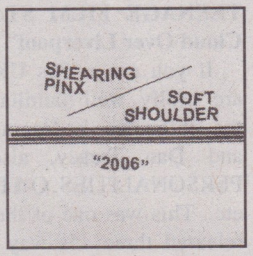
These guys seem to be Seattle garage rock guys that take influence from a pretty wide array of sources. It's definitely fast and high energy the whole way through, but they will switch back and forth between a more jagged abrasive punk sound and a more melodic one with softer corners. They start off this four song EP with a more cutting garage punk song that sounds like the SPITS, but with guitar leads that could have come from the ADOLESCENTS' blue album. Then the second song kicks into a bouncy pogo number, complete with backing vocals doing *oohs* and *aahs*. It could almost be something grouped into the MARKED MEN school of punk. It's an odd cocktail, but they keep it fun by keeping it fast and short. A good four song EP, it's worth your time. (FS)
(Double Dos)

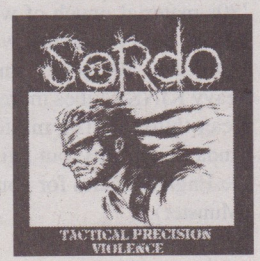
STREET EATERS – "Blood::Muscles::Bones" LP

STREET EATERS are relentless. Between full-time jobs and busy schedules, the band still tours the globe and puts out fierce quality records. Once, I went by their house for coffee at noon and they had already been practicing for two hours, writing songs for this LP in the floating practice space they built in their basement. Full disclosure: they are my friends but I'm at a point in my life where I'm not afraid to tell my pals that what they're doing is sub-par. Luckily, we don't have to have that awkward conversation because this record is stellar. The LP finds the band a little more full sounding than they have in the past; the songs are darker, more direct,









straightforward and punk, but still retain John and Megan's unmistakable vocal harmonies. For the uninitiated, STREET EATERS are a two-piece band consisting of Megan on drums and John on bass. For a long time, the lack of a guitar was a real deal-breaker for me, but there's something about John's shitty solid-state Peavy amps cranked to 10 that really fills out the sound. The band goes out on a few limbs to expand their songs, but there's not a moment on the LP that ever falls flat or detracts from the songs overall. The thing that really sells me on STREET EATERS though is how John and Megan sing together. They each harmonize, but also give each other space at the right moments to carry on alone. I know it's well thought out, but they make it sound effortless and natural, like an ocean's wave. The whole thing comes housed in a beautiful, letter-pressed, wraparound LP sleeve. I wish there was a lyric sheet, but at least the two of them are good enunciators. You can be sure that they're singing about how humans are fucking doomed because we fucked everything up. Good shit. Go ahead and get it. (GH)
(Nervous Intent / Contraszt!)

TANKIFIED – "I" CD

First thought going through my head looking at this is: "Why am I reviewing a motherfucking video game?!" What's with that cover? Second thought: "Maybe it's a TANK covers CD." No such luck. This features Barry Hannibal who was in ANTiSEEN for awhile and is in a hard rock/heavy metal/punk band. First song blows. Goes into a DIAMOND HEAD intro at the end. "Kamikaze" is OK but rips off the DICTATORS/RAMONES "Next Big Thing/Just Wanna Have Something to Do." Hard to miss with that. There's a MUSIC MACHINE cover and their theme song is good. Not as bad as it looks but still not very good. (RO)
(Mystery School)

TEENAGE FILM STARS – "(There's A) Cloud Over Liverpool" LP

If you are a '70s UK DIY obsessive, you are prolly well familiar with this outfit of the infamous bedroom pop stars Ed Ball and Dan Treacy, also of TELEVISION PERSONALITIES, O-LEVEL, the TIMES, etc. etc.. This was one of their earlier outfits, who released three 45s way back when, and also did some shit in the '90s on Creation Records. This is a whole LP's worth of late-'70s/early-'80s material, much of which I have not heard before, but I think most was already reissued on CD. Lo-fi '80s gooey smarmy indie pop, with heavy KINKS vibes more than almost anything I can think of. The mastering/pressing sounds kinda tinny shitty, but I guess that's some o' the ole English charm for you. (GB)
(Munster)

THIRTY SIX STRATEGIES – "Strategy Two" EP

The second release from this UK band. A three-song EP with the muscle of early LEATHERFACE and SNUFF with strong gal vocals. There is also a great melodic hardcore version of the DAMNED's "Ignite." Great twin guitar attack and tight, driving playing from the rhythm section, especially on the two B-side tracks. Fueled by that classic muted guitar sound, fans of LEATHERFACE's *Mush* and *Minx* will be all over this. (RL)
(Boss Tuneage / Surprise Attacks)

THEE TSUNAMIS – "Delirium and Dark Waters" EP

A fratty (sorority-y?) female-fronted fucker, this here TSUNAMIS four-songer. The three ladies in this band lurch along through forests of twang and some fuzz fog, delivering four surprisingly great tunes for garage fans to get baked to. The PLEASURE SEEKERS live in a graveyard? Sure as fuck sounds like it. Fun stuff! (MC)
(Magnetic South)

THEYEATTHEIROWNGOD. – "Occlude// Swallow//Conflagrant/Open Gaits"

The haunting delivery on this debut EP from South Carolina's THEYEATTHEIROWNGOD. carries a rather difficult ambiance of bleak optimism. Careening from dark extremes of gentle introductions to the sinister vocal delivery reminiscent of the mighty LUDICRA, the blackened sounds of cathartic melody are draped all over this record. Moments of calm and hope manage to surface and conclude the record while melancholy overtures backed by the heavy heart of those who know defeat never quite fade. A record that I was able to appreciate the more I listened, a solid release for both fans of crust, metal as well as progressive hardcore. (RM)
(All We Know / Anti Corporate / Get Better / IFB)

TV TRAMPS – "Rip It Up" CD

Some sharp dressed '77ers that probably woulda played Coney Island High in the '90s, attempting to transmute the PLASMATICS with the DEAD BOYS. They're from Asbury Park, and I can imagine them as the band on the beach in a punxploitation movie… The singer has a really cool LORETTA LYNN meets WENDY O voice, but this sounds like something Hellkat Records should grab ASAP. So in short it's not something that I wanna listen to at all, I err on the side of falling-apart-destruction in my sounds, which this doesn't offer. But if you are into a more polished piece of punk then you might dig it. This just sounds like a free CD from an industry showcase night rather than the spirit of DIY. (LG)
(Little Dickman)

TZN XENNA – "Czart PRL-U" LP

Over 30 years after their inception, this Polish outfit drops their second album. It's nice to hear a new LP from some geezers that sounds relevant rather than stale, or some pathetic attempt to "cash in." It's sung in Polish, of course, but all the lyrics are translated to English. Much of the content is quite nihilistic, but it comes from the perspective of someone who has lived through Communism and the shift to a democratic system, and who criticizes both, which I find very compelling. Musically it's pretty much right in step with their past material—upbeat, aggressive and with strong vocal hooks in every song. The production is unmistakably modern, but doesn't detract from the experience. The nice looking package also doesn't hurt. Very cool. (MA)
(Refuse / TZN Annex)

UNDERCLASS UK – "Not In My Name" CD

Apparently these Brit lads started (and stopped) doing their thing 25 years ago. 20 years later, they started doing it again, and since 2009 have cranked out four albums, this here offering being said fourth effort. And quintessentially British it sounds, too—in a good way. UK SUBS, ONE WAY SYSTEM, the BUSINESS. With fifteen tracks clocking in at over 45 minutes, it does drag on a bit, and American ears not used to the often plodding nature of Britpunk might find this disconcertingly slow at times. But show me a fast 999 song, why don't you? And they make the SCREECHING WEASEL cover sound like one of their own, which is impressive in itself! The info sheet that came with CD was at great pains to stress that all four of their albums are available for free download. So now you have no excuse…(RK)
(self-released)

UNWELCOME GUESTS – "Wavering" LP

We get *so* many albums that sound just like this. Punk'n'roll with a '90s obsession. The lead guitar melodies are hooks are pretty solid and the "whoa-ohs" are competent but it still remains predictable. That is not necessarily a bad thing if you like the creature comforts of feel good sounding jams about not feeling so good. Definitely SEBADOH inspired but this LP is lacking the weirdness and experimentation that makes the really great albums in this genre stand out. The more fuzzed out and aggressive tracks highlight the bands potential, and I bet these tracks translate very well to a live performance. (DV)
(Dirt Cult / One Percent Press)

UNHOLY GRAVE – "Grindcrew Warheads" 12"

In their long career as the World Grind Federation champions of splits (not to forget WGF co-champs and frequent tag-team partners, AGATHOCLES) UNHOLY GRAVE now has

their twelfth (!) live album. They carry on in the best tradition of grind: political lyrics (e.g. "Korean Residents in Japan" and "Fuck Terrorist Activities"), great riffs, and structures that conjure up the roots of the genre. Plus, they have a good amount of range in the vocals, which is often missing from grind and power-violence. This sounds fantastic as the band comes across really balanced but still raw and heavy as hell. I love that they don't need to go 1000 mph on every song. Yet they can lay down a straight-ahead death metal and hardcore mix (I know that latter has been done to, erm..."death"—but this is the *real deal*). The cover of NAUSEA (L.A.)'s "Does God Need Help?" perfectly runs from fastcore to grind to death metal and even has a member of that band singing along in the crowd! The RAMONES cover (with blast beats) is a nice treat, too. (JD)
(Equivokke / Give Praise / Grind Father / Karasu Killer)

THE UPSHOTS – "Three Chord Opera" CD

This is a real tricky one to review. My educated guess (artwork on the back) is that this trio is from California. And I guess it would be fair to say that I wasn't inspired enough to dig any further online and find out. Check out their lyrics, that sort of thing. Regardless, it's difficult to put my finger on the sound of the tunes. At their rousing best, they seem to be harkening back to the glory days of mid-'80s (and a little later) punk à la NAKED RAYGUN. There's a dash of almost anthemic street punk, and well...I guess the problem is that despite repeated listens, it's just not that memorable. Sorry. (RK)
(self-released)

VALLEY BOYS – "Drone Attack" EP

This is a sweet EP from Toronto, channeling the early days of catchy hardcore. The A-side kills it—the songs are bouncy, driving and concise, with the yell-along chorus. The flip doesn't quit reach these heights, with a mid-tempo track reflecting the monotony of a shit job, but who cares, 'cuz the A-side rules. One of these guys was in CAREER SUICIDE, and you can tell. I was never big on them, but this is awesome, check it for sure. (JM)
(Ugly Pop)

VICIOUS CIRCLE – LP

This actually came out in early 2013, but for whatever reason we are just getting it now. You have probably heard all the stories about how Orange County surf punks put a stop to the weird/artsy aspects of early LA punk by introducing an army of suburban jock thugs to the mix. This band, formed in 1979, was the aforementioned surf jocks' ringleaders and are probably still talked about in hushed tones by dadpunks behind the Orange Curtain. Being more famous for your destruction than your music can sometimes be a cool possibility within the context of certain music scenes, (you know, early industrial/noise and of course punk or hardcore), but in some cases when you find that mystical practice tape and decide to release it, well maybe the rumors are more exciting than the actual music was. I am sure live it was a total frenzy, complete destruction / excitement / chaos, but this doesn't reflect much of that feeling. This isn't a properly recorded demo though, it's two practice tapes that Jack Grisham found, not intended for public consumption. So more exciting for the punk archeologist completist type, than for its musical value? It was their first band, and a practice tape of anyone's first band should not be judged too harshly. I guess I've just heard too many "You weren't there man" stories from old OC bros about VICIOUS CIRCLE and was expecting total insurrection sound. It has that *Beach Blvd* melodic snot appeal that will appease fans of TSOL (obviously since two VICIOUS CIRCLEs went on to that band...), and the ADOLESCENTS, the CROWD etc. It's somewhere between the CROWD and the ADOLESCENTS I guess? Pre-hardcore punk. "Cops Are Kids" and "I'm James" are the hits, but honestly I would just way rather listen to "Kids of the Black Hole" or the GERMS than this... (LG)
(TKO)

VIOLENT OUTBURST – "Survival Signs" EP

As much as I want to like this newish recording from MERCY KILLINGS, SOCIALCIDE and WASTED TIME members, I just can't get behind it. Aside from the stellar "Self Execution" that wraps up this four-song platter, the tracks seem a little stale and lack the authority that make these types of records special. The music is punchy and the vocals guttural, good tunes to stomp around to and I appreciate the tasteful solos. I'll probably have this one laying around the record player for a while, can't say it'll be on regular rotation though. (RM)
(Agitate / Tension Head)

WARTHOG – "Prison" EP

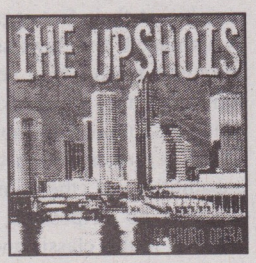
This band goes above and beyond expectations in pretty much every way. Extremely dynamic and interesting songwriting keeps the listener intrigued after the last song has ended. Yes, this is hardcore; yes, this is punk. But no, you have never heard this before—at least not this exact style. The lead guitar wails over everything, making each raging riff extra exciting and fresh. Tempo change-ups flow easily, although you are very aware they are happening. The recording on this record is on the thin side, but live all the power is there, similar to KREMLIN in that way. As far as comparing them to another band, I can't think of anyone else this interesting and ugly sounding. Get this. (KR)
(Iron Lung)

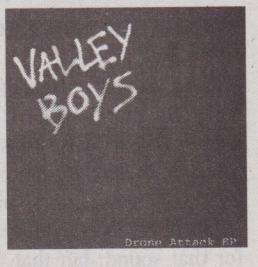
WASHINGTON DEAD CATS – "Primitive Girls Are More Fun!" CD

Despite the opening track having the moniker "Punkabilly Rumble" (the singer's accent makes it sound disconcertingly like "Punkabilly Ramble" to these aging ears), this is definitely much more rockabilly than punk, or psycho. Which is fine, if you like that sort of thing, of course. Interestingly enough, they don't have a stand-up bass, and do have horns. The latter, particularly on some of the slower tracks, give the band a lush, almost movie soundtrack feel/sound, with lots of big band/swing muscling in. Definitely makes a nice change from the Nth wave of ska...(RK)
(Devil Deluxe)

WATCHING ME FALL – "Little Things" EP

If I close my eyes while listening to this, I basically imagine a '90s metalcore show somewhere in Michigan or Ohio, with a room full of JNCOs, mushroom haircuts, and shirts that say "Vegan" in Times New Roman. It's crunchy, produced (but not too produced), the riffs go back and forth between dark and melodic, with the pubescent vocals following suit (and sometimes singing). If you can





handle BLOODLET or BROTHER'S KEEPER or whoever, go for it. (DG)
(Refuse / Make a Change / Black Wednesday)

WATERY LOVE – "Sick People/I Don't Care"

Two skewed cover versions given the WATERY LOVE once-over by a band who've already produced one of the LPs of the year, so at this point they can cover BREAKDOWN and the RAMONES at will and all will be forced to worship at their feet regardless. "Sick People" is unhinged and lawless—a drunkard's walk through a room full of people who have fucked him over, the ground keeps moving and the voice gets more and more relentless. "I Don't Care" is further demonstration of the nihilistic capabilities of these monotonous geniuses, dredging up all possible contempt and disgust inherent in this classic and forcing it down your throat, and believe me, you'll enjoy it. (LG)
(In The Red)

ZLODZIEJE ROWERÓW – "Ten Moment" LP

This record is great. It has an '80s hardcore feel, like that VERBAL ASSAULT t-shirt the singer is wearing isn't just for show. At the same time, they tend a bit more toward the mid-tempo and it often ends up sounding like early MOSS ICON or NATIVE NOD (not like they were going for that sound, but that they got there through the same '80s hardcore influences). The vocals alternate between talking and screaming while the guitars mix distorted, chunky power chords (lots of palm muting) with octaves and picked-out melodies. While there isn't necessarily anything new here, it is far from sounding stale. Add to that the refreshing aspect of the positive lyrics (remember the '90s when people wanted punk to be a feeling more than music?) and you get something well worth listening to. (PA)
(Refuse)

ZOO NITRO – "Dark Topics" CD

So this is '60s garage psych with zombie overtones. Not ZOMBIES the band but the goth "back from the dead" things. This just reminds a little of the CRAMPS vocally with more traditional bass, guitar and keyboards as backup. This certainly isn't horrible, it just reminds me too much of an OK bar band and not much more. (RL)
(Not Aloud)

V/A – "Drink, Fight, Fuck Vol. 4" CD

Much to my regret, I never got to see GG play. He was supposed to perform at one long-gone 6th Street sleazy bar, but cancelled. Seems that he had injured himself at the previous nights performance and was in the hospital. The show not happening, my friend and I decided to drop acid, of course. This lead to us calling SF General hundreds of times posing as relatives until, at last we got the man on the line. He was quite articulate even on painkillers and we passed the phone back and forth talking to him for a long while as we fried our brains out. I hate tribute CDs especially 21-band tribute CDs. This is volume four and I'm glad I was sparred the box set. The only bands I know are HELLSTOMPER and BEFORE I HANG. The latter does a competent version of "Violence Now" with really good animalistic growls. HELLSTOMPER doesn't disappoint with their barroom-smashing tribute. BLACK AMERICA, INCOMPREHENSIBLE RUBBISH, LIVING WRECKS and NEVERLAND RANCH HANDS (great names) are the standouts. Unfortunately no one gets too out there with their covers except the BIBLE BEATERS, who change "Don't Talk to Me" to "Jesus Talks to Me." Stupid. (RO)
(Zodiac Killer)

V/A – "Frequência Alternativa" CD

As comps go, the concept here is interesting: released in the spirit of the '87 Brazilian *Ronda Alternativa* comp, *Frequência Alternativa* features contributions from bands on the original compilation and a shitpile of newer bands. PUPILAS DILATADAS (who now sound like slick punk) and DZK (psychedelic Oi!—yeah, I said it—possibly the best songs on the comp) are holdouts from the first installment, but not surprisingly the bulk of the killer jams come from new bands. DETESTÁVEL, DETRITO FEDERAL (another '80s Brazilian holdout—actually these might be my favorites), ATOX and NW 77 are killer, while there are more unhinged contributions from VOZES INCÔMODAS and VISÃO VERMELHA and some rockabilly and ska just to keep you honest (ASTEROIDES TRIO and the very BOSSTONES-esque START TODAY). The concept is solid, I like the idea of building on a classic compilation by including original contributors, but I'm glad that these folks also sought out new blood. (WN)
(Hard Kiss)

V/A – "Hella Sick Bay Area Hardcore 2013" EP

Subtitled "Bay Area Hard Core 2013," this isn't really *hella* sick. Some is—CONQUEST FOR DEATH hit their usual, tight and fast; SLAG are killer grind; and CRYPT KEEPER are a little under-produced, but still come off well. A few are fine, but not outstanding—VENKMAN doing the 625/West Bay slow/fast thing with goofy lyrics; BOAR HUNTER is raging, guttural and grindy; not far off their sound or power is JEDI SCUM and TADROAEV. NO MISTAKE's only song is a NEGATIVE APPROACH cover, the defunct SHORT CHANGED "appear courtesy of Rodent Popsicle Records," and PUBERTY WOUNDS have their name misspelled on the back cover. As with most comps, some of this coulda been left off. (JM)
(Cow Catcher)

V/A – "Love Panic" CD

Perhaps my favorite thing about this international label sampler is that, amongst all the no-names and oddballs, nestled in there is a SECRET PROSTITUTES track. Are they still *MRR* darlings, or now that we know for sure that they're from Texas and not Finland, does anyone still care? I just hope someone grabs this on the faith that the whole thing sounds like them, so they can have their expectations blown inside out. The largest stylistic showing herein are garage/rock'n'roll bands (JUNGLES!!!, ATOMIC STOOGES, BOYS ORDER, the aforementioned fake Suomis, and the total powerhouse of ZARIGANI$), but there are many confoundingly different styles presented here. BOILER RIKUGAME take the cake with their two compositionally insane metallic rockers. It's like someone tried to fit the entirety of the new MELT BANANA record into a song and make it mockery of radio safe rock. NIESTETY and HAPPY BONES both bring us the classic sounds of classic Polish punk and hardcore, while Japan's SIGVALTA look to that Western land for galloping inspiration. RC AND THE MONKEY JUNKS are some noisey mockery of early DEAD MILKMEN. CAMISAMA and MASH CUCUMBER aren't even rock bands. Instead they're issuing demented mutant candy-coated synth jams. Is it a big flying fuck you at J-Pop? All I know it's so unsettling that it makes me nauseous in a really good way. And you can dance to it. This is a mess of a comp with some really magically confusing moments. It's damn near impossible to listen to straight through, but there's some great stuff here. Magical Powers! (LP)
(Love Panic)

V/A – "Sciana Wschodnia Napad Vol. 2" EP

A seven-band, seven-song anti-fascist compilation from Poland, PROSAC and IN VITRO play super high-energy, great classic polish punk where dual vocals urgently jump through choruses and over fast, catchy hardcore (á la POST REGIMENT), both bands were excellent and a fresh surprise. D.S.F. delivers an interesting, slower rhythmic dirge, somewhere between mid-tempo crust and the post hardcore of '88-'89 Dischord records, SUFFERING MIND contribute a wickedly blasting, noised-out live grind track; PRODUKT's track is a slower, fuzzed out anthem driven but also made completely solid by its simplicity. REARRANGE is thin riff-driven metallic hardcore combined with the breakdowns of classic metallic hardcore and tongue-tied vocals. ANEMIA 77 round out the EP with a return to the classic upbeat pogo-ready Polish classic punk sound, but quirk it up with twisting guitar riffs. A great comp of new bands with short liner notes explaining the importance of anti-fascism in Polish punk, the Polish punk scene is inspirational both for its commitment to its political ideals as its willingness to remain unflinchingly experimental and always interesting. Excellent comp! (KS)
(83)

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All Things End: www.allthingsendmusic.com

All We Know: allweknowrecs.blogspot.com, allweknowrecs@gmail.com

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Alternative Tentacles: PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141, www.alternativetentacles.com

Anti Corporate: Po Box 190339, Nashville TN 37219, help@anticorporatemusic.com, www.anticorporatemusic.com/main.html

At War With False Noise: atwarwithfalsenoise.com/

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Black Wednesday: blackwednesdayrecords.bandcamp.com

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Bloody Lips: bloodylipsrecords@live.be

Boss Tuneage: www.bosstunage.com

Broken Noise: ladingsat@gmail.com

Can I Say: www.canisayrecords.com

Chapter 11: chapterelevenrecords.com

Cippeste Negro: facebook.com/ciprestenegro

Contraszt!: diyordie.net

Coolidge: www.coolidgerecords.com

Cow Catcher: cowcatcher.storenvy.com

Crust or Die: crustordie.blogspot.com

Cubo De Sangre: PO Box 44551 Kamuela, HI 96743, www.cubodesangre.com

Dead Tank: deadtank@gmail.com

Desordre Ordonne: desordre.bigcartel.com

Hardcore Kitchen: hardcore.exblog.jp

Desperate: www.facebook.com/desperaterecords

Destroy Sounds: destroysounds.blogspot.com

Devil Deluxe: www.washingtondeadcats.com

Dingleberry Records and Distrobution: www.facebook.com/pages/Dingleberry-records-and-distribution/118743564850504

Dirt Cult: www.dirtcult.com

Dirtnap: 3840 SE Gladstone St., Portland, OR 97202, www.dirtnaprecs.com

Dirty Guys Rock: www.dirtyguysrock.com/

Dog Knights Productions: 15 Old Arundel Road, Westhampnett, Chichester, West-Sussex, PO18 0TH, UK, www.dogknightsproductions.com/DK/home.html

Double Dos: stabmekillme.bandcamp.com

Drink and Be Merry: drinkandbemerry.nethouse.me

Dull Tools: dulltools.bigcartel.com

East Rain: www.eastrainrec.com

Emancypunx: www.emancypunx.com

Epidemic: epidemic_distro@hotmail.com

Equivokke: equivokkerecords@hotmail.com

Even Worse: evenworserecords.com

Exit Stencil: www.exitstencil.org

Extreme Noise Discos: extremenoisediscos.com.br

Fandango: 430 Delaware Ave., #313, Norfolk, VA 23508, rzorex@bandcamp.com

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Filthy Rex: filthypact@gmail.com

Financial Ruin: www.financial-ruin.com

Flehmen: www.flehmen.com

Flipped Up: flippeduprecords.tumblr.com

Food Waste: foodwasterecs.net

Fuck CDs: vapaapalokuntalainen@gmail.com

General Speech: generalspeech.storenvy.com

Get Better: 8 Waco Street, Greenville, SC 29611, getbetterrecordsnh.limitedrun.com

Gilgongo: www.gilgongorecords.com

Give Praise: PO Box 494, Barnstable, MA 02630, www.givepraiserecords.com

Goner: www.goner-records.com

Grind Father: www.grindfatherprod.com

Halo of Flies: c/o Cory von Bohlen, 3444 N. Bremen St., Milwaukee, WI 53212, haloofflesrecords.com

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Hardcore Kitchen: hardcore.exblog.jp

Hardcore Survives: www.hardcore-survives.com

Hella Mad: hellamadrecords.com

Hip Kid: hip.kid.records@gmail.com

Hostage: PO Box 5401, Huntington Beach, CA 92615

Human Crush: humancrushrecordings.blogspot.com

i.corrupt: (see Halo of Flies contact above)

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Inflammable Mat'l: inflammablematerial.bigcartel.com

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Insane Noise: insanenoiselabel.blogspot.com

Iron Lung: PO Box 95521, Seattle, WA 98145, www.lifeironlungdeath.blogspot.com

K: www.krecs.com

Kaapora: www.kaapora.net

Karasu Killer: www.karasukiller.com

Karmic Swamp: karmicswamp.org

Listen to Aylin: listentoaylin.storenvy.com

Little Dickman: www.littledickman.com

Love Panic: www.lovepanicrecords.com

Magnetic South: www.magneticsouthrecordings.org

Melting: www.themeltingrecords.com

Merge: PO Box 1235, Chapel Hill, NC 27514

Metadona: www.metadonarecords.com

Mirror: 645 Titus Avenue, Irondequoit, NY 14617, sales@houseofguitars.com

Moment of Collapse: c/o Sebastian Stralucke, Margaretenstr. 66, 20357 Hamburg, GERMANY, www.momentofcollapse.com

Monster Zero: www.monsterzero.nl

Morbosute: www.morbosubte.com

Munster: www.munster-records.com

Mystery School: mysteryschoolrecords.bigcartel.com

Nar Shardaa: www.narshardaa.com

Nervous Intent: www.nervousintent.com

New Damage: www.newdamagerecords.com

Nice Dreams: nicedreamsrecords.storenvy.com

No Breaks: www.nobreaksrecords.com

No Gods No Masters: www.nogods-nomasters.com

No Pasaran: www.nopasaran.pl

Not Aloud: www.notaloudrecords.com

Not Enough: www.notenough.se

Not Very Nice: notverynice.storenvy.com

One Little Indian: www.indian.co.uk

One Percent Press: onepercentpress.bigcartel.com

Phobia: www.phobiarecords.net

Piñata: 4105 Elliot Ave, Minneapolis, MN 55407, pinatarecords.bandcamp.com

Pit-I-Ful: PO Box 3453, Gardena, CA 90247, www.laborcampband.com

Plowboy: www.plowboyrecords.com

Power It Up: Zum Holzfelde 12, 31226 Peine, GERMANY, www.power-it-up.de

Profane Existence: POB 18051, Minneapolis, MN 55418

Punti Scena: www.facebook.com/pages/Punti-Scena-Records/524372054317689

Purgatorius: purgatoriusrecords.loja2.com.br

React with Protest: www.reactwithprotest.org

Reality Is a Cult: 1693 N Broad St, Galesburg, IL 61401

Refuse: refuserecords.prv.pl

Rerun: PO Box 19202, St. Louis, MO 63118, www.rerunrecordsstl.com

Riding Ancient Waves:

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Rorschach: PO Box 1472, Richmond, VA 23221

Ruined Nation: ruinednation4020.wordpress.com

Rumbletowne: www.rumbletowne.com

Sabermetric: sabermetric.tictail.com

Scorpion vs. Tarantula: www.scorpionvstarantula.com

Secret Mission: www.secretmissionrecords.com

Self Destructo: www.selfdestructorecords.com

Sintemores: s1ntemores@yahoo.com

Six Weeks: sixweeksrecords.com

Southern: www.southern.com

Spacecase: www.spacecaserecords.com

Spring Street: springstreetrecords.wordpress.com

SRA: www.srarecords.com

Street Influence: www.si-rec.com

Suburban White Trash: PO Box 270594, Fort Collins, CO 80527-0594, suburbanwhitetrashrecords.com

Super Fi: superfirecords.bandcamp.com

Surprise Attacks: www.surpriseattacks.com

Tankcrimes: www.tankcrimes.com

Tention Head: tensionheadrecords.blogspot.com

Terrötten: www.terrotten.com

THC + DIY: thcanddiy.blogspot.com/

Thrash Life Style: www.facebook.com/pages/Thrash-Life-Style-Records/101939273204713

TKO: 21405 Brookhurst St, Huntington Beach, CA 92646, www.tkorecords.com

Total Life Society: PO Box 6592, Cleveland, OH 44101

Total Punk: www.floridasdying.com

Ugly Pop: uglypop.bigcartel.com

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Upshots: theupshots@gmail.com

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White Denim: www.whitedenim.com

Worms Inc: www.randomwarriors.com

Ya-Basta: www.ya-basta.de

Zegema Beach: zegemabeachrecords.com

zegemabeachrecords@gmail.com

Zodiac: www.zodiackillerrecords.com

Zuada: facebook.com/zuadarecs

DEMOS

Send cassettes and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Please note, anything other than vinyl or CD will be reviewed in this section. CD-Rs with no artwork will not be considered. Reviews by Vanessa Aswipe, Matt Badenhop, Robert Collins, Amelia Eakins, Layla Gibbon, Greg Harvester and Jason Ryan.

AGONIA – This Spanish band based out of NYC is reverbed raw punk but at times is dark and melodic but leads back to galloping punk attack. I'm a little obsessed with this band but their sound is very hard to capture and translate into words. That said, they remind me of a darker Spanish punk band from NYC called EN LA OLLA that was around a decade ago. The sadness, frustration, and anger behind the music gives the band a vulnerability that lets you experience the sound and words with them. I really felt no wall between them and the audience when I saw them live and it's the same on this tape. AGONIA is a very honest band with an honest sound—there is no gimmick here, it is just real powerful punk. (Amelia) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, s1ntemores@yahoo.com, agonia.bandcamp.com)

ANCIENT WING – In 2055 when we're all flying around in spaceships, going to shows on the moon, and injecting microchips filled with beer into our arms, ANCIENT WING will be blasting in the background. This is music from the future. Their sound reminds me of a goth version of the B-52's and definitely what the RAINCOATS would sound like if they lived in SF right now. Side A has spaced-out, post punk songs, while side B sounds like a chilled out version of the WIPERS. The standout tracks are 'Atherton' and 'Gray Hair.' Live, this band kills! If you don't own this tape, you're missing out. (Vanessa) (8-song cassette, lyrics not included, ancientwingsf@gmail.com, ancientwing.bandcamp.com)

ANTI-ZEN – Holy shit! Blow your brains out genius COMES worship from DC, will turn any knuckle draggin' lunkhead into a visionary insurrectionist. The faster songs wipe your mind clear of all the phony tribute 'core it's been inundated with over the past few years, the slower songs will have you writing paranoid manifestos in the tiniest handwriting using NICK BLINKO as your spirit animal... There are bizzaro dollar store Chelsea tribute guitar solos emerging outta the merciless inundation sound, and the vocalist sounds like she's gonna fucking explode. *Highly* recommended. True sounds of sickness. I heard they already broke up which is an insane bummer. (Layla) (12-song cassette, lyrics not included, hesitationwoundrecords.blogspot.com, HWR 1213 Delafield Pl NW, WDC, 20011)

BACKHOMES – I think nearly everything this label sent (Shake) are technically just cassette versions of LPs they've put out? Maybe they are the Canadian Burger Records? I wish they'd sent vinyl for the *MRR* library... This group makes me think of a "darker" sounding ALLAH LAS, but "dark" in that L.A. rock scene way, where bands think they are the new JESUS AND MARY CHAIN but are really like a couple bartenders with bad breath who only date women who worship GRAM PARSONS / MAZZY STAR. Meaning this is essentially a rock band, who are probably gonna play Coachella next year. (Layla) (10-song cassette, lyrics not included, experienceshake.com)

BETRAYERS – PRIMAL SCREAM "Get Yer Rocks Off"-era, skull ring-wearing Austin Psyche Fest-attending BLACK REBEL MOTORCYCLE CLUB-worshippin' "Goin Up To The Spirit in the Sky"-core. (Layla) (13-song cassette, lyrics not included, experienceshake.com)

BITCHMOUTH – I'm surprised this band hasn't been reviewed for *MRR* yet. BITCHMOUTH from Richmond, VA plays hardcore punk that sounds kinda old school. Listening to this tape made me think of the first time I got to see actual hardcore bands from my high school. Their downfall is that they recycle guitar riffs on most of the songs, but luckily the vocalist has a strong enough voice to drive each one to sound different. They sound kinda like REPLICA. 1000 points for the name. (Vanessa) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, $5 ppd, Riots Punk Palace, 2227 Venable St. Richmond, VA 23223)

BLOOD PRESSURE – This is intense in-your-face hardcore punk in the vein of UPRIGHT CITIZENS, SCHOOL JERKS and SICKOIDS with the attitude of the GERMS. This recording is grainy and sounds like a sore that just won't heal. It was recorded by Dave Wigman at the Braddock Hit Factory in Pittsburgh. The 7" of this demo is coming soon on Beach Impediment Records—get it then because the tapes are sold out, my friends, because this band rips! (Amelia) (3-song cassette, lyrics not included, radiationmasturbation@gmail.com)

BOMBSPLINTER – *No One Survives* – This is a rager of a revered raw punk all-out attack! Definitely for fans of DISASTER, CRUDE SS, DISCHARGE, ANTI-CIMEX, DISCARD and early HELLBASTARD. BOMBSPLINTER features ex-KRUEL (R.I.P.). I must say, there has to be something in the water in L.A. because those L.A. ponx are doing it right. The most memorable show I ever went to in San Francisco was with L.A. punk bands and most of the crowd was from LA—it was the best! If you have any interest in what's going on here on the West Coast of America, please check out L.A. and the current explosion coming from their very strong scene. And pick this tape up if you want some fresh sounding Scandi raw punk done with mastered excellence! Recorded at East 7th Street PUNX by Austin Overdose. (Amelia) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, 551 N. Maplewood Avenue, West Covina, CA 91790, bombspliter@yahoo.com, available from Shithammer Distro)

DERAS KRIG – This is deafening D-beat destruction out of Oakland! For fans of recent bands like PISSHEADS and those who love that distorted Sandi sound—think demo-era ANTI-CIMEX. This is one of the best current punk staples in Oakland providing that cathartic release through devastating d-beat that every scene needs. The drums on this release really stand out—they are very tight and recorded well. Overall, this is solid release from the packaging to the clarity of the recording- all facets of this band shine through here. (Amelia) (4-song silver cassette, lyrics not included, Shithammer Distro, shithammerdistro@hotmail.com, $5 tapes, 2014 14th Avenue, Oakland, CA 94606)

DIS-TANK – *D-Beat Machine* – Take a wild guess what dis sounds like? Seriously though, dis holds up. DIS-TANK are not trying to raw noise raid it all to hell. I can understand the lyrics from dual vocalists, and they are pissed. Most effectively creating these anthems in unison. Think the gruff & grounded versus lofty pulpit dynamic between each UNCURBED vocalist. This tape is Dis-trendy by not being overtly war-like rumbling, but remaining punk rock-steady, hissing, and echoing. While dis not much new happening here, the recording is undeniably DIS-TANK. There were only 50 made, if you're interested. RAMONES cover FTW. (Jason) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, kibourecords.bigcartel.com, facebook.com/distank)

DISTRACT/WARRIOR TRIBES – Two impressive hardcore punk acts from Chicago. DISTRACT kick it off with tight hardcore fury. Their formula is aggression first, hooks later. I am loving this vocalist, calm and powerful, a force to be reckoned with. I could definitely go for a couple more tracks! These two songs alone are divergent enough to warrant an entire LP. WARRIOR TRIBES is ugly hardcore with a groove. There are some really catchy riffs here that let go for a little bit, all the while being a punk song. Both sides are memorable and leave me wanting more! Not that it makes any difference, or has anything to do with this review, but I love how WARRIOR TRIBES uses that classic '80s HC Friz Quadrata typeface on this. (Jason) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, distract-chicago.bandcamp.com, warriortribes.bandcamp.com)

DOTTIE ATTIE – Somewhere between the RONDELLES and the RIFF RANDALLS, but low brow and hilarious: a song called "Cum Stains On My Heart," counter that with this genius line, "I don't want to hear any song about me / That I didn't write myself" from "He's a Rock'n'roller Now." Super charming yet repulsive in places, a noble endeavor! I salute you ladies. Turning cute into gross is where it's at. I think this tape is sold out but hopefully they will make more! (Layla) (SG 1110 SE 16th Ave apt #1, PDX, OR 97214, dottieattie.bandcamp.com)

ELECTRIC DATES – The first song was sort of a run of the mill garage punker, but then the second song kicked in… Advice to bands: put your best song first. "Flattire" is really great, and pretty much from here on out the tape is cool as hell, early DRAGS appeal in full effect, so if that's where your consciousness is located I would suggest grabbin' this cassette. It isn't going to change your life, but it's a good time. (Layla) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, theelectricdates.bandcamp.com)

ELEGY – *3014 Demo* – Basically what we have here is more of a cassingle than a demo, as the quality is certainly high enough to justify a 45 release. That being said, punk fans of MOTÖRHEAD should already have this SF band on their radar, and will definitely dig this. Solid riffing, driving drums, and gravelly vocals—always a great soundtrack for a party, but Kimberly's lyrics, clearly influenced by SF's ubiquitous onslaught of tech junkies, are surprisingly interesting: "brains are just grey matter and there is no beauty where pigeons and insects breed / and beauty is lost when poetry dies…" I gotta go see this band more! (Matt) (2-song cassette, lyrics included; $3 ppd, 899 Capp St. #1A, San Francisco, CA 94110)

EU'S ARSE – *1981-1985 Italian Hardcore* – I was exposed to this band through my love of WRETCHED and IMPACT. They recently did a West Coast tour with WILD MOHICANS. And I was blown away! I refuse to support reunions (with the exception of CRUCIFIX) as I feel we should support current bands and I like to remember bands as they were not as they are now (meat eaters with kids wearing white Reeboks) but EU'S ARSE were something else! The tape I got on their tour is comprised of the following: A1 and A2 recorded live 31/07/1982, Feltre; tracks A3 and A4 recorded live 02/10/1982, Torviscosa; tracks A5 to A11: *Lo Stato Ha Bisogna di Te? Bene, Fottilo* 7" EP, October 1982; tracks B1 & B2 recorded live 26/03/1983, via Asquini, Udine; tracks B3 to B7: *Questa E' La Loro Speculazione di Morte!* Split 7" with IMPACT, September 1983. Tracks B8 to B10 recorded in December 1984 in practice room. The tape is good, the tour was good. I must say, the replaced members were amazing and the original was still spectacular. Thank you Agipunk for making this happen. (Amelia) (22-song cassette, lyrics not included, tour only release, agipunk.com)

FEVER DREAM – Tough street punk-inflected HC from Brooklyn, with raw-as-fuck female vocals that will cleanse your fuckin' bacteria like a charm. This made me think of early '90s ABC no RIO-era NY punk, especially when the dual male/female vox go off. This doesn't sound like a demo; they really have their shit together. There's a BORN DEAD ICONS feel on "Everything I Am," but FEVER DREAM are way more brutal sounding than that, it might just be the intro guitar part? (Layla) (5-song cassette, lyrics not included, feverdreambk.bandcamp.com, feverdreambrooklyn@gmail.com)

FLAT BLACK ANIMAL – A one-man bedroom sound that's sort of otherworldly / eerie, but not really very compelling. Electro-dirge for mouth breathers? There's a song called "Gettin' Glacial" that sums things up nicely. (Layla) (10-song cassette, lyrics not included, fleshwave.bandcamp.com)

FUTURE – *Devalued Lives* – The vocals on this tape are viscerally fierce with an intensity that commands respect. This band has that slight '82 punk undertone but with an overwhelming raw appeal, similar to a band like PERDITION but darker with the haunt of a band like G.A.S.H. The punk sampling at the beginning and end of this tape is reminiscent of DISCHARGE and done tastefully. Thank you Philly, FUTURE is the future. (Amelia) (82-song cassette, lyrics not included, available again thanks to Shithammer Distro, shithammerdistro@hotmail.com, $5 tapes, 2014 14th Avenue, Oakland, CA 94606)

GLOV – I don't know about this band GLOV from Chicago. First off, their contact is a MINOR THREAT reference, their name is intentionally misspelled not in a cute ESL way because they did it on purpose, and there are all these primitive intentionally cutesy kid drawings in the way that the new inter-punk generation seems to find so witty. GLOV sound like slurred, sloppy GERMS meets DAWN OF HUMANS (with forced weirdness) but with rockin' guitar. I find this band utterly obnoxious, I'm annoyed. (Amelia) (10-song cassette, lyrics not included, $3, xoutofstepcolombianx@gmail.com, Lukas Mukas, 1458 North Western Avenue, #2, Chicago, IL 60622)

HALF GOON – *Terrorizer* – This tape starts off with a '90s post-hardcore style reminding me of QUICKSAND or CAVE IN with the ennui and angst of MINOR THREAT. Excellent spaced-out guitar work at times and solid drumming throughout. So solid in fact, it's like CRESS with a few doomy bridges. Bass is so fuzzy awesome. Just as things grab hold though, I felt a little shut out with an abrupt end to songs when I am just starting to sympathize with them. Because at first, it seems like they don't want me to at all. Maybe that's HALF GOON's point. Who really needs total goon? That is this band's best balance: an exciting vocal-to-music contradiction. Back to ennui, which I'm sure sounded confusing, the vocals are interesting, as sung with such a lack of interest, you're compelled to actually enjoy HALF GOON. The cover art is amazing. (Jason) (9-song cassette, lyrics not included, 723 East 3rd St. Apt #1, Long Beach, CA 90802, halfgoon.bandcamp.com)

JIFFY MARKER – I have a feeling all these Shake Action cassettes are tape versions of records rather than demo tapes? These guys play goofy, somewhat charming pop-inflected punk, erring somewhat in the power pop side of pop-punk more so than anything that would feel comfortable at a Warped Tour or whatever, but would probably please that crew too. Very catchy, sounds like it should be the soundtrack to a loser wins it all-type movie, like *Breaking Away* or something with Claire Grogan. Way too wimpy for me but maybe not for you? Lyrics are embarrassing of course. (Layla) (10-song cassette, lyrics not included, experienceshake.com)

JOCKS BLOOD – *Boston Demo* – Boston has never had a shortage of good hardcore bands, and now we can go ahead and add JOCKS BLOOD to the list. Pounding drums, burly vocals, great guitar riffs and tone, and plenty of creative rhythmic treats to drive these tracks into your frontal lobe. Eye-catching packaging. An explosive hardcore demo. (Matt) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, Twerp Jerk, PO Box 622, Allston, MA 02134)

LEATHER DADDY – *Sob Story* – Three great tracks at just the right tempo for pogoing up a sweat. This is apparently the second demo from this quartet of women from Boston, and

it smokes! The guitar hooks are memorable and the drumming is persistent and strong. It's pretty comparable to some sounds coming out of NY these days. Aggressive while still feeling fun. Definitely a band to watch out for. (Matt) (3-song cassette, lyrics included, Twerp Jerk, PO Box 622, Allston, MA 02134)

LINE TRAPS – Garage punk with a rockin' savagery, male/female vocals, sorta Rip Off Records feel to this. It's tough and relentless, the hit is "Are You a Square," which sounds like a mix tape staple. They should put that on a 45... (Layla) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, www.experienceshake.com, linetraps.bandcamp.com)

MTN ISL – *God Become Animal* – MTN ISL is sludgy-voiced math rock out of Atlanta and captures heroic despondency in a way that only kinda corny post-hardcore can pull off. The demo is full of unpolished jamming and super-emotive songs with names like ''Dinner Planet'' and "Snake Mansion". This is the kind of music that a sullen teen can really pump their fist to and while it might not be for me, it seems like fans of impassioned emo-adjacent stuff could really cream their jeans to this demo! (Max) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, $5, 2977 Wadsworth Mill Place Decatur, GA 30032)

NANDAS– Brooding catchy death pogo from the dark corners of Brooklyn. A fantastic, confident sound for freaks of RUDIMENTARY PENI, THE PLASMATICS, TEENAGE JESUS AND THE JERKS, THOSE WHO SURVIVED THE PLAGUE. Dare I say THE SLITS meets GISM? It is all so warbled, while remaining driven from start to finish. Quite masterfully done, really, that I envy their individualism. Snarling and super distorted, weird and punchy. I'm really into this demo. (Jason) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, c/o Dave, PO Box 110040, Brooklyn, NY 11211, nylegenevieve@gmail.com, nandas.bandcamp.com)

NANDAS – Arg this is so fucking sick! Seriously out for fucking blood punk from Brooklyn, a total wall of frenzy with we will bury you vocals cutting a slice into your aural membranes. It's raw and savage, the lyrics are too but they're smart and creepy in the punker ways. The singer has thee coolest voice and I hope this band makes a 45 very shortly. Definition of the word punk. (Layla) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, nandas.bandcamp.com, Dave PO BOX 110040 Brooklyn NY 11211)

NAUGHTY GIRLS – The cover art has a rudimentary prison art feel, puking skeletons etc., the music is snotty catchy punk that will appeal to fans of SICK PLEASURE / PELIGRO SOCIAL / good music. The eternal sound of snot! Montreal destruccccccion for cheap leather wearin' punkers with a disposition for tricks and trouble... This sound was commonplace a few years ago, not so much now, so to hear a band achieve dumb perfection is pleasing to this punk's ears. (Layla) (12-song cassette, lyrics included, naughtygirls.bandcamp.com, Yannick Simard, 385 Rue Deliuelle, Montreal QC, H4C 3A9 CANADA)

NIETOS DE PUTA – This is upbeat, hardcore punk with attitude. NIETOS DE PUTA has the soul of ULTIMO RESORTE but is modern like MUNDO MUERTO with the intensity of a recent band like ANTI-ARMADA. I can only imagine this band is excellent live and very intense. The packaging comes with a fold out J-card with lyrics, art, a message, and contact information. This band has an old school sound but I am glad this tape made it into my hands today—I hope it makes it into yours. (Amelia) (10-song cassette, lyrics included in Spanish, Alta Intensidaz Tapes, www.altaintensidaz.com, teodorohdzz@gmail.com, €3, Teodoro Hernandez/C.J. Carlos I, 14, 1D/26580 Arnedo, La Rioja, SPAIN)

PANG – *Safety Place* – The first time I listened to this tape, it gave me a headache and I had to turn it off. Noisy, experimental punk with lots of pedals, weird effects, and screeching vocals before my morning coffee? Oh hell no. But I picked this tape out of the demo box so I had to review it. I gave it another chance and the more I listened to it, the more I liked it. A lot of the songs sound like staring at a strobe light or getting attacked by a shark. Lots of tension and pulsing beats. There are a few moments, like on the song 'Hot Chocolate,' that remind me of LE TIGRE. This isn't the PANG from Oakland, but the PANG from NY who are no longer together anymore. Check this out if you're a noise freak or want something completely different. (Vanessa) (11-song cassette, lyrics not included, $5 ppd, drugparty.org)

QUALIFORGNAH – Goofy sweet French punk pop, with political / charming / silly lyrics, sorta JONATHAN RICHMAN meets GHOST MICE; fans of Planit-X records investigate immediately! (Layla) (13?-song cassette, lyrics included, vegas666@free.fr)

SELFIES – Super blown-out claustrophobic KBD-styled garage for miscreants. Another Fleshwave production; seems like one of those situations where the same five people play in all the bands?! Cool paranoid sounds that'll make you move your limbs in a disgusting manner! Another keeper. (Layla) (10-song cassette, lyrics not included, fleshwave.bandcamp.com)

SEX OBJEX – More dark (garage) wave from Detroit, land of endless bedroom studios and endless post-apocalyptic imagination overloads. This is cool, but it all sorta blends into one, but it's a decent one, so to speak: TIMMY'S ORGANISM playing *Half Machine Lip Moves*, with hand-made instruments?! I like that the Detroit sound is being built from the ruins of LOST SOUNDS, it seems an appropriate vision, and while I think there are a few other things I would grab before this cassette, it's worth checking out. (Layla) (12-song cassette, lyrics not included, fleshwave.badcamp.com)

SIDE EFFECTS – *Pursuit of Power* – This EP release on tape is strong from the get-go with assertive vocals and menacing feedback that then rages into brutal drums that kick us off with SIDE EFFECTS' to-be-expected crushing crust d-beat. They have evolved as a band and have found their own punk sound as exhibited on this tape. If I heard this tape without knowing the band, by the sound alone I'd know it was SIDE EFFECTS. The guitar is extremely strong on this release and hits that Scandi vein with excellence. The lyrics are poignant and relevant. Obviously, this is another anti-war punk band but I was really moved by the song "Downfall of Human Health" regarding the very sad but pervasive crisis in America regarding hormone-induced meats and genetically altered food. I'm glad to see that a punk band still stands for something. But really, I knew it was a hit before hearing it when I opened up the insert to see "guest vox: Jon Kahn" from Philly's own FUTURE. About the physical release, the J-card feels well done and the overall aesthetic is that high-contrast black and white punk layout crust style, reminiscent of '90s Japan. The cassette itself is sick with paint splatter and a few anarchy symbols. Only 75 of these were made, so act quick! Recorded by Greg Wilkinson at Earhammer Studios. All in all, this is another solid release from Oakland's SIDE EFFECTS! (Amelia) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, available from Shithammer Distro, shithammerdistro@hotmail.com, 2014 14th Avenue, Oakland, CA 94606, shithammer.bandcamp.com)

SKEMATA – Tight and busy B-beat crust from STRIPMINES folks, released by the admirable Sorry State label. Very evolved for the style, with a metallic edge, bringing to mind contemporaries like NAPALAM RAID or INFERNÖH. I'm typically not into vocals that are drenched in this many effects, and sometimes I wish it was a little more straightforward, but one cannot deny the massive power and incredible musicianship here. Limited to 150 copies, so hurry! (Matt) (4-song cassette, lyrics not included, sorrystaterecords.com)

THE SLABS – Comic book cave man/woman core, recorded onto a boombox and easily the best of the Shake records bunch this month! Rudimentary and dumb, a party band for when the party is going south and there's nowhere else to go. Party rock for party rockers with caves for brains. Party! (Layla) (9-song cassette, lyrics not included, experienceshake.com)

SSYNDRÖM – I don't give a toss that I'm supposed to be reviewing this tape versus

writing about the name or any ripoffs because as punks, we all do it. But to all you punks, it is good punk etiquette to not reuse band names from the last five years of bands that were in the same scene as you! SYNDROME from Richmond were a very good recent raw punk band (R.I.P.). Also, "Aftermath of Progress" is an INEPSY song title. Now that I've said my lesson on punk etiquette, this tape is fucking killer!!! The dubbing, mastering or recording of this tape was a little janky as the levels keep changing but I'm all for janky tapes as they're punk. The vocals are reverbed to raw punk perfection, the yells sound like a caged animal, the guitar is fresh and wailing, and the drums can keep you pogoing to death. This is a tape to lose your shit to so go do it! Definitely for fans of recent punk greats like KRÖMOSOM. (Amelia) (4-song cassette, lyrics not included, Shithammer Distro, shithammerdistro@hotmail.com, $5 tapes, 2014 14th Avenue, Oakland, CA 94606)

STATIQBLOOM – *Mask Visions Poison* – All music, words, art and recording on this is done by Fade Kainer. If that is not a familiar name to you maybe BATILLUS and INSWARM are but this project sounds very different as it's electro-industrial and contains noise elements. That said, STATIQBLOOM still maintains his dark sound carried over from previous bands and projects. The throbbing beats on this are ethereal and hypnotic. This project is relevant in MRR solely for the reason that the sound on this tape is a shape shifter that would go well on a lineup with bands influenced by SISTERS OF MERCY, as aggressive goth has been a recent punk staple, but could easily wind up on any power electronics line up. This is a very masterful and well-put together electronic symphony. This tape is a work of art as much as it is powerful music. It sounds timeless like it could be from the '90s or an update on those sounds that are being revisited today. Either way, STATIQBLOOM is gripping and worth checking out if you've ever felt a connection to a drum machine. (Amelia) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, 293 N 7th Street #3L, Brooklyn, NY 11211)

TEENAGE STRANGE / MALE BONDAGE – Fuck yes! Heavy fucking doom like 13 and WINTER are back. I don't even know what else to say, but as soon as this started playing I thought I was stoned. TEENAGE STRANGE side is a cosmic beatdown that moves in and out of perspective like the shadow of a colossus from dawn to high noon. Their second track rounds out the side nicely with sludgy classic metal rhythm. No vocals. Both tracks excellent! MALE BONDAGE side has a slightly crispier sound. This is to compare thunder to an earthquake, however. I'm digging the minimal punk vocals that fit well with this progressive metal band. A mix of HIS HERO IS GONE and GRAVES AT SEA, to me. There is enough variety on MB's side that you almost forget it's the same band that has taken you through all these sonic landscapes. Some sludge, hardcore, metal. Yes, this tape rules. (Jason) (5-song cassette, lyrics not included, Drink Or Die Records, 522 E. 51st St., Indianapolis, IN 46205, teenagestrange.bandcamp.com, malebondage.bandcamp.com)

TEN MILLION BASTARDS – *Bastardland* – A fukkn tornado of Greek crust/grind interrupted by sporadic bursts of rudimentary (and only marginally in-tune) punk. The juxtaposition of overpowering gruff vocals and chaotic blasts with bouncy 1-2-1-2 punk is an odd one, but it mostly works for these kids. Definitely unpolished, but I think that is the point. (Robert) (10-song CD-R, lyrics included, no contact info)

WILD MOHICANS – *2014 West Coast Tour Tape* – New songs, new hits! If you like your hardcore punk upbeat, energetic and easy to sing along to, then WILD MOHICANS is your band. They are a good time live as they just proved again with their recent tour with Italian legends EU'S ARSE. Recorded, they are a kicker any time you listen to them. Listening to WILD MOHICANS is like doing a fucking shot of adrenaline. You can't help but to sing along because the songs are so good, they're etched in your brain permanently after just one listen! There's a reason why this band comes from POISON IDEA's own Portland. Keep it coming, boys! (Amelia) (7-song cassette, lyrics not included, Wild Mohicans, 1026 N Fremont Street, Portland, OR 97227, wildmohicans@hotmail.com)

WINONA FOREVER – This tape sounds like it's carsick, the recording levels go up and down making for a most disorientating listen. But from what I can infer this is a one-man band, all instruments played by one gent with a seeming Youth Attack/'90s teen idol fetish; some of the songs have a mysterious guy hardcore meets BONE AWL scree as a result of this orientation. The fact that it's one person making these sounds makes it more appealing, and it definitely seems more "outsider" than most attempting MARK MCCOY-core. If no one else will be in your band, and you do it anyway, that signifies something... fave song: "Howler." (Layla) (11-song cassette, lyrics not included, WF 1742 Sinaloa Rd #339, Simi Valley CA 93065)

WORN LEATHER – Shambolic garage punk (with the emphasis on punk), that sort of has a "found this tape in my weird uncle's demo box from 1981" feel. Maybe because everything is super straight ahead and rudimentary sounding, no effects, it just has this old fashioned sound. Like the bands people formed after they found out they too could be a punk in 1979 or somethin'. Reminds me a bit of the DILS and a little bit of TYVEK. Cool. (Layla) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, $4 from wornleatherct@gmail.com)

V/A – *Shake Records Sampler* – Like one of those samplers you would get sent if you subscribed to *Thrasher* in the 1990s, except in cassette form rather than CD. It sort of sounds like a mix tape rather than a pro-gear pro-sound sampler, and the bands are all over the place. Power pop, rock, grrrl, rawk, garage... Lots of Canadian heat for fans of the aforementioned genres: TRANZMITORS, FIST CITY, the ILLS, MANDATES, BABYSITTER, the JOLTS, JONS. I liked the THROWAWAYS song a lot. As with all comps there are some clunkers, but there are enough jams to justify grabbing this if you dig the poppier/rockier *Rodney on the Roq* comps. (Layla) (17-song cassette, lyrics not included, experienceshake.com)

V/A – *Side Effects* – Three-way split of Detroit mutant wave, with the RADONS, the ANNELIDS, and the COOL GRAVEYARDS. RADONS are desperate future punk that reminds me a little of a less darkwave-y LOST SOUNDS. Tough/cool. ANNELIDS are the band that plays when your TV fuzzes out, super rudimentary sound, blasts of feedback mindcontrol wave with spurts of CHROME like "guitar solos" and cool/bored girl intoning over it all... COOL GRAVEYARDS have a sorta dumb name, and seem similar in aesthetic to the other groups on this, darker end of the spectrum, they have more of a straight darkwave attack though. Trance-y and dream like post punk, rhythm section tips a hat to JOY DIVISION, but this is sorta like sleepwalking music. Really pleasant yet somehow unnerving to listen to, still works as background music though. Cool mix! Grab it. Makes Detroit seem like an exciting place to be. (Layla) (12-song cassette, lyrics not included, fleshwave.badcamp.com)

V/A – *Yes Future* – Another Fleshwave production featuring the SURFERS, DEFORMITIES, CANE! and the ERODERS, all groups feature just two humans making the degenerate sounds. SURFERS were sort of KARP-like but with no metal influence, somewhere between that and the more frenzied songs from the first RED CROSS record? A strange combination of those groups; at any rate the bass made my floor oscillate. DERFORMITIES went for a savage punk / garage heavy breather stew; after the strange brutality of the SURFERS I was just sorta nonplussed by them. CANE! continue the push for a darkwave Detroit. Not sure if that was intentional but it takes all sorts. The ERODERS songs seemed more straightforward punk-influenced garage, but I think the tape got weirdly spun out towards the end and it sort of sounded like the Chipmunks playing LINK WRAY?! (Layla) (8-song cassette, no lyrics, fleshwave.bandcamp.com)

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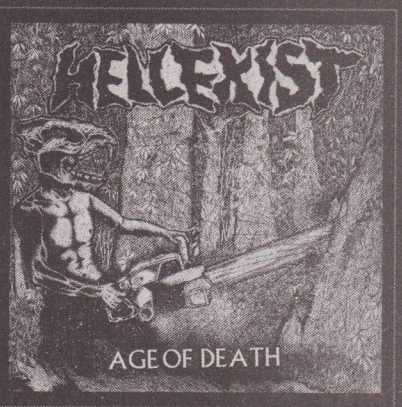

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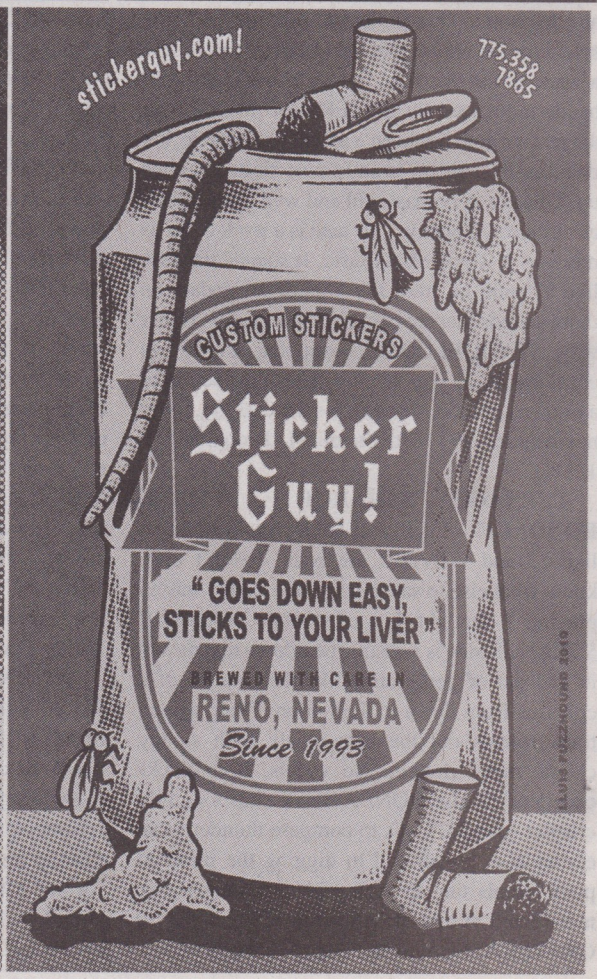


ZINES

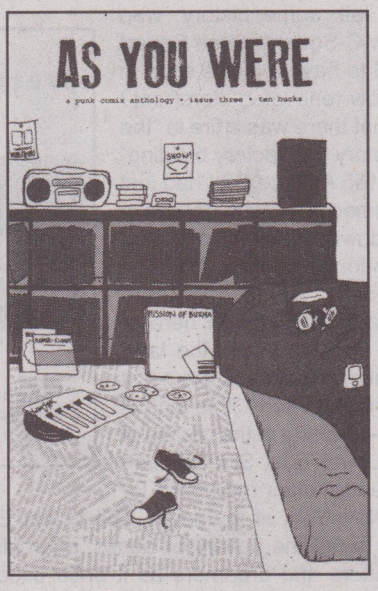
Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: domestic postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

Reviews By:
(AE) Amelia An.Ok
(VX) Vanessa Asswipe
(JB) Julia Booz
(EC) E. Conner
(JD) Justin Davisson
(SF) Sami Fink
(FF) Francesca Foglia
(AG) Alison Gaye
(DF) Dan Goetz
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(OG) Oscar Gutierrez
(MM) Marissa Magic
(JM) Jeff Mason
(DZ) Ryan Modee
(AP) Ari Perezdiez
(LA) Lydia Phelps
(MP) Max Power
(FU) Ray Suburbia
(DV) Diana Vashti

83 SCIANA WSCHODNIA #20 / 56 pgs / Polish
Don't read Polish? You're bummed, 'cause this zine (I believe outta Bristol, England) is *huge* and packed with writing on punk and radical politics. The latter half is mostly interviews—Matka Teresa, Dzieci Z Beczek, Przeciw, the Oppressed (Singaporean anti-fascist skins), Adult Crash, D.S.F, Stage Bottles, an anarchist, Marek Kurzyniec, and Manta Birostris, which a tiny bit of English informs me is "an experimental punk formation" whose new release will reflect Adam Sokól's experiences in the Middle East. There are some small ads for punk projects, photos and graphics, but most of the rest of it is writing on subjects like squats, nationalist and white power shits, the political situation in Ukraine (the zine was produced in March of this year), what I think are some columns, a couple pages of recipes, and more stuff I'm even less sure of. The cover's cool, celebrating the zine's (I'm guessing) tenth birthday. Cheers! (JM)
www.scianawschodniazine.pl

ANARCHY: A JOURNAL OF DESIRE ARMED #75 / 75 pgs
Seriously, does the world need another essay by Bob Black about work? Actually, calling this piece an essay is generous. It's more of a personal rant against a critic that meanders between pedanticism and pettiness—perfect in the era of the introllgensia (seriously, this is basically a tumblr/blog post with the veneer of academic writing by the grace of it being annotated). Black brags about how he's finally made it because a Marxist academic used the phrase "postwork" in a title. Congrats, you have—no one is really denying that. You wrote something genuinely interesting 30 years ago, but since? Publishing his piece was probably a mistake and very much distracts from an otherwise well put together journal filled with wonderful book reviews, an incredibly interesting article titled "Insurrectionary Patriotism and the Diffusion of Dissent" and a series of short pieces focusing on anxiety in our late-capitalist. Quite attractive, I don't think it necessarily makes the $8 cover price worthwhile. (FU)
www.anarchymag.org

ASSWIPE #5 / 52 pgs
This issue of *Asswipe* offers a pretty solid collection of interviews of underrated Bay Area punks, wingnuts and weirdos, and while I don't always find the content entertaining, I do always appreciate the form and style. Vanessa gets a lot of shit right, from the color cardstock cover and cut and paste style, to including all the proper information for an *MRR* reviewer and focusing on under-represented people and topics. This is what a thrown together zine should be: a portrait of somebody's world and how they see it, put together with care. I wish there was I more about Eric and Blatz! and I desperately want to know what the girls at Berkeley High are doing that's so unfeminist so I guess I'm waiting on #6. (AG)
PO Box 1196 / Oakland, CA 94604-1196



AS YOU WERE #3 / 112 pgs
This is the third comix anthology put out by Silver Sprocket and compiled by Mitch Clem of *Nothing Nice to Say*. This collection seems to have a loose, semi-abided-by theme of being an ex, post, semi, confused, or simply old punk. This is something I fully understand. It's all pretty great, but there are a few standouts that are brilliant. There's a one-pager in there, just one large panel, of a new punk family, that sums up what so many of my friends are going through. If you wanna know what a lot of old punks have going through their brains, but you're tired of our shitty bands, or our even shittier attitudes, this is an excellent way to secretly find out. Also, forget that. This is a really good collection, and if you are a punk and like comix, you should just get this. Fuck you. (DZ)
Silver Sprocket Bicycle Club / 1057 Valencia Street / SF, CA 94110 / silversprocket.net

BETTER THINGS TO DO: THE EARLY HISTORY OF CANBERRA STRAIGHTEDGE / 18 pgs
This zine has no doubt been published before, and is so generic and vapid, that I wouldn't be surprised if it wasn't the end result of a few guys filling in an "earnest '90s straightedge zine documenting my coming of age" *Mad Libs*. We were punk rockers who were turned off by self destruction, we started discovering the same straightedge records as those who came before (and since), some of us formed bands, our city had a few straightedge bands, a few big US bands came through, the first and second generation lost the edge, and then "lasting effects of a straightedge youth." Oh yeah, and it loses extra points for a picture of a couple of the contributors with Good Clean Fun. If you've ever heard some guy whine on stage about how important being drug free is to him, then you can guess the tone here. No doubt everyone in this zine is now married, and the layout looks like an old issue of *Excursion*. Make the next issue a No Longer Blind collection, and I'll read. (DG)
64 Warramoo Crescent / Narrabundah Act 2604 / Australia / petehuet@yahoo.com

DEFIANT POSE #8 / 36 pgs
London punx talking punk! Interviews with NY's Cervix, relatively obscure English post-punkers Rema-Rema (whose recent reissue is reviewed in this issue as well), often overlooked first wave English punkettes the Stench, and second wave English punk dudes Heretic. There are some great show reviews—my favorite being the one of

original lineup Killing Joke playing their first two records at the London Forum. I felt I was right there! There's also a great article about a fave anarcho/proto-goth band of mine, Blood and Roses. Wait… what's this? I recognize that handwriting, but haven't seen it in a while… is it… A piece by Aaron Cometbus! Here Aaron goes on about how underground/independent print and zines are the last truth in publishing and that there is no room for mediocrity in zines. Hear hear!—and what a perfect example of a zine for that piece to be in. *Defiant Pose* is well edited with interesting interviews, great layout (the archival photos and fliers found for the pieces about old bands are amazing). It even comes with rad two-sided pullout art by Alex Weir. If I had a job I'd order every issue of this zine, starting with this one. Job well done! (FU)

c/o Inflammable Material / PO Box 2544 / London NW6 3DF / England / UK

DIFFERENT TIMES – Drag, Life, Rock'n'Roll: Five Years in the Six Inch Killaz, 1994-99 / 40 pgs

I had a riot reading this zine. I am always interested in what queer and punk intersections look like in other times and places. This time capsule of the queercore and drag scene in London and NYC in the '90s is full of glam and glitz and blood and guts. The writer Mona/Simon talks about being queer and trans and battling introverted tendencies and Asperger's syndrome while trying to find "cool" amongst the chaos. A major part of the zine is about the band the author played in, the Six Inch Killaz. Mona details the difficulties of finding shows and practice spaces for queercore bands, and tells about some of the band's most infamous sets. The zine also serves to detail personal experiences by Simon that helped shape their search for fun and experience. I particularly like the many Jayne County references and stories! Mona/Simon is a long time zinester who has also published zines on punk, comics, and a Paul McCartney hate-zine called *Maccattack*! How fucking cool! (DV)

compleine@yahoo.com

FORWARD COMICS #2 / 16 pgs

Have you ever got real high in your room and drawn single panel comics and then played "write your own caption" later when you were tripping balls after reading unworthy articles? This guy has. (EC)

PO Box 345 / Putney, VT 05346

HOMEO-EMPATHY / 40 pgs

Homeo-Empathy is the history of the legendary 155 Avenue C in the Lower East Side from when it was built in the 1800s up until now. Self-described, "A history of C'LV from the beginning of the new world to the end of the derelict dynasty" by W.D. Bickerknocker. Part One is classified as, "Homeo Empathy 9th & C" and Part Two as "A Tale of Two Sees." The person who compiled this intense history of the storied 155 Avenue C is humble, with his collage of facts and stories of the building, as he peppers a lot of the information with poignant quotes and does a decent job stating the bare bones historical facts. The quotes by others that he uses convey very vivid images of the deep layers of history that pervade that building, from Irish immigrants to Puerto Ricans, to hippies, to ghosts, to punks. This zine is mostly a history of See before the squatters got there in 1988-ish. The lovely Fly was a big contributor in organizing facts for her project of a similar nature called *Unreal Estate,* a late 20th century history of squatting in the Lower East Side. Fly used to have a one-page art feature in *MRR* for many years and has been a staple in the LES squat scene for much longer, so I'm glad her voice is represented in here. But let's talk some history; who knew C-Squat (or See Squat) used to have a pickle shop in its now renovated storefront? Or that there was a fire in "the top story of a factory building" aka 155 Avenue C? I had just assumed See was always a run-down tenement until it was abandoned and appropriated by dirty squatters. There are a lot of gems in here of olde New York and the later squatter movement. Even just seeing the words "this land is ours–property of the people of the Lower East Side" moved me and makes me yearn for the New York of my youth. The Lower East Side is not the haven for punks, anarchists, squatters and dreamers as it once used to be but the history is not forgotten! This zine is well written, gripping and addictive—I stayed up way past my bedtime reading this! A lot of effort went into compiling the detailed history contained in this zine of just one of NYC's many buildings, haunted by rich stories, but I'm glad See has lived to see its day in non-police blotter print. Tompkins Square everywhere, forever. 155 were made to sell and 155 made to give away. (AE)

155 Avenue C / Apt. #2C / New York, NY 10009 / justseeds.org / clv.cmail@gmail.com

HUG IT OUT #1 / 22 pgs

Holy shit! Holy shit! Holy shit! It's a punk'n'wrestlin' zine! Well, it's more like a wrestlin' zine made by (DC) punks. My sources on the *MRR* 1-900 punk'n'wrestling hotline told me the editor of *Hug it Out*, Pierce, lives in a place called the CM Punk house. Punk (the wrestler, not the genre) mentioned *MRR* in his *Best in the World* DVD and this here professional wrestlin' pontificatin' publication is continuing to spread the true gospel that dates back to the Dictators (or before this—the Novas' hit "The Crusher"). Wrestling fans through the ages have made fanzines and have traded (video) tapes and several wrestlers have put on their own music on small labels. Sound familiar? *Ding ding* on to the main event—the layout is in the (Monday Night) raw format of old-school cut and paste, with the occasional foray into fonts smaller than Donald Trump's brain. This has a funny interview/break down of current wrestling, both US and Japanese scenes (Japanese wrestling historically is similar to their hardcore/punk scene—always going next level) and whether or not various grapplers and matches were "tight" or "not tight." Thus, asking the question: "Is Jun Kasai the Saveki of wrestling?" Next is a long review of the recent WWE Royal Rumble which underlines *a lot* of my own opinion of the McMahon empire: "…in the age of the internet, when fans know most of the results before they happen, the only way to make the fans feel something is to piss them off by denying low hanging fruit and feelgood results." In short, the fan outcry of this Royal Rumble was akin to Discharge's *Grave New World*. "Wrestling Moments that Made Me Cry" by Fil is also really good and quite a bold step. even in this era of Internet smart-marks (aka: the equivalent of "seen it all scenesters"). Additionally, there's a good interview with someone named Jason who's a friend of Pierce's and also someone who worked at several live venues in DC. A round up of book, podcast and video reviews square this circle rather nicely. Hugely looking forward to their next issue as this comes tremendously recommend and that's the bottom line! (JD)

PO Box 73691 / Washington, DC 20056 / piercemcclain@gmail.com

HUMBOLDT DIY ZINE Spring 2014 / 30 pgs

I'm not knocking college, but this seems like

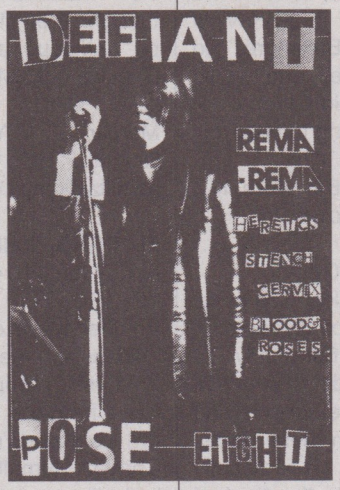
it could be a class project. Or somebody got the idea from reading about zines. For one thing, there's a community calendar in the front with stuff on it like "Open Mic," "Group Meditation," "Contact Improv" and "Kinetic Sculpture Race"...but to be fair it also lists a lot of punk shows. It's filled with a lot of feelings or poetry and semi interesting collages. The best thing is probably the sort of technical primer on DIY electronics, tied with the interview with the guy who runs the record store in town, People's Records. He was in the band Raid who apparently invented Hardline Straightedge (spoiler! He thinks that whole thing was "lame"). I do love the "Unicorns as Pets" comic on the back (not credited), if the entire zine were this comic it'd be the shit. (JB)
Northtown Books c/o Grant Skoglund / 957 H St. / Arcata, CA 95521 / diyhumboldt@gmail.com

INTRUSION #1 / 2 pgs
This poster-size zine is some short but crucial info on a few grind/HC bands from the Give Praise label: XFilesX ("so straight-edge they had to be nailed to the X twice!"), The Snobs, Eaten and Bob Barker Youth (not to be confused with their rival band Gene Rayburn's Army). Looks like the label is gonna put this out every month which is really a cool idea, especially considering this is a legit label and not a front for A&M Records or a car company. (JD)
PO Box 494, Barnstable, MA 02630-0494

MEDIA JUNKY #19 / 14 pgs
Snaps to the editor of *Media Junky* for making a zine that only reviews zines. I personally get so burnt out on reading and writing them that I would scream and tear my hair out if this were my project. The reviews are straightforward and informative, not self-indulgent like most of the ones that I read (and write). Jason falls victim to starting a lot of the zine reviews with "This zine..." or "This issue..." which is easy to do, but the reviews are all very descriptive in explaining the content. *Media Junky* is a good zine for zine freaks and zine makers who want feedback on their projects. Oh, and he only reviews stuff with physical addresses, so stick that in your pipeholes, internet addicts. (VX)
Jason Rodgers / PO Box 62 / Lawrence, MA 01842

MISHAP #33 / 44 pgs
Congratulations on the 20th Anniversary Issue, Ryan! This zine is filled with tons of book reviews. Some are very informed, passionate and intelligent and some are more like the bite size version of that. There's a huge variety of fiction, non-fiction and even kid's books. Whatever he was reading, he wrote about it. Very impressionistic and full of recommendations, he gives you a solid chunk of things to look forward to reading yourself. (JB)
PO Box 5841 / Eugene, OR 97405 / mishapzine@yahoo.com

ORGAN GRINDER / 28 pgs
Oh man! Mazes, crossword puzzles, logic puzzles and games like "Asia: Tyrant or Takeout" (where the editor plays on most people's gross ignorance of historical Asian politics and makes you guess if a name is of a brutal dictator or a tasty dish). This is exactly the perfect zine to take on tour—time consuming, goofy, silly fun. There's "Gay or Adopted," where you guess how a notable figure self-identifies, "Medicine or Metal Band" (is that a script, or just blackened party thrash?), word jumbles of European capitals, "Manson or Hanson" (did Charlie say it, or those '90s teeny mmmboppers?)—and so much more! If *Mad* magazine was nothing but goofy games it'd be close to this. This is some seriously clever and fucking hilarious stuff. I love when people can make jokes at the expense of ignorance, not just utilizing it. Have a laugh, already! Full color and $5—totally worth it. There's even an answers page, *but don't cheat, ya dinguses!* (FU)
www.organgrindermagazine.com / kungfujimmy@gmail.com



PUNKULTURE #1 / 63 pgs
Full disclosure: the content of *Punkulture* #1 is almost exclusively shit I don't care about. It seems like the love child of a Hellcat Records fanboy and the most obnoxious (read: greasiest and loudest) kind of metalhead. I don't actually have anything against greasy metalheads or Hellcat fans—this zine just represents a facet of punk that does not resonate with me at all. That said, my personal preferences are not the reason you read *MRR*, so here's the scoop: this is a French zine that mostly reviews French and French-Canadian bands with a few non-francophone groups thrown in for good measure. The interviews and articles are fairly well written and the zine is printed in full color on thick, glossy pages. The artwork, layouts and photo quality are not great and the bands they review (mostly the street punk and psychobilly persuasion) get a resounding "meh" from me. The exception to this general rule, however, is an indigenous anarcho-rock'n'roll punk band called Blackfire that is profiled. I have not listened to them yet but they seem like they might be pretty cool. This makes me think that not all hope is lost—maybe future issues of *Punkulture* will feature cool bands! Also, this one oh-so-serious drawing of a dead metal-looking (zombies? fleshy skeletons? this is unclear) band rocking out under a giant, masturbating sea-demon lady was so laughably bad I actually enjoyed it. Check it out if shitty metal and/or psychobilly is your thing, or if you enjoy laughing at pseudo-Satanic metalpunk artwork. (SF)
www.massprod.com

ROUGHDALE #1 / 14 pgs
This consists mostly of a stream of consciousness story done (or "mostly" as the author says) under the influence of drinking about uh...some sort of nightmare hallucination that says: "The Presidents have a rape room" but goes no further. Then it seems to set the tone to be a pseudo-fucked up horror movie, but it quickly merges into a story about some guy over-sharing about his sexual experiences, and somewhere some drunk teens and rednecks in rural Louisiana are listening to Rush (the band, not the fat pill head). I have no idea who these characters are or why we should care about them. There's a center spread of a bunch of dudes partying and one of 'em is in a Darkthrone T-shirt, while another image is a bunch of crushed Bud cans in front of a bunch of Gorgoroth LPs. The story continues with allusions to Abu Ghraib tactics in the south (but it barely describes the scene of cops doing said tactics), then it suddenly shifts to a guy talking about a government job, then randomly they're at a High on Fire show. This zine is full of "what in the absolute fuck?" and may have only have made sense to the writer. (JD)
JC Spann, 12801 Roydon #1509, Houston, TX 77034

SATAN WAS SO OVER IT / 16 pgs
Satan was indeed over it. He felt like his place in the world had diminished and that humans no longer needed his evil-doing, as they proved more than capable of self-destruction. But wait! How can Satan, who has been so well renowned in art, literature and heavy metal songs, no longer be needed? Poppycock! Satan is very much needed and this lil' zine supports this—and so do I. Little info-snippets about Satan are woven into the narrative well and the artwork, which develops into story-board style comic, is funny and entertaining (who woulda known Satan likes to be tickled?). Overall I endorse more projects like this, that are witty, well executed and still very punk! Hail Satan! (LA)
jarrodtheblog.blogspot.com / grixly.co

SMILE, HON, YOU'RE IN BALTIMORE! #17 / 64 pgs
A literary labor of love from and about Charm City, *Smile, Hon,...* is a compendium of fiction, essays, poems, photos and everything else "Baltimore" from a variety of contributors. There are tons of regional lit mags floating about in the world, but this publication's success can be attributed to the tenacity of its founder and editor, William P. Tandy, and his keen eye for all things wonderful and absurd. In this issue, we have everything from "Things Found or Seen in or Near the Sewer in Front of My House" to "A Review and Critique of Bus Stops in Baltimore." So if you like shaggy dog stories and would like to rub elbows with the colorful locals of Mobtown without actually having to visit, this rag's for you! (FF)
W.P. Tandy / PO Box 11064 / Baltimore, MD 21212 / www.eightstonepress.com

SWASTIKA RATS Vol.1 #1 / 20 pgs
This zine is by Lukas Alan Kislak and contains a haunting visual array of disturbingly soothing images. These images range from fairly PG S&M to excerpts from assumedly murder trial transcripts. The underlying perversion and decay of our society printed in these pages will keep you turning them. I personally adored the clip of everyone in the "junkie" world catching yellow jaundice—there are some great visuals to be seen and read in this zine. This author is a true problem child. (AE)
patientundergod@gmail.com / societybleeed.bigcartel.com

TREMATODA: ULTRA VIOLENT ART BRIGADE / 48 pgs
An immensely beautiful zine from Japan. This looks, smells and feels beautiful! The black cover doesn't give much away as it's inside where the magic lays. A collection of black and white artwork, featuring rats, destruction, monsters, skeletons, flies, skaters, popes and much more, by artists Kazuhiro Imai (of Septic Death and S.O.B. fame), TKKR the Art Demon (you have have seen his artwork for First Alert and Razors Edge), Yossie Trashgraphics (with way too many band artwork projects under his belt to site here—Dean Dirg, Death Token and Gorilla Angreb to name but a few) and, the curator of this zine, Maronasty. Pushead and Sugi fans will *love* this, and I think the art nerds and D-beat crust punks will appreciate it too, for its stark imagery and gloomy visuals. The quality of printing is top notch and it is only surpassed by the quality of work displayed within. I honesty can't pick a favourite as they are all so eye-catching I want to frame them all on my wall! This comes with an info sheet on all the artists and they each have a page in the zine with a short bio and contact information. *Get this!* (LA)
www.trematoda.net / info@trematoda.net

TUMBLER / 44 pgs
Andy Folk, everyone's not-so-favorite Pro-Israel punker, has graced us with his new zine, *Tumbler*. Folk, nee A.M. Gittlitz, who writes for Marxist rag *The New Inquiry* as well as *Vice Magazine* is also the creator of *(A) Folk*, his own perzine. Much different to his other stuff, *Tumbler* is a fictional account of George Bush's demise as a pathetic alcoholic daddy's-boy and is narrated by one of his trusted secret service guys. *Tumbler* is well written and funny, though the plot is a bit nebulous at times. Check it out. (MP)
A.M. Gittlitz / 2611 Mercer CT / Yorktown Heights, NY 10598 / agittlitz@gmail.com

TURNING THE TIDE
Apr. – Jun. 2014, Vol.27 #2 / 16 pgs
Another issue of ARA's antifascist newsletter. This issue brings you news from the forefront of Venezuela's post-Chavez tumult. What looks like a government-and-beyond-backed fascist insurrection is teetering on a brink. I could do without some of the intense nationalism that comes with so much anti-racist organizing but, honestly, this was one of the better issues I've ever read. Is it possible to review a book of Marxist theory without an econ 101 though? (EC)
Inter-Communal Solidarity Committee / PO Box 1055 / Culver City, CA 90232-1055

TV POLICE #5 / 6 pgs
TV Police is a monthly zine run out of Lyon, France that has some interviews, record reviews, and an accompanying mixtape that can be found online. I enjoyed this issue, which featured several Finnish bands—something rather timely for me, since I've started thinking I need to delve deeper into the realm of Finnish punk and hardcore. The zine is written entirely in French. The size and the general layout of the zine was a bit difficult to manage, as the papers folded up neatly into an envelope but unfold to a much-larger 12" x 18" that don't fit together pamphlet-style. Still, the interviews were enjoyable enough that the inconvenient size was not a big deal. This issue of *TV Police* is great to read if you are into Finnish punk/hardcore and want to practice reading French explanations of how to pronounce umlaut-heavy Finnish words. (SF)
www.tv-police-zine.blogspot.com/flosucks@hotmail.com

YOUR WAR #9 / 24 pgs
Fucking rad! A coterie of dudes came together and contributed a piece or two each. One guy writes on Pogo Machine and interviews NYC's Sad Boys. *MRR* stalwart and *More Noize* editor Tony Gunnarsson interviews Finland's Kylmä Sota, mostly regarding their split with Rajoitus. There're a few record reviews and an extended look at a lost Belgian classic. I appreciated the article about eating better, which borrows from Michael Pollan's *In Defense of Food* and delivers quality advice. It's tight, has a timeless and effective layout, and it's funny (there're a number of great lines throughout). What else do you need? (JM)
310 Westover Blvd / Lynchburg, VA / violentpartva@yahoo.com

YOUR WAR #13 + #14 / 24 pgs + 22 pgs
I love that small-run music-centric punk zines are back in full force! *Your War* should be in every punk's bathroom. The columns don't wander around some convoluted life lesson. Phil O'Grady's "Rarities" reviews section is a wealth of scum noise knowledge. The interviews are as succinct and tight as Discharge lyrics. There's a lot of rawpunk/noise not music covered in here, which I'm only learning more and more about, no small thanks to this zine. *Your War* is perfect to read while on the toilet, or waiting for the bus, or on the bus, or in between classes, or during class—especially if you have no class. Is there such a thing as noize not wordz zine movement? 'Cause this is cutting it close. Gimme more cause I ain't had enough! (FU)
19355 SW 65th Ave. / #192 / Tualatin, OR 97602 / violentpartyva@yahoo.com

YOUR WAR #11 + #12 / 18 pgs + 14 pgs
Two issues of a decent Portland-area fanzine. I emphasize "fanzine" because the interviews and reviews are descriptive, nerdy in a good way, and in the case of the former, come from a □I already know a lot, and want to know more□ perspective, which makes for the best interviews. The Krömosom one was by far the most entertaining thing in here, mostly because of the stories of US tour hijinks. Other ones are with Stoic Violence, Vaginors, Absurd Society, and Masspollution. But despite focusing on a specific corner of punk, this zine is well written, enough to potentially appeal to punks not as "up" on this style but who are open-minded nonetheless. (DG)
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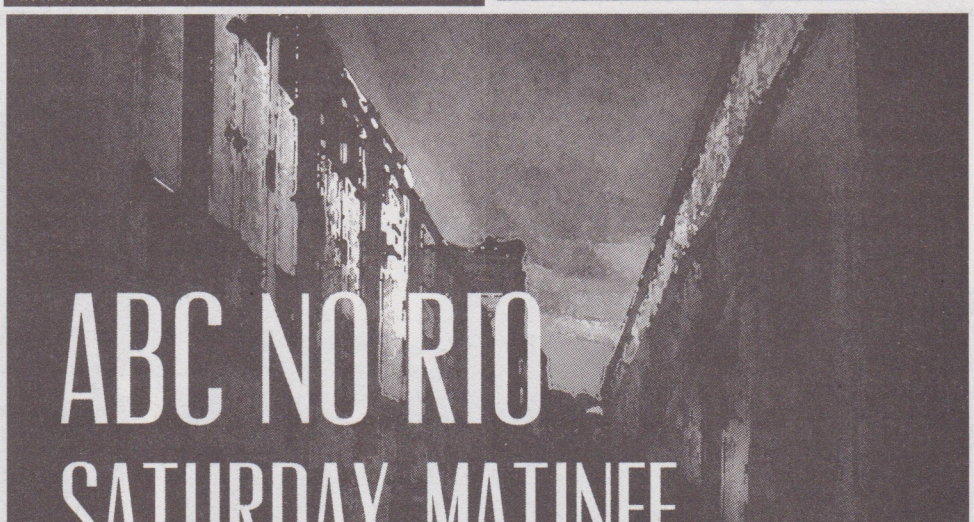

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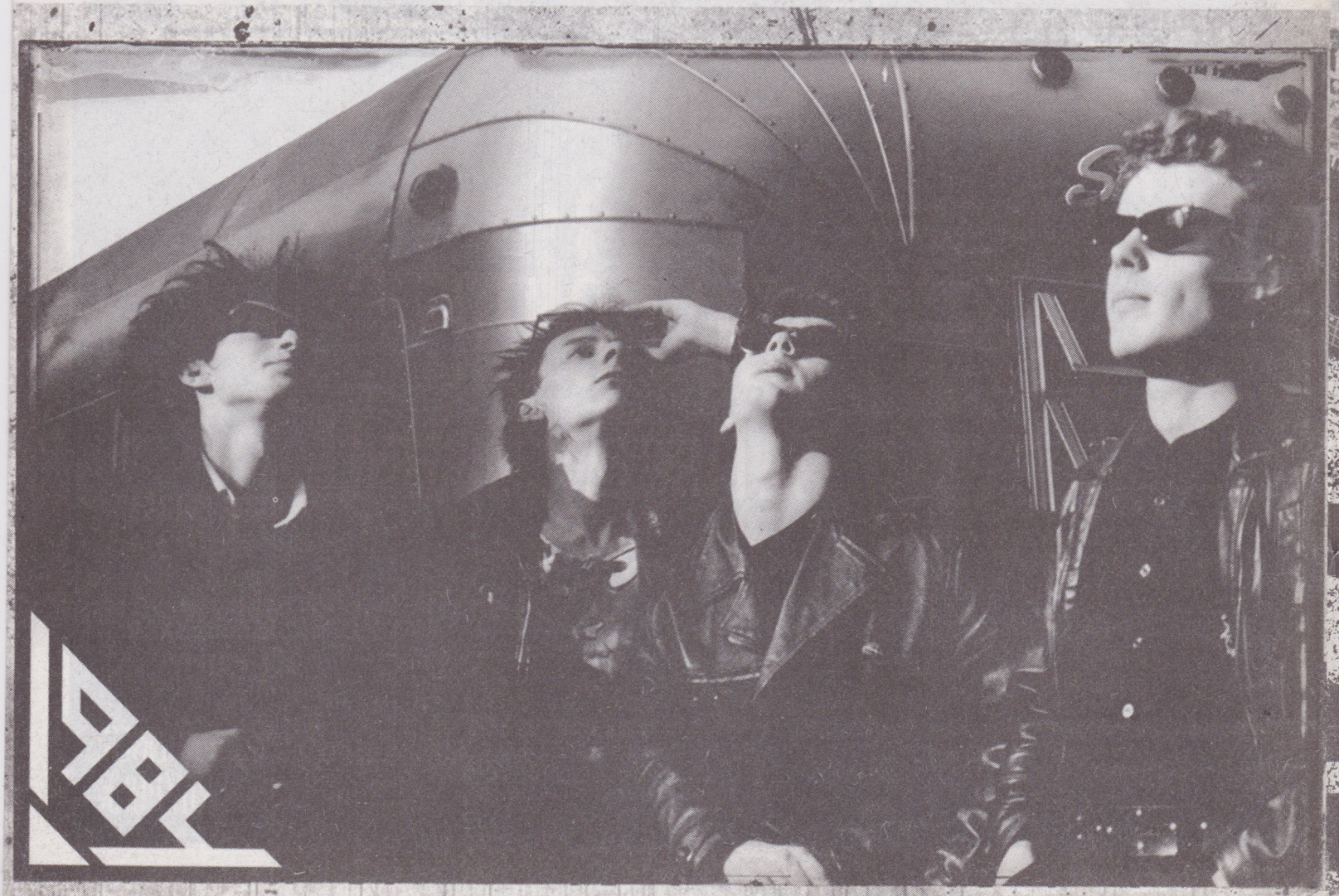

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PAT BLASHILL

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1: Sonic Youth ('85) 2:
3: The Ramones ('89) 4:
5: Offenders ('84) 6: Th
7: Lydia & Rene ('84) 8:
9: Texas skins ('86)
10: The Replacements (